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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A New Hampshire Magazine

DEVOTED TO

History, Biography, Literature
and State Progress

VOLUME XXXIX
NEW SERIES, VOLUME II

CONCORD, N. H.
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY
1907

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS JANUARY–DECEMBER, 1907

OLD SERIES, VOLUME XXXIX
NEW SERIES, VOLUME II

	Page
Administration of Governor McLane, The, by Harlan C. Pearson	13
Ancient Township of Monson, The, by Charles S. Spaulding	129
At the Meeting of the Valleys, West Lebanon on the Connecticut, by G. A. Cheney	171
Ayling, Maj.-Gen. Augustus, by H. H. Metcalf	35
Calef, Robert, "Merchant of Boston, in New England," by William S. Harris	157
Chase, Hon. William M., by H. H. Metcalf	363
Concord Literary Institution, by Alma J. Herbert	322
Conway, Early Settlers of, by Richard Eastman Merrill	216
Day Among the Hills, A, by Dana Smith Temple	375
Desert, The, by Timothy Hay	23
Dover Landing from 1792 to 1842, by Lydia A. Stevens	150
Down the Connecticut, by Jesse H. Buffum	319
Early Settlers of Conway, by Richard Eastman Merrill	216
Educational Progress	358
Famous Institution, A, by Gardner C. Hill, M. D	335
First Church in Hopkinton, by C. C. Lord	331
From Washington to Mount Vernon, by M. Augusta Glynn	277
Glimpses of Old Lempster, by H. H. Metcalf	235
Grandmother's Valentine, by Eva Beede Odell	58
Hanover, the Home of Dartmouth, by G. A. Cheney	393
Harvie, Alice Gertrude, D. D. S., A New Field for Women	197
Hen, the Man and the Automobile, The, by Timothy Hay	229
Historical Sketch from an Arm Chair, An, by Bert P. Doe	132
Kelley, Brigadier-General Benjamin F., by H. W. Brown, M. Sc	269
Lear, Capt. Tobias, of Portsmouth, Builder of the "Ranger," by Pay Director Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral, U. S. N. (Retired)	85
Legislature of 1907, The, by A. Chester Clark	99
Lempster, Glimpses of Old, by H. H. Metcalf	235
Medieval Farm and Farmer, The, by Fred Myron Colby	274
Mitchell, Hon. John M., by H. H. Metcalf	139
Neal, Dr. John H., by H. H. Metcalf	203
New Field for Women, A—Alice Gertrude Harvie, D. D. S	197
New Hampshire at Jamestown, by H. H. Metcalf	67
New President of the N. H. Medical Society, The, by H. H. Metcalf	203
Old-Time Relic, An, by Fred Myron Colby	55
One of Her Sons, by Leslie G. Cameron	193
Our First War of Aggression—Canada the Object	80

Parade Ground, The, by Lelia Weekes-Wilson 148
Peterborough, The Proprietors of, by Jonathan Smith 339
Pioneer in a Great Movement, A 3
Pittsfield, Queen of the Suncook Valley, by G. A. Cheney 283
Plummer, Hon. William A., by H. H. Metcalf 371
Practical Life on the Farm, by C. C. Lord 384
Prehistoric America, by Edward J. Gallagher 164
Record, An Interesting, by Lucien Thompson 415
Review of a New Book of Poetry, by Ellen McRobert Mason 419
Shakers in Enfield, by Edith Mellish Colby 39
Some Account of New Hampshire, by Fred Myron Colby 77
Sons and Daughters of Kearsarge, The, by Sarah Harvey Porter 45
Thanksgiving, by Kate J. Colby 377
That Awful Programme, by Fanny Grant 28
Wadleigh, Lydia Fowler, by Ella M. Powers 208
Weirs, The, by Ira F. Harris 413
West Lebanon and the Connecticut, at the Meeting of the Valleys, by G. A. Cheney 171
What Herbs Did Our Grandmothers Gather, and Why? by Mrs. S. W. Foss 378
Willis, Rev. Lemuel, by Arthur L. Willis 406
Woman Suffrage, by Marilla M. Ricker 16
Editor and Publisher's Notes 32, 64, 96, 136, 168, 200, 232, 280, 328, 360, 392, 424
New Hampshire Necrology 30, 61, 94, 135, 167, 199, 231, 279, 326, 359, 390, 423
Adams, Adoniram J. 95
Adams, George H. 391
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey 135
Balloch, Gen. George W. 199
Bartlett, Major John D. 62
Bass, Van Ness 167
Benton, Rev. Josiah H. 326
Blair, Eliza Nelson 63
Boardman, Rev. Moses B. 359
Brown, Hon. Horace A. 390
Burgum, John 167
Burleigh, Hon. Rufus G. 359
Calley, Rev. David 31
Caswell, Hon. Charles F. 423
Champney, Benjamin 423
Chatterton, Myra S. 94
Colburn, Rev. Henry H. 391
Cummings, Charles 95
Cummings, Prof. Clara E. 61
Curtice, Capt. Grosvenor A. 39
Davis, Charles S. 327
Dudley, Dr. Henry W. 30
Dyer, Julia Knowlton 231
Evans, Hon. Alonzo H. 199
Fabyan, George F. 61
Farr, Ellen Burpee 61
Fiske, Col. Francis S. 326
Flint, Wyman 31
Follansby, Mrs. Ella L. 359
Folsom, Samuel H. 95

New Hampshire Necrology—*continued*:
Gerrish, Hon. Enoch 62
Gray, George William 62
Hall, Rev. Richard 200
Harrison, Rev. Jonathan B 231
Haskell, Francis F 327
Hastings, Hon. Thomas Nelson 199
Hazeltine, Miron J 95
Hiland, Dr. Thomas 391
Hodgdon, Hon. Hiram 279
Howard, Ada L 94
Huse, Everett B 61
Kimball, David B 200
Leslie, Horace G. M. D 326
Libbey, Joseph T. S 135
Long, Capt. George F 326
Lord, Edwin H 63
Lothrop, Dr. James E 95
Manahan, Dr. Valentine 391
Marden, Hon. George A 30
Merrill, Semanthe 94
Morrison, Rev. Nathan J 167
Moulton, Oliver H 391
Niles, Hon. Alvord O 231
Noyes, Prof. G. Leroy 327
Noyes, Rev. James 423
Odlin, Dr. Charles C 31
Ordway, Hon. Nehemiah G 279
Parsons, William A 135
Perkins, Hon. Benjamin F 135
Perkins, John M 391
Pierce, Col. David R 423
Randall, Samuel B 62
Richardson, Col. David C 31
Robbins, Hon. Zenas C 63
Roberts, Rev. Daniel C., D. D 390
Smith, Benjamin F 231
Smith, Capt. Ewin H 167
St. Gaudens, Augustus 279
Swasey, Dr. Charles E 231
Taft, Prof. Don Carlos 200
Walker, Rear Admiral John G 359
Ward, Dr. Sullivan L 327
Welch, William 95
Whitcomb, Irvine A 167

POETRY.

Angel Land, by Minnie L. Randall 278
Apostrophe to the Old Man of the Mountain, by Elizabeth Emerson Dorr 374
April, by Samuel H. Hoyt 128
Army with Banners, An, by Frederick Myron Colby 321
Autumn, by George Warren Parker 334

Backward, by L. J. H. Frost..... 134
Beautiful Life, by Cyrus A. Stone..... 44
Call, The, by George Warren Parker..... 404
Child Who Died at Easter, A, by Charles Hervey Chesley..... 92
Daily Deed, The, by George Warren Parker..... 54
Delight, by Mary H. Wheeler..... 192
Entree and Exit of a Mortal, The, by L. J. H. Frost..... 387
Far Away, by Clara B. Heath..... 369
Father's Care, The, by S. H. McCollester..... 93
Fly, Little Bird, by C. C. Lord..... 228
From Heinrich Heine, by Laura Garland Carr..... 273
From the German of Heine, by Laura Garland Carr..... 324
Great Stone Face, The, by Elizabeth Thomson Ordway..... 215
Hereafter, by Clara B. Heath..... 43
Home, by Rev. Raymond H. Huse..... 84
In Spirit and In Truth, by Mary M. Gray..... 318
Is This an Age too Gross for Poetry? by Mary M. Currier..... 376
Kearsarge, by Cyrus A. Stone..... 165
Kindness, by George Warren Parker..... 145
Landgravine's Roses, The, by Fred Myron Colby..... 146
Let Us So Live, by L. J. H. Frost..... 60
Light Through Darkness, by Earl Anderson..... 356
Logs, by Laura Garland Carr..... 149
Love's Burden, by J. Franklin Babb..... 418
Love's Way, by Frank Monroe Beverly..... 325
Love Triumphant, by Charles Henry Chesley..... 268
Monadnock, by Iva H. Drew..... 75
Moonlight at Cumae, by Frederick Myron Colby..... 373
My Home in Old New Hampshire, by Delora Taylor Reed..... 266
My Irish Lad, by Emily E. Cole..... 38
My Prayer, by Harry Leavitt Perham..... 76
Nativity, by Alice P. Sargent..... 324
New Hampshire, by Cornelia W. Mead..... 27
New Hampshire's Glory, by Adelaide George Bennett..... 412
New Year, The, by C. C. Lord..... 22
October Sunset, An, by J. K. T..... 389
Old, by L. J. H. Frost..... 11
Old Home Week, by V. M. Moore..... 267
Old Year Farewell, by Georgiana A. Prescott..... 10
Orpheus and I, by C. C. Lord..... 77
O Spring, I Love Thee Best, by Hervey Lucius Woodward..... 147
Outward Bound, by Cyrus A. Stone..... 405
Pompadour's Fan, The, by Frederick Myron Colby..... 228
Rain, by A. H. McCrillis..... 268
Reflection, by Isabel Ambler Gilman..... 422
Retrospective, by Cyrus A. Stone..... 357
Serenade, by Emily E. Cole..... 196
Success, by Isabel Ambler Gilman..... 230
Summer, by Stewart Everett Rowe..... 215
Summer Joys, by Hervey Lucius Woodward..... 323
Summer Picture, A, by Mary H. Wheeler..... 317
Sunbeams, by George Warren Parker..... 324

Thy Will Be Done, by Stewart Everett Rowe..... 386
Trailing Arbutus, by Emily E. Cole..... 156
Via Humanis, by H. G. Leslie, M. D..... 205
Virtue a Law of Human Life, by Adelaide Hanson Gage..... 230
Waters Seek the Sea, by C. C. Lord..... 131
When the Night Comes Down, by Clara B. Heath..... 192
Winter, by George Warren Parker..... 22
Wisdom, by George W. Parker..... 198
Woman, by Harry Leavitt Perham..... 412
Wouldn't You? by Maude Gordon Roby..... 54

VOL. XXXIX, No. 1 JANUARY, 1907 New Series, Vol. II, No. 1

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

A Pioneer in a Great Movement 3
Illustrated.

The Administration of Governor McLane 13
With Portrait. By Harlan C. Pearson.

Woman Suffrage 16
By Marilla M. Ricker.

The Desert 23
By Timothy Hay.

That Awful Programme 28
By Fanny Grant.

New Hampshire Necrology 30

Editor and Publisher's Notes 32

Poems
Georgiana Prescott, J. J. H. Frost, C. C. Lord, George W. Parker and Cornelia W. Mead.

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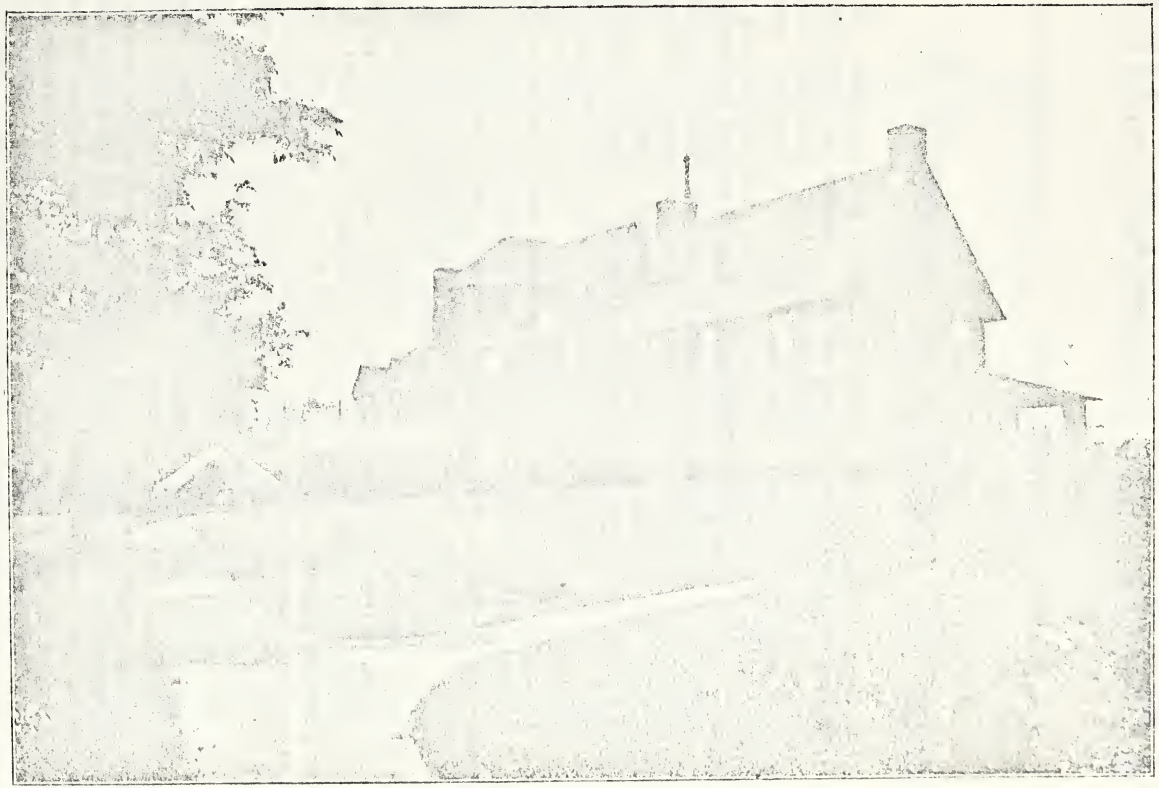


RESIDENCE OF GEORGE B. LEIGHTON

Monadnock Farms, Dublin

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIX, No. 1 JANUARY, 1907 NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, No. 1

A Pioneer in a Great Movement

We commend and honor the work, and revere the memory, of the men who hewed away the forests, builded homes, subdued the rugged soil, set up the schoolhouse and the church, constructed highways and established civil government in the various communities together constituting the state of New Hampshire. They wrought earnestly and well and succeeding generations have enjoyed the fruit of their labors. They made a noble state, of whose name and fame its children, everywhere, are proud. But, when, after long years, the spent soil yielded gradually dwindling returns; when the fertile lands of the far West, and the business opportunities of the great cities, tempted away from their hillside and valley homes the young men of the state in constantly increasing numbers, till, at last New Hampshire became known as a state of deserted homes and abandoned farms, and agriculture no longer held its place as the leading industry within its borders, it came to be realized by those remaining that some steps must be taken, some measures devised, to check this tendency to abandonment, and rehabilitate the rural regions of the state.

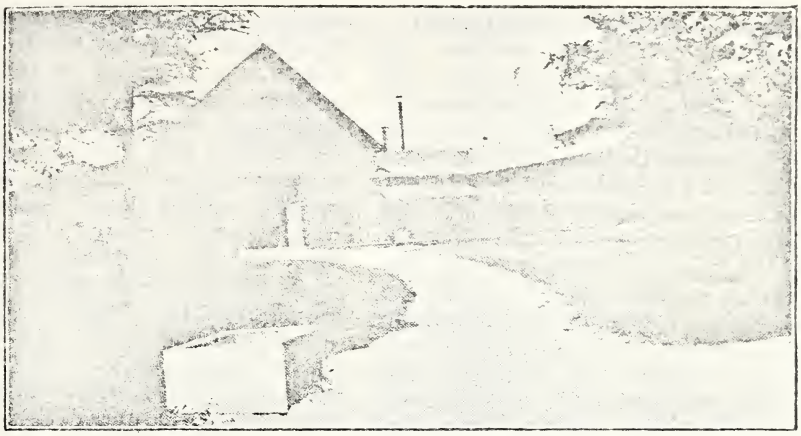
To this end the office of Commissioner of Immigration was established, whose duties were soon merged with those of the State Board of Agriculture, and the work of systematically advertising New Hampshire farms for summer homes was duly entered upon, with the most gratifying results, so that at the present time there are few abandoned farms in the state. Merchants, manufacturers, bankers, capitalists, poets, authors, artists, statesmen, politicians, men of affairs, attracted to the old Granite State by the rugged grandeur of its mountains, the beauty of its emerald-bordered lakes, its pure water and health-giving breezes, have gradually found their way hither from all parts of the country, until there is scarcely a town in the state wherein some of these men have not established summer homes upon these "abandoned farms," in many cases improving and beautifying the same, restoring their lost fertility, introducing improved stock, and improved agricultural methods, and thereby stimulating the neighboring farmers to renewed effort, along modern lines, to their own advantage and the enhanced prosperity of the town.

Perhaps no section of the state has profited more through this instrumentality than southwestern New Hampshire, and particularly the region around grand Monadnock, the town of Dublin being specially favored. Into this town there came in 1888, a young man "out of the West," named George B. Leighton. He was a native and resident of St. Louis, Mo., where he was born some twenty-four years previously. His father, George Eliot Leighton, a de-

scendant of the Leighton family well known in the early history of Portsmouth, was an able lawyer and a sagacious business man, who had located in St. Louis in early life and there married a Miss Bridge, of the noted family of that name from the

George B. Leighton

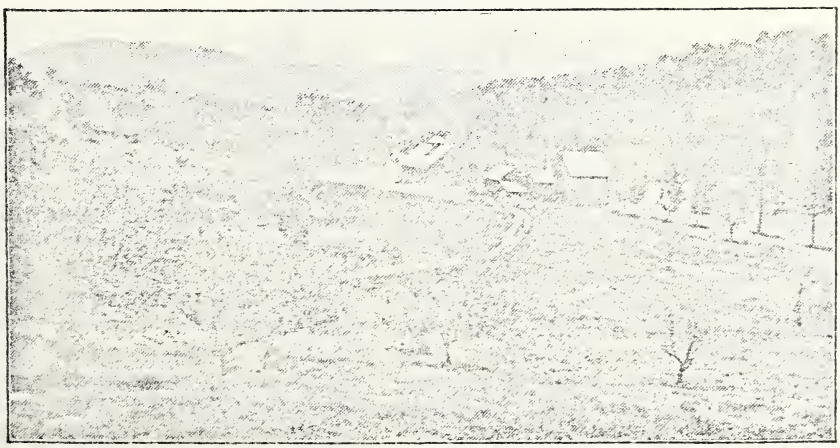
town of Walpole, representatives of which still make the latter town their home. He had graduated from Harvard University, where he had been prominent in college journalism and as a class day manager, and was about entering upon an active business career on the Pacific coast. But his father had established a summer home in Dublin, and, abiding therein for a season, he felt his love for Edna Dean Proctor's "Mountain Maid, New Hampshire," growing so strong and deep that he determined to identify himself directly with the state and its once leading industry. He, therefore, purchased a large farm and set about its improvement, determining to make the work return a profit as well as furnish recreation. To this, succes-



Farm Number Two

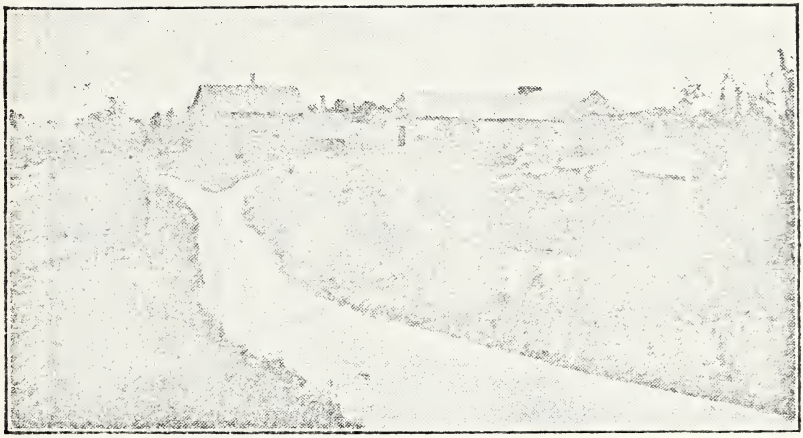
sive additions have been made until he has now five farms, and some 1,700 acres of land in all, in Dublin and Harrisville, his possessions being known under the collective title of "Monadnock Farms." While the farms are managed separately, each being in charge of its own particular farmer or manager, who is held responsible for the results attained thereon, a general system prevails, and the directing mind of Mr. Leighton himself is the dominating influence.

Dairying, poultry and maple sugar production are leading specialties, the former commanding the greater attention. The dairy herd, which has been largely bred by Mr. Leighton, with special reference to the desired results, now embraces about 100 cows, being a pure bred Jersey and Ayrshire cross, both quality and quantity of product being objects in view. The most approved of modern dairy methods are adopted, and the highest prices are commanded both for milk and butter, which in



Farm Number Three

summer is mainly sold to the summer residents of the town. "Monadnock Farms" butter, indeed, has a world-wide reputation. It won a bronze medal at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and helped materially to win for New Hampshire the first place among all the states of the Union as a butter-making state at that great exposition. It was also accorded a silver medal at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and contributed to secure for the United States the Grand Prix for butter exhibited on that occasion; while a few years since an exhibit of butter from his dairy gained for Mr. Leighton the first prize of a gold watch, at the annual exhibition of the Granite State Dairymen's Association in Littleton.



Farm Number Four

On farm number four, known as the poultry farm, several hundred White Plymouth Rocks are kept, and a number of incubators are in operation, and Monadnock poultry and eggs vie in reputation with Monadnock butter. About 1,500 rock maple trees, on farms number two and three, are tapped every spring, and a product of some 250 gallons of the finest maple syrup, manufactured by the best improved methods, finds a ready sale at gilt-edged prices, to clubs in Boston, New York and St. Louis.

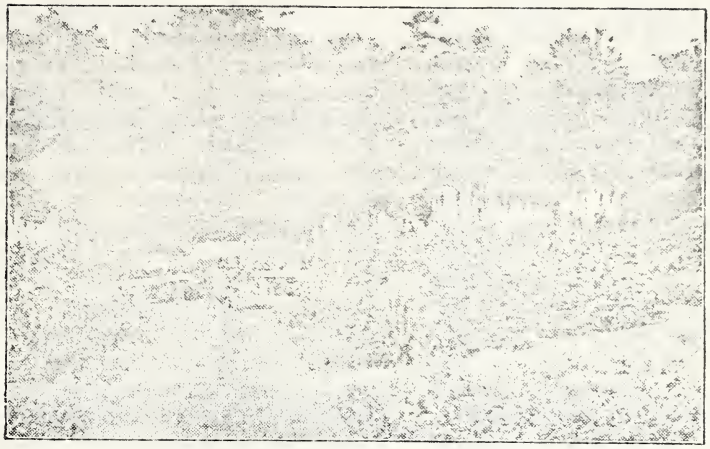
These farms, which were mostly of the ordinary type of "run-down" New Hampshire hill farms, when taken in hand by Mr. Leighton, have been improved and brought into a high state of productiveness, so that 120 tons of hay and 200 tons of ensilage are now secured for the maintenance of the splendid stock, which has been gradually increased in proportion to the increase in the crop product. Perfect system, order and cleanliness—the most approved sanitary methods—are observed in the management of these farms and the production of their output, thus furnishing a desirable model and a genuine inspiration for the farmers of the surrounding region, which has not been without a stimulating and uplifting influence. And right here it may properly be said that nothing has contributed more to the rejuvenation and uplift of New Hampshire agriculture in recent years than the example and influence of those who have come into the state, originally, with no purpose other than that of summer rest and recreation, but who, becoming enamored of their surroundings, and developing a strong attachment for the old state and the free, health-giving life among its hills, have taken up and permanently improved and beautified what were

at first designed as mere temporary stopping places, thus not only becoming—themselves and their families—an integral part of the life of the community, but an example and a stimulus for the native residents, into whose midst they have come, spurring them on to the adoption of new and improved methods in agriculture, and developing, as well, the spirit of educational and social progress.

Mr. Leighton, it should be noted, was a pioneer in this great movement, resulting so effectively in the rehabilitation of the Granite State. He came long before the Board of Agriculture had fairly entered upon the work which it has since so successfully prosecuted, and his operations furnished an object lesson which the board itself utilized to wondrous advantage, his work being conspicuous among that delineated in the first issue of its annual publication—"New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes"—now of country-wide reputation. No man, indeed, is more fully entitled to the respect and admiration of all those who take pride in New Hampshire's progress, and all in stronger measure because of the fact of his own inherited as well as later developed love for the old state, wherein was the home of his ancestry, of both lines, in generations past.

The development and promotion of New Hampshire agriculture, and the advancement of its social and intellectual life, strongly as he has contributed thereto, has been only one of the many fields of effort that have commanded the attention, the ability and the indomitably persevering spirit of this energetic young man. As was previously stated, when his attention was first strongly called to New Hampshire, he was about entering upon an active business career upon the Pacific coast. He became President of the Los Angeles Terminal Railway, and in furtherance of the interests of the corporation and the business development of the region, he found himself compelled to take an active interest in certain measures of harbor improvement, which encountered the active hostility of the late Collis P. Huntington, the great California railway magnate. A protracted contest ensued, which involved congressional action, with repeated hearings before Senate and House committees, resulting, ultimately, in the triumph of Mr. Leighton and his associates; and he it is who enjoys the peculiar distinction

Monadnock Farms Post Office



Mrs. Leighton's Garden

of being the only man who ever defeated Mr. Huntington in a controversy of this sort.

In 1896 Mr. Leighton disposed of his railway interests at Los Angeles to Senator Clark of Montana, and has since been engaged in various successful enterprises in different parts of the country, his superior judgment and power of discrimination being recognized by his associates as an essential factor in the all-absorbing problem of business success. He is a stockholder and director at the present time in no less than eight different corporations, contributing his full share to their management and success. Nor has he been confined to the activities of business life alone. He has manifested a deep interest in the cause of civic progress and improvement, reform in governmental methods and the improvement of the relations between capital and labor. As President of the Municipal Civic League in St. Louis—an organization of three thousand members—he was prominently instrumental in promoting the great work of municipal reform in that city. He is also one of the vice-presidents of the American Civic Federation, and deeply interested in its cause; and is a member of the Committee of the Federation appointed to promote the establishment of a National White Mountain Forest Reserve, in which movement he has, moreover, a strong personal interest.

Mr. Leighton is a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Society of the Colonial Wars, the Pepperell Association, and an honorary trustee of the Louisburg Memorial Association. He also holds membership in several prominent clubs, such as the Union League of New York, the Somerset of Boston and the St. Louis and Chicago clubs, of those cities. He is at present also interested in organizing a branch of the National Red Cross, in New Hampshire. His religious affiliation is with the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he is a member in New Hampshire. He has travelled much in his own and foreign lands, and enjoys an extensive business and social acquaintance throughout the country. He married Miss Kayser of St. Louis, daughter of Henry Kayser, a progressive spirited German, who came to this country in 1849. They have three sons—George Eliot, Henry K. and John Langdon, the latter being twins.

In politics Mr. Leighton is a pro-

nounced Republican, devotedly attached to the fundamental principles of the party, as laid down in the days of Abraham Lincoln; but he does his own thinking and is the master of his own action, taking orders from no "boss," and acknowledging allegiance to no "machine." With his characteristic spirit of independence he engaged in the movement furthered in this state last fall by the Lincoln Republican Club, and became president of the Cheshire County organization of that name, with no thought or purpose of personal prominence or aggrandizement, but solely with a view to the liberation of the party from what had come to be regarded by many as oppressive machine domination. When, after the state election, the question of the senatorial succession, to be determined by the incoming Legislature, came to the front, and, no one else appearing as an independent candidate, he was earnestly invited and urged by many Cheshire County Republicans to become a candidate for the United States Senate. In their written request to Mr. Leighton, these gentlemen said: "We believe that no other candidate who has been mentioned as a possible senator more truly meets the demand of the people for a fearless, able man, standing for adequate railroad legislation, a sane solution of the trust problem, parcels post legislation, and other issues of constructive value in state and national affairs." It may be noted that among the men uniting in the call to Mr. Leighton to become a candidate for the senatorship is John M. Parker, a descendant of the Hon. Nahum Parker of Fitzwilliam, a town adjoining Dublin, who was elected to the United States Senate just a hundred years ago, and was the first, last and only senator that Cheshire County ever had.

Responding in a characteristic letter to this invitation, and indicating his assent under the circumstances, Mr. Leighton succinctly set forth some of the objects for which he would diligently labor if elected, which are briefly summarized as follows:

First: The establishment of a National White Mountain Reservation;

Second: The adequate development and maintenance of the Portsmouth navy yard;

Third: The development of the port of Boston as a port of international trade;

Fourth: The regulation of public-service corporations; and

Fifth: Parcels-post legislation.

Whatever may be the outcome of

Mrs. Leighton's Sheep

this effort of his friends, and of those who believe that his election to the Senate would signalize a marked improvement in the manner of determining senatorial elections in New Hampshire, and would have a beneficial effect in the shaping of national legislation, it must be conceded by all that as a pioneer in the movement for the rehabilitation of the state, he is entitled to and will be universally accorded the gratitude and good will of New Hampshire people, of all parties and sections.

Monadnock Lake and Mountain

Old Year, Farewell

By Georgiana A. Prescott

'Twas the twelfth month and the earth was again in white.
In the vast sky-dome stars in olden beauty shone,
Bright'ning the darkness with the splendor of light.
I heard on the far shore the breaking sea waves moan.

Onward through space a strange procession swept.
'Twas Old Year and his band. I knew each one.
They waved a farewell, then I turned and wept,
For I knew that their stay here on the earth was done.

Will the pearl gates ope that in lustrous beauty shine?
Will the time-travelers enter the Holy Place?
Record-bearers, O, Mortal, of your life and mine.
Higher and higher speeding through limitless space.

Whither, O whither, I cried, but no answer came.
They silently, swiftly from my sight passed away.
Long I pondered the meaning, till a mighty flame
In the East proclaimed to the world a New Year's Day.

Old

By L. J. H. Frost

What is it to grow old?
It is to have the raptures of our youth
Pale and die silently.
Hope's morning glories wither; The blush rose
On our cheek fades out forever.
The "windows of the soul," dimmed by the dust
Of time's swift flying cycles,
Fail to discern the distant mountain peaks.
The feet grown weary, now
Loiter along the way that leads into
The great unknown hereafter.

It is to have the memory linger long
And lovingly beside the
Grass-grown graves of by-gones.
To feel that life henceforth has
For us but a burden that we fain would
Lay aside at close of day
And sink into a calm, peaceful slumber.
For life is but a conflict
In which we suffer loss and bitter pain
And feel to die is gain.

. . . .

What is it to grow old?
It is to know with gladness that for us
Life's journey is most ended.
To feel our weight of care grow lighter, and
To sense the gentle pressure
Of detaining love that fain would have us
Linger longer ere we say
Farewell and cross the dark, mystic river.

It is to walk with slow but
Calmer tread along life's way and without
Faltering climb the rugged
Heights that cross the path that leads us toward the
Deathless city that lieth
In the vast beyond within the golden
Gates of morning: cherishing
Along the way sweet, holy memories
Of those who long ago passed
On before to give us loving greeting
At the gate of Heaven.

And walking in the sweet, solemn quiet
Of life's evening to see
Shining through the open bars of sunset
The brightness of that glory
That illumes the nightless land. And feel
The presence of One walking
Beside us and hear a low voice saying—
"Fear not. I will guide thee
Unto my Father's house of many mansions."

Hon. John McLane

12

The Administration of Governor McLane

By Harlan C. Pearson

A degree of perspective is necessary for the proper appreciation of historical events, and it is the rule that the contemporary student and critic fails to assign the due value to occurrences of the day, which, as time goes on, loom larger and larger upon the canvas of the past.

It is evident, however, even to the casual observer, that the part of the state of New Hampshire in national and international affairs has been unusually great during the years 1905 and 1906, covering the administration of Gov. John McLane.

Of chief importance in this connection, of course, was the signing, in New Hampshire's only seaport city, of that treaty between the empires of Russia and Japan which will live in history as the Peace of Portsmouth.

It will be remembered that early in 1905 those great nations, worn and weary with the war that was draining their life-blood, accepted President Roosevelt's suggestion that their accredited ambassadors meet in the United States for the consideration of terms of peace. It was at once apparent that the summer climate of Washington, the national capital, made that city impossible as the seat of the conference.

Then it was that Governor McLane, as the chief executive of the state, acted with prompt efficiency and keen appreciation of the situation which brought to New Hampshire great benefit and fame.

Through the Russian and Japanese embassies at Washington official invitations were extended to their respective governments, on June 22, 1905, by Governor McLane, to conduct their peace negotiations wherever within the boundaries of New Hampshire the conditions of access, environment, entertainment and climate should be considered most suitable for the purposes in view.

After careful investigation it was announced through the state department, on July 10, that New Hampshire's invitation had been accepted and that its most historic city, Portsmouth, had been fittingly selected as the scene of a conference whose outcome would affect the whole world, its history and geography.

On Tuesday, August 8, Governor McLane, accompanied by his council and staff, and the state congressional delegation, formally received the plenipotentiaries and their suites in the court house at Portsmouth, and extended to them New Hampshire's welcome.

The following day saw the beginning of the peace negotiations, which were conducted on federal government territory in the stores building at the United States navy yard in Portsmouth Harbor; and which culminated on Tuesday, September 5, in the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth.

During the month that intervened the eyes of the world were centered on Portsmouth, on the island in its harbor where dignified and worthy representatives of great powers sat in solemn conference, and on the great hotel in the Newcastle suburb where the remaining hours of day and night were variously spent.

Governor McLane was present in person at Portsmouth during much of the time spent in the deliberations which consummated in peace. He himself gave unstintingly to doing all that lay in his power or in that of his state to promote the comfort and convenience of the peace commissioners and to further their great object.

That attained, he planned for the participants in that historic gathering

a flying trip through New Hampshire, which would have shown them her most celebrated scenes of natural beauty and chief centers of administration and industry.

This trip was looked forward to with most pleasurable anticipations by those for whom it was planned, but, unfortunately, the ambassadors were summoned home by their respective governments immediately following the signing of the treaty; so that no time was allowed them for the rest and recreation which Governor McLane, in behalf of the state, offered them.

So favorably, however, had the peace embassies been impressed with the endeavors to make them comfortable and to expedite their mission, that soon after their departure from New Hampshire their respective governments asked the state to receive from them gifts of $10,000 each, to be expended upon its charities and philanthropies at the discretion of the governor. These gifts now constitute a fund, the income from which will be expended annually in accordance with the wishes of its donors.

Much was done by Governor McLane, and during his administration, to preserve and make accessible those natural beauties of New Hampshire to which reference has been made and of which the whole state is so proud.

A bill creating a national forest reserve to include our Presidential Range and some other parts of the White Mountain territory had been introduced in Congress some time before, and there had slept the sleep of many a meritorious measure that lacks earnest and enthusiastic support.

Such support Governor McLane furnished by going to Washington at the head of a distinguished and representative New England delegation; there joining forces with Governor Glenn of North Carolina and others interested through the inclusion of the Southern Appalachians in the bill; appearing before congressional committees in its favor; and imparting knowledge and creating sentiment which resulted in the passage of the bill by the Senate.

More recently he has been again in Washington upon a similar errand; and while he did not succeed in broadening the view of the speaker of the House to an extent that would allow the passage of the bill by that body, he did have the pleasure of learning that the intelligence, public spirit and real statesmanship of the nation is behind the measure.

"Preserve the forests and improve the roads" have been the watchwords of progress in New Hampshire of recent years and to both the McLane administration has been consistently and efficiently loyal. Reference has been made to the governor's work in forestry. In the line of good roads his administration has seen the inauguration of a policy, which, in the six-year period set for it, will expend $750,000 from the state treasury, partly in construction and maintenance of state roads along the seacoast and in the mountains, and partly in the aid of cities and towns in the permanent improvement of main highways.

The act of the Legislature of 1905 establishing this policy and making the necessary appropriations for carrying it into effect placed the direction of its operations and the responsibility for its success in the hands of the governor and council. The difficulties attending the inauguration of such an enterprise have been overcome, and visitors to New Hampshire already notice and thankfully comment upon the improvement in Granite State roads.

As the proceedings at Portsmouth linked inseparably in memory the grand word, "Peace," and the McLane administration, so, it may be, another event of the two years will hereafter be associated with the naval battles of some great war of the future. On Saturday, June 30, 1906, at Camden, N. J., the governor and his party witnessed the launching of

the magnificent battleship, *New Hampshire*, his daughter, Miss Hazel McLane, christening the great fighting machine which will fittingly represent our Granite State in the nation's new navy.

On other occasions outside of the state, not so peculiarly New Hampshire's own, but still demanding recognition from her by virtue of her place as one of the thirteen colonies of the Revolution, and one of the sovereign states of today, Governor McLane has represented this commonwealth with credit to himself and to her.

The result is that during the past two years New Hampshire has been one of the few states with a governor whose name has been known and honored beyond the range of his own people and his own immediate duties.

And while the peace ambassadors and the notables they brought in their train have been the most distinguished of the visitors to New Hampshire during this period, they have not been the only ones to whom the governor has given welcome. Twice he met at Bretton Woods the arriving tourists of the Glidden endurance run and congratulated them on the success of the principal event in the automobile annals of each year.

In 1905 he greeted the insurance commissioners of the country on the occasion of their annual meeting in this state. And other national and interstate associations have had him as their host and guest in one or many occasions.

To the many calls from his own state Governor McLane has been equally prompt and generous in response in person and in speech. The veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, their wives and sons and daughters; the Patrons of Husbandry, the teachers, the commercial travelers, the national guardsmen, and many other organizations, have found the governor a delightful guest and a talker with something to say. At Old Home days and state fairs, at college commencements and summer carnivals, he has been equally at home.

People who are acquainted with the story of his life, but not with the man himself, generally are surprised the first time they hear him speak. "Why!" they exclaim, "that is the speech of a cultured gentleman, not of a 'self-made' man." And they are right, but it is the culture of much travel and broad intercourse, wide reading and deep thought, not the culture of a college course for which the Scotch boy of forty years ago had neither the time nor the means to even prepare.

The keen but conservative manner of thought, the direct and unswerving habit of expression and action which characterize Governor McLane both in private and in public, in his individual and in his business life, he has applied through his administration to the affairs of the council chamber, to the many important appointments there to be made, the many perplexing questions to be answered, the oft-time conflicting interests to be justly weighed.

One of these situations was of such a nature that pretty much the whole country watched New Hampshire with interest to see how her governor would come out of it. And when pool-selling stopped at Salem and elsewhere, and stayed stopped, the reputation of New Hampshire for civic virtue and for public men of honesty and grit rose rapidly in the public estimation.

As was said in the beginning, New Hampshire, during the administration of Governor McLane, figured more largely than has been her wont in national and international politics and history. But it was also, with her, a period of self-searching and self-finding. And it was fortunate for her that she had at the head of her affairs during this period a man not only of the wisdom and the tact, but also of the independence and the probity of John McLane.

Woman Suffrage

By Marilla M. Ricker

Many letters come to me asking about woman suffrage and I see many articles in papers—some of them written by people who ought to be authority on the subject—but I find many mistakes; consequently, I will so far as it lies in my power, answer the questions that have been asked.

In 1869, Wyoming, then a territory, granted full suffrage to her women. In 1890, twenty-one years later, Wyoming was admitted to statehood with equal suffrage for women in its constitution. There was some opposition to the suffrage clause, but the best men in the territory openly declared that they preferred to stay outside with their women than to be admitted without them.

In 1893, Colorado granted full suffrage to women on same terms with men. In 1895 came admission of Utah into statehood, with equal suffrage in its constitution, which had been adopted by popular vote. In 1896 full suffrage was granted to women in Idaho, on same terms as to men—by constitutional amendment. In 1887 municipal suffrage was granted Kansas women by legislative enactment.

The first American woman to demand the right for suffrage was Margaret Brent. It was on the 24th day of June, 1647. The assembly was in session in Baltimore, Md. She appeared and demanded a voice and vote in the assembly. They refused to allow her to vote and she protested against all the acts of the session as invalid. Calvert (Lord Baltimore) was governor. Margaret Brent was his cousin.

The first place where women were permitted to vote in this country was Newark, N. J. (See Gordon's History and Chronicles of New Jersey.) In 1807 there was a contest between Newark and Days Hill, to determine the location of the court house. By a construction then given to the state constitution, the women were allowed to vote.

The first woman's rights convention was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. The "call" was issued by Lucretia Mott, Martha C. Wright, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mary Ann McClintock. At the end of the second day the convention adjourned and met again in two weeks in Rochester, N. Y.

Emily P. Collins formed the first local suffrage society in the world, at South Bristol, N. Y., in 1848. The first woman suffrage convention which I attended, and the first one ever held in Washington, D. C., was in 1869. It was in Carroll Hall, on the 19th and 20th days of January. It was a period of great interest and many important measures of reconstruction were under consideration. The fourteenth amendment to the constitution was ratified, but the fifteenth was still pending and several bills were before Congress on the suffrage question. Petitions and protests against all amendments to the constitution regulating suffrage on the basis of sex were being sent in by the thousands in charge of the Washington (D. C.) Association. *The Revolution*, Susan B. Anthony's paper, did heroic work during the fall of 1868.

On the morning of the 19th of January, the business committee assembled in the ante-room of Carroll Hall to discuss resolutions, officers, and so on. Senator Pomeroy from Kansas was present and made an able speech. I remember how important I felt. It had been the dream of my life to vote, and, really, at that time, I thought

the "Millenium," otherwise Woman's Day, was soon to materialize and visions of what I would do when I had a vote danced before my imagination.

Lucretia Mott was chosen president; resolutions were reported and everything was in fine working order except the furnace and when Pomeroy announced that he must go to the capitol, Susan charged him with trying to avoid the smoke. Mrs. Stanton made a great speech on the evening of the 19th. She spoke for a sixteenth amendment and there was a discussion, Fred Douglass, Doctor Purvis and many others speaking.

The second Washington (D. C.) convention assembled at 10 a. m., January 19, 1870, at Lincoln Hall, and lasted three days.

On the morning of the third day Senator Sherman was present. At the close of this convention a committee of women, appointed by the convention, was received at the capitol by the committee of the Senate and House, for a formal hearing, the object of which was to request the honorable gentlemen to present a bill to Congress for enfranchising the women of the District of Columbia. Hanibal Hamlin of Maine, chairman of the committee, introduced them.

Marilla M. Ricker

Mrs. Stanton made the first speech, Susan Anthony, the second.

The young and brilliant Victoria Woodhull materialized in December, 1870, and presented her memorial to Congress and secured a hearing before the judiciary committee of the House. Her efforts at that time were outside the suffrage association. The aim of that body had been to obtain the franchise by amending the consti-

tution. Her argument was that no amendment was necessary—that equality was already granted to both sexes under the constitution as it stood. The memorial is too long for a magazine article, but it was printed in the *Congressional Globe*, December 21, 1870. In the Senate, Mr. Harris presented the memorial. In the House, Mr. Julian. Charles Sumner agreed with her. It was considered by constitutional lawyers to be the most able document ever presented to Congress. On January 30, 1871, Mr. Bingham submitted the majority report to the House of Representatives. On the following day, Judge Loughbridge and General Butler presented the minority report. They exhaustively reviewed all the points in the memorial, upheld its contentions and fortified them by quotations from eminent jurists and constitutional lawyers and recommended that Congress should pass a declaratory act forever settling the disputed question of woman suffrage. Victoria Woodhull drafted her memorial, got it submitted to Congress and referred to the judiciary committee and they listened to her with great pleasure and interest and the acute legal minds of the best lawyers in the country were on her side. In the whole history of the Woman's Movement, this was the most notable event and is unto this day.

It was so apparent to me that I thought our New Hampshire officials would see the justice of it, so I hurried home and appeared before John R. Varney, Charles P. Shepard and William H. Vickery, our selectmen, and asked them to put my name on the checklist, telling them I was a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen, and wished to vote, leaving with them a printed argument on the subject which I considered unanswerable, and do now, but they thought otherwise, and when I appeared at the polls three days later, my name was not on the checklist. Many excellent men fail to see things in their true light.

Susan B. Anthony entered the suffrage work in 1852 and took the laboring oar, joined by Ernestine L. Rose, Rev. Antoinette Brown and Amelia Bloomer. Susan was a great woman. I've heard her say many times, "Freedom cannot be bestowed, it must be achieved." "Education cannot be given, it must be earned." She caused the women to think for themselves and in that way they were educated. Miss Anthony's sense of justice was never outraged for herself alone. She had in mind always the weaker women and the children.

Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage did much towards securing better laws for the women of New York. They were a trinity that have never been equalled on the suffrage platform, or elsewhere. They could see no providence fighting for equal suffrage; no Father in Heaven battling for woman's equality. They saw injustice triumph and wrong sustained by the votes of men, and they did not hear the voice of God setting aside the verdict. They tried to do what Providence had neglected to do; tried to bring more justice, more love, more kindness into the world. They were not assisted by priests or parsons.

The first woman suffrage meeting ever held in New Hampshire was on December 22, 1868, at Eagle Hall, Concord. It was held in response to a "call" signed by Nathaniel White and other leading citizens. The meeting was called to order by Armenia S. White, who called upon Col. J. E. Larkin to read the following "call," which should be reprinted in every paper in this country:

"The spirit of the age, vigilant for justice, purified and matured by the recent struggles and experiences for the redemption of a race, still grasps an evil, unjust and oppressive in its results. While our national declaration affirms the self-evident truths of equality and that all just govern-

ments derive their power from the consent of the governed, our democratic government holds arbitrary and unjust sway over one half its subjects. No discerning mind can fail to be arrested by the doubtful policy of withholding the ballot from the mothers, wives and daughters who adorn our homes with the highest culture and refinement, while it is conferred so freely on foreigners just arriving from the social degradation and ignorance of the Old World. 'Vigilance is the price of liberty.' 'Man is only just to himself when he is just to all.' Free discussion and agitation are the life of progress. No position in life in which woman is not co-equal and absolute in her relations, involving a community of interests which should have no antagonisms and cannot be separate or hostile, can exist without muddying the springs from which it draws its highest life. Truth is reviving and right is everywhere asserting itself to fulfil its noblest duties. The public is aroused for justice. The times are propitious. We are sowing fallowed ground; our movement is only reciprocal with sister states, and from across the water comes encouragement of 'God Speed You.' The ballot is our final argument. Come to the convention and give us the inspiration of your best thought and coöperation."

At this convention, a constitution was adopted and an association formed, which immediately took up the work of petitioning the Legislature. Mr. and Mrs. White were the head and front of the movement, but they were ably assisted by Stephen Foster and wife, Parker Pillsbury and wife, Jacob H. Ela and wife, Lucy Stone, Henry Blackwell and many others. Annual conventions were held, hearings were had before the Legislature and much work was done. Many petitions were circulated and the public was educated to a great degree by these conventions, which were all held in Concord except one. The result of this work was that in 1871 a law was passed enabling women to serve on our school boards, and in June, 1878, a law was enacted giving school suffrage to our women.

Lucy Stone's living protest against woman resigning her name at marriage, and having her identity eliminated, and her individuality merged in that of the man she married was the greatest step towards freedom for women since the institution of marriage was evolved. I've heard Lucy Stone say many times: "The custom of a woman taking the name of the man she marries is preposterous. There is no law requiring her to do so, and this unwritten law is only another testimonial of woman's abject submission to man." Men consider the loss of their names a dishonor. There are but four classes who surrender their names: First, men receiving titles or estates on condition of a change of name; second, fugitives from justice who wish to conceal their identity (for instance like our "over due" bank cashiers); third, nuns on giving up the world; fourth, women when they marry. Law relegates woman to the political company of convicts, lunatics and idiots and *custom* places all married women in the company of fugitives from justice, nuns, and those who barter their names for title or wealth.

Josephine K. Henry of Kentucky, than whom no more brilliant woman lives, said: "When a man dies the world designates the surviving wife—his widow. The expression 'his widow' came from the time when woman had no resort for support save marriage. When a married woman dies the death notice is, 'Died, Mary J., the wife of John Smith.' The Lord Himself would not know who Mary J. was, and the world lets her pass on to the New Jerusalem without knowing who the woman was." We hear every day the question, "Who was she before she was married?" And the answer, "She was Sallie Smith."

Lucy Stone laid the foundation for

a great reform and if she had done nothing else would have left the mark of her individuality upon the world. The brilliant daughter of Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell, Alice Stone Blackwell, in talking about a "relic of barbarism," otherwise an "assignment of dower," in William Sturtevant's estate, which was made October 7, 1785, said: "Under the common law, when a man died his wife was virtually turned out of doors; it was the Christian substitute for Hindu Suttee. Mistress Joanna Sturtevant entered into rest long ago, but one cannot help wondering whether in that land to which she is supposed to have gone, she is reckoned an individual, a unit, or as a fractional part of her husband and so is entitled only to one third of the supposed heavenly inheritance."

I am often asked why women don't stop talking about suffrage and do something—invent something. Ancient history tells us that the first maker of covered buttons was a Mrs. Williston of East Hampton, Mass. In 1826 she commenced to cover buttons with cloth. They attracted much attention and became very popular, and business increased so fast that she contrived machinery to do the work. An immense manufactory sprang up and she made half the covered buttons of the world, and we are told that Mr. Williston died worth more than a million, but not a word concerning Mrs. Williston's wealth, although she was the inventor. In those days a man and his wife were one legally and he was the one. Slaves never get credit for inventions. I saw not long ago that a Western woman had perfected a valuable apparatus for removing wool from skins by electricity, but the young male student still goes forth, sheep-skin in hand, to pull the wool over the eyes of the world.

When I was a girl the field of woman's work was limited. Now see what she can do. Cause—the agitation of woman suffrage. The last time I was in Washington, D. C., I visited the pension office; there I saw three women clerks, two of whom received $1,400 per year and the other $1,600. I said, "Girls, you are no brighter than I, but I taught school for $2 per week and 'boarded round.' Do you wish to know what has changed the affairs of women so much in the last fifty years? The agitation of woman suffrage has done it."

In my opinion the paramount question today is woman suffrage. Hard times and bad laws bear more heavily upon woman than upon man—consequently she should be interested in all questions pertaining to government. And were it true that a majority of the women do not wish to vote, it would be no reason why those who do should be denied. If a right exist, and only one in a million desires to exercise it, no government should deny its enjoyment to that one. A friend of mine had an excellent husband who always called her his better half. I, at various times, tried to interest her in woman suffrage, but she would say, "I have all the rights I want; I am my husband's better half; he takes care of me and our daughter." This excellent husband died and the laws made by men cut her down to *one third*. I saw her several times during the settlement of the estate; she was a collection of sorrows and seemed to be waiting for some man to take up the collection. She had her lesson and is now an ardent suffragist.

It takes an immense amount of evidence to open the eyes of some women, although the intelligent, wage-earning woman must know that the cause of the difference in wages for the same kind and quality of labor is woman's disfranchisement. In the four states where women vote their wages are the same as men for the same work, and it is illegal to make any distinction in salaries of

any person in the public service on account of sex. Any woman who would want more evidence than that on the question of woman suffrage would be like the foreman of a jury in San Francisco on a whiskey case. The whiskey was offered in evidence. Jury retired to deliberate on the evidence. Judge—"What is the verdict?" Foreman—"Your honor, we want more evidence."

There are millions of women in the United States who work for wages—the majority are overworked and underpaid. They would get better treatment if they had the ballot. Voting and thinking about questions on which they would have to vote would be an education for them, unless they should do as many men have done—One said he had studied the matter and concluded that the women ought not to be allowed to vote; said that women had too much spare time. You see a man usually has so much other business to attend to that he just goes and votes and forgets all about it; but it would be just like the women to want to know what they were voting for!

We hear much about the chivalry of men, and woman's influence, but I noticed that the Vermont courts and Legislature showed neither chivalry nor mercy to the degenerate Mary Rogers. Experience has taught me that influence isn't in it with affluence, and that mercy is not so powerful as the ballot. All I ask is justice. I believe in the equality of the sexes. I believe in a government of men and women, instead of a government of men and women by men alone. "Equal rights to all and special privileges to none" should be the foundation of all governments. Long ago Abraham Lincoln said, "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women." Lincoln knew whereof he spoke; he was born and brought up, or rather came up, in the Southwest and lived in the Middle West. I was in the Middle and Northwest thirty-six years ago, saw many women who had left good homes in New England living in log houses, straining every nerve to establish and keep up the schools, boarding the teachers without money and without price in order to have the school terms lengthened, doing all the housework and assisting in the farm work, besides battling with rattlesnakes—in fact enduring all the hardships that the men endured—and it reminded me of what Fanny Fern said of the Puritan mothers, "They endured all the Puritan fathers did, and had to endure the Puritan fathers also."

If any one takes issue with me on this question, I want him to read the history of establishing the colonies on the hostile shores of an alien land which marked the beginning of this nation. He will find that women shared equally with men in the labor, equally endured the hardships and equally faced the dangers. Equal suffrage is no longer a theory. It is a fact. Women vote on municipal questions in England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Norway and Sweden; they have equal political rights with men in New Zealand, the Isle of Man, and throughout the federation of Australia, a country equal to the United States in territory. And that reminds me that Josephine K. Henry said that the Australian kangaroo ranked the American eagle, which I am sorry to admit is true.

A bright Irishman said, "Every man should be proud of the land of his nativity, whether he was born there or not." I was born in New Hampshire; I consider our state the finest in the Union and our men the best. New Hampshire had the first free public library in the world; it was established in the little town of Peterborough in 1833. In 1834, it adopted the policy of keeping its library open on Sunday, which has been continued to the present time. I am

loath to complain, but the apathy of many of our women on the suffrage question is hard to understand. I have always thought when the home women were awakened on the subject, the men would fall into line and be willing for their "*Women folks*" to have the ballot, especially in the farming districts. It is doubtless a good thing to complain sometimes, and I reserve *my right* to complain. I am not like the Irishmen who were discussing the condition of Ireland: One said, "England has robbed her of all her rights." The other exclaimed, "Then she has no right to complain." I think we should all work for equal suffrage and I trust the time is not far distant when no man or woman will admit that it was ever opposed in New Hampshire. I want New Hampshire to be the banner state of the East on the equal suffrage question. It would do more toward settling our state firmly on its political axis than all outside influences combined have been able to do in that direction.

The New Year

By C. C. Lord

Sweet friend, this daylight fancy breaks,
A joy to heart, to thought a cheer,
That the wide world of revel wakes
To hail the advent of the year.

The mad, gay throng diverts its feet
To paths ecstatic; blent with praise.
And song and shout, its accents greet,
With laughter loud, the first of days.

Yet I trip calmly on, though scene
And time are rapt and wild, for you
Lend love and richer faith, I ween,
To bless the year with all days new.

Winter

By George Warren Parker

The earth in peaceful rest now lies;
Her canopy, rich azure skies,
Her shroud, fresh-fallen virgin snow,
While ice-capped rivers slowly flow.

But list, the sleigh-bells joyous peal!
The skaters fly on blades of steel;
The coasters utter shouts of mirth,
For winter has of fun no dearth.

The Desert*

By Timothy Hay

Yuma! The hottest place north of "Greaser-land." The story is almost as old as the territory, of an old resident of Yuma who failed to draw his gun quickly enough one day and so went down to serve the devil; of his finding the climate more temperate than was his custom, and sending back for his blankets. But this story, illustrative of the heat of the desert, was new to me: They had held, in accordance with the customs and manners of that woolley country, a necktie party for a Yuma horse thief. His friends had cut him down and, in deference to his last request, had taken him up into California for cremation purposes. He had been in the furnace for the proper length of time, his friends sitting around and showing due feeling and respect, when the men in charge opened up the door to remove the ashes. Not at all! No ashes there, but the erstwhile horse thief, sitting up in one corner, all wrapped in his shroud and shouting, "Shut that door, I can't stand the draft."

We had just breakfasted in this city of thermometer reputation, at a railroad eating house. The meal was an agreeable surprise. Among other things, great dishes of quail on toast. We were all seated at tables—no ten minutes stand-up feed—and paid seventy-five cents each, with quails without limit.

The orange trees about the station hung thick with fruit. These, with the big palms, taller than the buildings, and rows of Indian squaws in highly-colored blankets, squatted along the platform selling bead work, lent an interesting charm to the place.

As the train gathered headway, the newsboy grabbed a piece of the bead work from one of the squaws and jumped the last car. A big buck Indian lighted out after that train like a runaway hurricane. The boy thought best to drop the goods.

We had just crossed the Colorado River into California and were listening to an old Western fruit-buyer discussing the heated summer attractions of our last stop.

"I was in Yuma once in midsummer. By the great Sierras, wa'nt it hot! I was a business booster then for a 'Frisco house and had sold my man a bill of goods and could n't get out of the cussed hole for half a day. It was the first of the afternoon. I'll tell you what I did. I borrowed an old wooden washtub, put it out behind a 'dobe shanty among some palm trees, and in the shade; hired a 'greaser' to fill it with water, and you can bet it was me for the bathtub till the next train hiked along."

I asked him if he had n't gained a little flesh since those days.

"Oh, yes. I could n't get into no such tub as that now. How hot was it? One hundred and eighteen out among the palms that day. But I

* Mr. Hay's impressions of the great Salton Sea, as set forth in the following article, have peculiar interest at this time, owing to the heroic efforts which are being made to return the Colorado River into its old channel. It was impressed upon Mr. Hay's mind, when visiting the locality last spring, that this great inflow of water could not be prevented by any ordinary means, and his doubt as to the value of the work then being done seems to have been realized, as the two separate attempts which have already been made by the great Southern Pacific corporation have proved unavailing. The Governor of California recently telegraphed to the President at Washington, requesting national aid to prevent the further growth of what has already become an imminent danger. The President immediately put himself in communication with Mr. Harriman, controlling the Southern Pacific road, and promptness of action has been obtained, for a small army of men, vast quantities of material and supplies, have been sent to the break in the river bank, to make one last and final effort to build an effective dam. Mr. Hay advises the Editor that the success of such a dam depends quite largely upon the conditions during the work; for a sudden cloud-burst, higher up the river, might send down such a vast flood as to cause a serious interruption.—THE EDITOR.

have seen it hotter than that out here ahead of us on the Yuma Desert, down in what they call the 'sink,' at a place called Salton, where the salt mines were. I once saw it 123° on the shady side of a box-car down there.

"Why did I say 'salt mines were?' Well, you would get your feet a trifle wet if you went to them now. They are thirty feet under water. Say, listen! 'ain't yer heard of this great natural phenomenon forming out here on the desert? Well, for the love of Mike, put this cigar into your face, and have a smoke while I spin you a true yarn, and right away, too, because you'll be where you can see it all for yourself as soon as we get through them sand dunes over there. Say! don't they look like hills of golden grain; billows of the ocean? They are about five miles off; don't look it, do they? You think they would be pretty long miles to walk? Well, they might, but if those same miles held all there was coming to you in this world, you might n't be in such a hurry to get ter the end of 'em."

It was desert along there; the sage brush and cactus had hard sledding. You could see, at times, great clouds of dust encircling the sand dunes like smoke. The railroad company had big signs, every few miles, warning wayfarers not to attempt a crossing. It was desolate; thirsty, burning, scorching, shifting sands of the desert. It indeed took pluck and energy to lay a railroad across such a thankless, unproductive, dreary waste.

The easy man of the West settled back into a corner of the smoking compartment and blazed away:

"Now I'm going to teach yer a little physical geography, or whatever you call it, first. Pretty soon we shall begin to coast down grade inter the 'Yuma Sink.' That's a big piece of country that's way down below sea level; in some places more than two hundred and sixty feet. Well, one time that was a part of the Gulf of California, and then old nature gave a shudder and popped up some mountains, and cut it off from the sea. Then the Colorado River took a course to one side, and left the water to evaporate, and that's the how the salt works come here. All yer have to do is just ter plow up the salt like yer would gravel.

"That was all long ago, and the country was great stuff then. Why! yer know, they have discovered ruins of ancient and prosperous cities round these same deserts, showing that it was all a rich country once. Where do yer 'spose those people came from, and who were they, anyhow?

"Now, do yer understand what the sink is, or was? Because its all changed now, as I am a going ter tell yer. At any rate, yer can get it clear in your mind's eye that there's a big country ahead, a hundred or more miles long and thirty or forty wide, that's lower than the sea, and yer can look at the mountains at the south, and know old ocean is on the other side, higher up than yerself, and knocking to get in. And the railroad used to run right across the lowest part of the sink.

"The soil down there looked just like plain sand; just common, hot, parched sand. No one 'sposed yer could grow anything on it. One day some grain was spilled from a freight car on a siding near a water tank; the tank leaked and the water trickled down to the grain. They made a trade and agreed to grow something, and they did. The station agent at the water tank took notice; got a few melon seeds, and a few of the vegetable kind. Not long after the desert was blooming like the—how does that go?

"The news ran as gossip does and set people ter thinking; they had sort a stood on the side lines and caught on. An irrigation company was formed and a town started south of here called Imperial. Stacks of folks

hit the trail for there and built a city over night. Settlers took up land under the 'desert act,' and with water ditched in from the Colorado, great crops grew; likewise a city. I hear it now has five or six thousand people, good hotels and a railroad.

"By and by, fifty or sixty miles away, down in the lowest part of the sink, water began to collect. No attention was paid at first, it had formed there before. But this time it grew, and kept growing. They thought it was the seepage from the irrigating ditches at Imperial. Water sinking into the sands, and following the hardpan and out again down in the sink. One day them ditches got all silted up and them Imperial farmers were running short of water. What der yer 'spose those lunatics did? 'Stead of digging that silt out, they just cross-cut in from the river, and that's where they frosted themselves, for the old Colorado just dug that cross-cut out so big that the whole push began to go through it and shook the gulf as a place of final destination, and ran down into the sink, and the water kept rising. Pretty soon old Mister Salt Mine Man was put out of business. He first went crazy, then shot himself dead as a mack'rel. His three-story building now just peeps out 'er water. Next, old Southern Pacific Railroad had to get a gait on and either climb onto stilts or move up the sink. The last's what they did, but it warn't enough. They are moving now for the third time; this time they're going 'way back on ter the northern foothills. Say! that's costing them a bit, I can tell yer; it'll make them loosen the clove-hitch on their roll. They are passing out the long green with a free hand. It'll make their road some longer, too. They are on to their job now, though, and have the line covered with 'greasers.' Got two thousand of 'em there. Got miles of box-cars for 'em to live in. There's mules, wagons and truck enough for an army, and they're hustling. Yer can stack yer sombrero on that. They've got to: the old sink is now a salt sea ninety miles long and nearly thirty wide. It's beating against the second track they laid now. You ain't more'n a foot out of the water as yer go over it today. Oh! yer'll see. Sand bags packed along the side to keep the waves from breaking through.

"What's going to become of Imperial? Search me. There's sure cussing going on down there. If yer'd only tell me where all that water's coming from I'll tell you about Imperial. They tell all kinds of stories about that water, but I think it's got 'em buffaloed. Hallo, conductor, what 'der yer want, my ticket? Well, I guess I've got one. I ain't no insurance magnate riding on a pass. Say, yer a railroad man, going back and forth here all the time; when yer going to start ferries 'cross that Salton Sea? I heard that the latest story about that frog pond is that some experts claim that the earthquake we had about a year ago down here, opened up the old outlet to the gulf, only that it's a subterranean connection, and that's how most of the water's coming in. They say that they are catching fish down there just like they catch out in the gulf, and that's proof that it's no Colorado River doing it. How about that?"

"Thanks: I will take a cigar, but it's 'gainst the rules to smoke it 'til after hours. Now as to that sea. Don't you run away with any such an idea as that. The water's all coming in from the river, and the best experts the company can get, and them government fellows, too, all says so. A lot of Mexicans came up to Yuma the other day—sent up by old Diaz. They hired a launch and went down the river to look into things themselves. I heard it said that they agree that the river's doing the trick." "Oh! look here,' said the fruit buyer, "do yer think that river could let in enough water to stand the evap-

oration of the hot desert sun, and still keep as big a pond of water as that and a climbing an inch a day?"

"Yes! why not; you've no idea how much water comes down the Colorado."

"Well, how about the sea being as salt as the ocean?"

"That's easy; ain't it all salt underneath? What did they run a salt mine there for? Say! look; there's the water now. We're 'most down to it, and here's Volcano, the last station on top of the dry."

There we were, and an amazing sight was spread out for our vision. Behind us, and reaching back from the water's edge, miles and miles of aching, sun-baked, glaring Sahara. To the south, meeting the bright, piercing blue of the heavens, water, endless water, with the hot, scorching desert sun blinding you with its blinking reflection. Swinging more to the southeast, twenty-eight miles of salt sea, lapping the base of the San Jacinto Range. Mountains rising right out of the water thousands of feet, and snow-capped.

The train was now skirting the sea. We could follow the course of the original railroad, and its first move, for the telegraph poles had not been taken away. The visible parts grew less and less as we followed along, and finally showed only the cross-arms. The ties had been left to float in and were beating against the grading we were then running over. Ducks; ducks everywhere; thousands of them —teals, mallards and others—they had found water unexpectedly. They showed but little fear, and offered easy marks from the train. Tens of thousands of geese, cranes and other water-fowl had discovered the new water resort, and were making it their winter home.

"Look, you! it'll take a Sabbath day of traveling to cross at this rate," remarked our historian.

"Never you mind," returned the brakeman, "the track's washed out once or twice now by the waves beating against it; the road-bed's soft, and I ain't in no hurry to tip over into that ditch. Can't you see that it's worked through the embankment, and is on both sides of us?"

"I guess yer right; my business can wait. Halloo! there's the salt man's building. By jove, if this free irrigation reaches Imperial, it'll spell ruin for that borough. Their busted hopes will go up with the tide."

The conductor came along just then and hearing the last remark, said: "Don't let that worry you. The Southern Pacific's going to stop all that. They pretty near got it fixed last fall: got the river nearly cut off when a big, busting rain, a regular ark floater, came down and washed all the job away. Now they're going to put in a dam that is a dam and fix it for good. It'll never get up to where they are laying the tracks now."

"Yes: if that's where the water's coming from, how about those Gulf of California fish?"

New Hampshire*

By Cornelia W. Mead

What spot is more sacred, or dearer, on earth,
  Than the home of our childhood, the place of our birth;
Where a fond, loving mother our infancy blessed,
  And to her warm bosom our tiny form pressed.

Where a brave, manly father took pleasure and pride,
  His little one's toddling footsteps to guide,
And brothers and sisters we perchance may possess,
  To fondle and pet us, to love and caress.

The home of our youth, whether palace or cot,
  In the years that come after is never forgot;
The cradle that rocked us, the little high chair,
  A badly worn shoe which we once used to wear

A doll or a toy, all battered and bruised,
  A plate or a cup which once we had used,
A little white frock, old fashioned, 'tis true,
  Or the neat baby bonnet with ribbons of blue.

It is the small things, united, which make up the great,
  The towns and the cities that build up the state;
Each has enchantment for some one most dear,
  Each home its attractions, some loved one to cheer.

And whether in country, in city or town,
  Obscure, unattractive, or rich with renown,
We all have a niche designed us to fill,
  And can make ourselves happy in it if we will.

The home of our childhood, so dear to us all,
  Each one has a history we could recall;
But there's one common bond, a feeling innate;
  Our love for New Hampshire, the old granite state.

A poet has said that "where'er we may roam,
  Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
And though we may travel the universe o'er
  And all of its grandeur and beauty explore,

We gladly turn back to our own native state;
  Our love for New Hampshire will never abate;
The thrift of its people, its scenery grand,
  We love thee, we love thee, our own native land.

America's Switzerland! home of our birth;
  The fairest, the sweetest, the dearest on earth;
Around it fond memory ever will twine,
  New Hampshire's the oak—its children the vine.

* Written for and read at a meeting of New Hampshire Daughters.

That Awful Programme

By Fanny Grant

In the Euterpe Club there were two factions.

The smaller was the talent of the club, the larger was the semi-fashionable amateur contingent, that from the first had made up its mind to "run things."

When I say fashionable I speak with a reserved thought, for the real wheel within the wheel, the 400 of Libertyville, was not represented, for the reason that the 400 was not, figuratively speaking, a man of parts and therefore was not musical, if on occasion he really was learned in some of the less exacting arts, or many of the more unstable of the sciences.

For policy the Euterpeans had made one of the three on the musical committee, Mrs. Faye, who led the talent, and the other two were Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Spyter, who were people of means, and led the fashionable set; as they were also people who would leave no stone unturned to keep Mrs. Faye and her set from having any hearing in the club.

Mrs. Faye insisted that every one of the club should have a song, or piano piece, once a month, the others did dirty work and manipulated things on the sly, so that it was utterly impossible for Mrs. Faye and the "talent" to do more than one number apiece from October to May, the season of the Euterpe Club.

Some of the Faye set left the club very much wrought up at the mean ways of the people of means.

Mrs. Faye, who, unknown to the Barton set, was thick with the 400, said to her outside friends that things were going shamefully in the club, but give the stupid ones rope enough and they would hang themselves. The Barton set was wild to be "in" with the 400, and Mrs. Faye, knowing this, showed a heroic spirit in not utilizing this fact to bring out the talent of the club.

Mrs. Faye was too high-minded to do aught with talent, but have it make its own way on its merits without the support to be derived from the good words and good wishes of the 400 brought into the club, introduced to the Barton set and so using their influence to help on the talent.

No; if the talent were to come to the front, it must be through their own merits.

This is how Mrs. Faye and the 400 came to grief. This is how Mrs. Barton lost the one chance of her life. Mrs. Barton had one sole wish ungratified; it was to be "in" with that higher social set of Libertyville that seemed to be determined to have nothing of her, in spite of her brand new house and unimpeachable bank account; hence it came about that she lost the one chance of her life, as I am about to relate.

Mrs. Faye, on the occasion of the first musicale of the club, had fondly hoped to bring out the wife of the professor who built hopes on his wife's appearance there. Vain. Mrs. Barton and her set promptly blackballed the wife of the professor. She was, therefore, not in the club at all. Only spleen, dear lady, to spite Mrs. Faye. That's all.

"I am anxious about that program, Mrs. Barton," said Mrs. Faye, meeting her amiable adversary on the street. As Mrs. Faye did not happen to be on the *pro tem* programme committee, she in etiquette had nothing to say on the question. She felt this keenly. Mrs. Barton felt this in a state of musical self-sufficiency.

"Now, don't you trouble yourself about the programme, Mrs. Faye,"

said Mrs. Barton. "It's all arranged; it's all right; the programme is in good hands, my dear, so don't worry."

Horribly doubtful on this important point, Mrs. Faye did worry a good deal, but had to abstain from interfering in the musical exploits of Mrs. Barton and the rest of the programme committee. She had to wait for the appointed time to come and then know how it would be. She could then see for herself.

All too soon came Friday, the tenth, from three to six, the day set for the concert. To Mrs. Barton's intense satisfaction, her music room rapidly filled with invited guests of the club upon this momentous occasion.

That some of the very first and foremost of the 400 set had choice seats was more joy. But alas! that Mrs. Barton herself was not one of the reception committee gave her a pang of regret. Here was a golden opportunity, and no way to improve it. That Mrs. Faye, and what I have called "the talent", were not on the programme, even to a ballad, gave Mrs. Faye only interest in the music to come of a most impersonal nature. She sat with the old-time friends she had asked there, the ones of the 400 present and gave herself up to visiting. Again Mrs. Barton saw with a pang, she had made a blunder somewhere, but now would bluff it out, so ignored Mrs. Faye, the 400, "the talent," tapped the piano with her fan for silence, and the musicale began.

It was her place to announce the numbers, one after the other, and the concert began, grew and developed.

At first Mrs. Faye listened with silent contempt, but she was soon uneasy, then startled, then silent in an amazed, helpless misery.

The 400 were well inured to boredom and listened with outward calm. And the programme!—To begin with an overture arranged for the piano, sufficiently odious in class-room practice.

Proceeding, there were at least four sonatas by Beethoven, near together, then a whole assortment of inane nothings by new composers of the German school, and the French imitators, with never an idea to interfere with the harmony they worked out as if it were a quadratic equation.

Songs that were recitatives and chords; songs that were from Mother Goose, and the never-failing *Berceuse,* from Brahms, to the last inane ballad.

O, how shall mortal pen, even one so able as mine own, venture to tell of that awful programme that began at three and did not end until twenty minutes after seven that tenth day of the month, when the Euterpe Club had its first entertainment in public!

A few of the guests left at six. Mrs. Barton, a cold damp on her brow, had long before six felt the force of her awful programme, but was not daring enough to stop anywhere. The fearful voices of her friends did their work and during the horrors of the siege the "talent" stared, smiled and whispered.

At last, bored to death, part of the remaining crowd slipped away. At seven twenty Mrs. Barton saw the last piece on her list ended, and the few remaining ones made haste to do the same as the daring ones had done.

Mrs. Faye, "the talent" (of small account) and the 400 had eyed Mrs. Barton with silent amusement as one who was making a desperate effort to do something and failing signally. Mrs. Barton felt that she had made a wretched blunder. What she said as the last one was gone, and she was alone in her deserted halls, and she angrily tore up that awful programme, was this: "I have lost the one opportunity of my life."

And so it proved. The aristocracy of Libertyville and Mrs. Barton were always two; there was not one tie between them, not even a tied note, even unto this day.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. GEORGE A. MARDEN.

George Augustus Marden, born in Mont Vernon, August 9, 1839; died in Lowell, Mass., December 19, 1906.

He was the son of Benjamin Marden, a mechanic, and himself learned the shoemaker's trade in early life and to this and farm labor he devoted his time when not attending school. He fitted for college at Appleton Academy, now McCollom Institute, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1861, immediately after entering the Union army as a member of Berdan's sharpshooters. He served under McClellan in the peninsular campaign, and went on staff duty as acting assistant adjutant general of the third brigade, third division, third army corps, in January, 1863. Upon being mustered out of service, in September, 1884, he returned to New Hampshire and commenced the study of law in Concord, at the same time engaging in reportorial and editorial work on the *Monitor*. He soon went to West Virginia and for a time published a weekly paper in Charleston, but ere long came back to this state and was engaged in the preparation of a history of the New Hampshire military organizations. He was then for a time connected with the *Boston Advertiser*, but late in 1867 became one of the publishers and editors of the *Lowell Daily Courier*, which relation continued thereafter, his home having been established in that city, where he ever after resided.

Mr. Marden became prominent in Republican politics, served in the House of Representatives in 1873, and was clerk of that body from 1874 till 1883. In the latter year he was again chosen a member and was made speaker, and was reëlected in 1884. In 1885 he was a member of the state Senate. He was a delegate in the Republican National Convention in 1880. From 1889 to 1893 he was treasurer and receiver general of the state of Massachusetts. In 1889 he was appointed assistant treasurer of the United States at Boston by President Harrison. He was again appointed by President McKinley and reappointed by President Roosevelt, holding the position at the time of his death.

Mr. Marden had been president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association and was a member of the G. A. R. and the Loyal Legion. He was a ready and witty speaker, and his services were widely sought both on the stump and anniversary and other public occasions. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Mary F. Fiske of Nashua; and two sons, Philip S. and Robert F., both connected with the *Courier-Citizen* at Lowell.

DR. HENRY W. DUDLEY.

Henry W. Dudley, M. D., born in Gilmanton, N. H., November 30, 1831, died at Abington, Mass., December 29, 1906.

Doctor Dudley was of the ninth generation from the old Colonial Governor Thomas Dudley, through his son, Rev. Samuel Dudley. He was educated in the public schools of his native town, fitting for college at Gilmanton Academy. He was graduated at the Harvard Medical School in March, 1864. Soon after he went to Abington, where he was in constant practice for forty-two years.

Doctor Dudley, while studying medicine, taught school and was at one time principal of the Rochester High School. He taught at Culpepper, Va., at the time of the famous John Brown raid in 1859.

From 1882 to 1893 he held the chair of pathology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Boston, and in 1893 he was elected professor of pathology in Tufts College Medical School, which position he held up to about four years ago. Since that time Doctor Dudley had lectured on legal medicine in the same school. When in New Hampshire he was a school commissioner of Belknap County and a member of the state board of education through appointment by Governor Berry in 1861. He was reappointed the two following years.

He was appointed medical examiner of the second Plymouth district in 1890, and had since filled the position. He was president of the Plymouth District Medical Society in 1878 and 1879, and had been a councillor of the Massachusetts Medical Society since 1883. He was a member of the Massachusetts Medical Legal Society. He was a charter member of the Hatherly Medical Society, formed a number of years ago by the physicians in the towns about Abington. He was for years connected with the Plymouth County Medical Society, and at the time of his death was a censor in that organization. He left three children, Bayard and Mary Dudley, and Dr. Charles Dudley of Cambridge, Mass.

WYMAN FLINT.

Wyman Flint, born in Windsor, N. H., July 11, 1824, died in Bellows Falls, Vt., December 25, 1906.

Mr. Flint was the son of John G. and Sarah (Gregg) Flint, and was educated in the district schools and at Antrim Academy. At twenty-one years of age he engaged in the manufacture of furniture in Franklin, whence he afterward went to Antrim and was engaged for a time in the lumber business with his father, but later, in company with a brother, went into the manufacture of shoe pegs there. In 1858, with his brother, John Gardner Flint, he went to Milwaukee, Wis., and engaged in the wholesale grocery business, establishing branch houses in Boston and St. Louis.

In 1880 he returned East and in company with A. B. Fisher, began the manufacture of paper in Bellows Falls. Two years later he bought out Mr. Fisher and the Green Mountain Pulp Company, of which he was president, was also formed, his two sons being associated with him in business, the firm name being the Wyman Flint & Sons Company.

Mr. Flint was chairman of the town board of selectmen in 1870 and again in 1880. He was a member of the Westminster Club and of Hugh dePayens Commandery of Knights Templar of Keene. In his younger days he was a Democrat in politics, but since the Civil War had been a Republican. He had been prominently identfied for many years with Immanuel Episcopal Church. In 1847 he married Almira Stickney, and six children were born to them, the three surviving being Miss S. Louis Flint, who lived with her father; John W. Flint, president of the Claremont (N. H.) Paper Company; and Francis G. Flint, who has the management of the Wyman Flint & Sons Company. Mrs. Flint died in August, 1896.

REV. DAVID CALLEY.

Rev. David Calley, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, among the Free Baptist clergymen in the state, died at his home in Bristol, December 23, 1906.

He was a native of Holderness, now Ashland, a son of Capt. David and Martha (Marston) Calley, born November 8, 1815, being ninety-one years of age at his decease. His grandfather, William Calley, Jr., a native of Stratham, was a Revolutionary soldier. In 1837 he received a license to preach, but was not ordained till 1842, at a meeting of the Sandwich Quarterly Conference, and soon after became pastor of the Free Baptist Church, North Tunbridge Vt., where he remained five years, and then resigned to go home to Holderness to care for his father, then in his last illness. Meantime, he preached in Holderness and surrounding towns, becoming later the first pastor of the church at Bristol, but was obliged to close his labors in the spring of 1849, on account of a throat difficulty. In September, 1853, he resumed the Bristol pastorate and continued seven years, then going again to Tunbridge for three years and again returning to Bristol, where he preached another seven years. Subsequently he preached two years in Alexandria, eight in Sandwich, two again in Alexandria and five at North Sandwich. Later he served the churches at Sandwich Center, South Tamworth and Meredith Center, until in 1892 he closed his pastoral labors and returned to Bristol, where he resided till his death.

Mr. Calley was twice married; first to Dorcas D. Shepard of Holderness, who died in 1846, and, second, to Mary Mooney Smith of New Hampton, who died in 1896. Of eight children by the latter marriage, five survive.

COL. DAVID C. RICHARDSON.

David Collins Richardson, born in Milford, N. H., October 23, 1843, died in New York City, December 24, 1906.

He was a son of Rev. John G. Richardson, a Baptist clergyman of Milford, whose grandfather was a minute man at Lexington. He graduated at Brown University and immediately upon the outbreak of the Rebellion enlisted in the Union army. At the conclusion of his term of enlistment he again enlisted, this time in the navy. After the war he engaged in the contracting and transportation business in New York, and later was a ranch owner in Texas for more than a quarter of a century, when he retired and returned to New York.

DR. CHARLES C. ODLIN.

Charles Cushing Odlin, M. D., born in Exeter, N. H., October 31, 1847, died in Melrose, Mass., December 18, 1906.

Doctor Odlin, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of the town, was a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College and the Dartmouth Medical School. He commenced medical practice in Exeter, continuing several years, removing thence to Melrose, where he attained much success, becoming a leading physician of the place. He was never conspicuous in public life, but deeply interested in the welfare of the community. He was an active member of the Middlesex and Massachusetts Medical societies and was also an active member of the Masonic order.

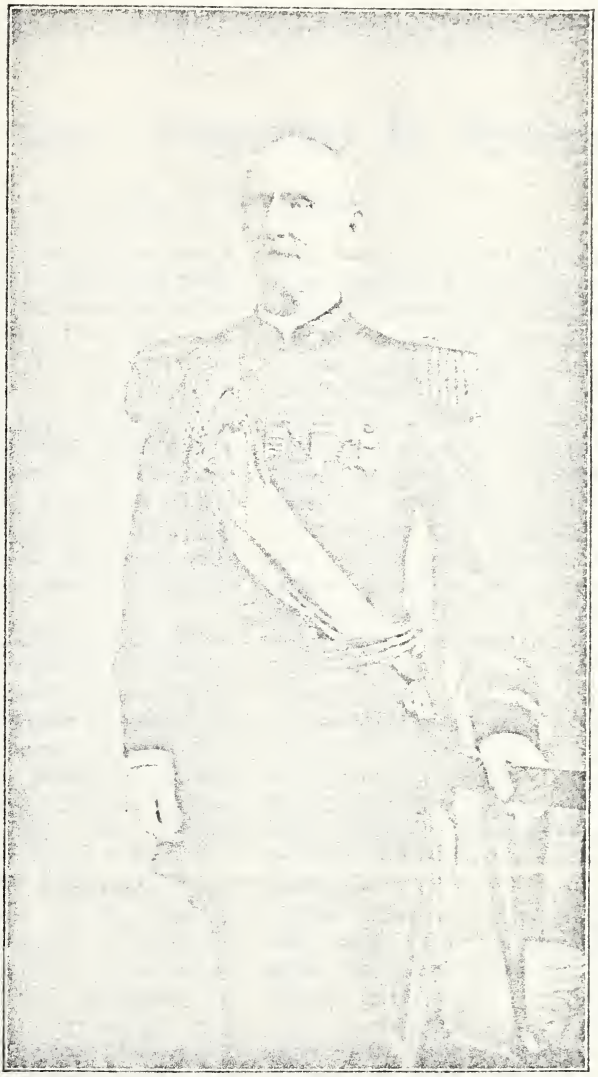
Editor and Publisher's Notes

This issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY marks the beginning of Volume 39, or Volume 2 of the New Series, and the commencement of the second year of publication under the present management, which assumed charge of the magazine after one year of suspension, following a year of irregular issue, together naturally most disappointing, if not disgusting to the patrons who had awaited its appearance with interest for a long period of years. The editor and publisher realized most fully, when he assumed the task of resuscitation, that the way of his effort was to be no flower-strewn path; that work was to be done and responsibility assumed with no guaranty, or even prospect of compensation, except such as was found in the satisfaction of having saved to the state a publication which in time past has proved of value to the people, and which, it is hoped, may prove so to be in the future. Whatever else has been done, or failed to be done, the magazine has been issued every month, and unless circumstances intervene, over which human power has no control, it will continue to thus appear in the future. Of its merits in other respects its patrons must be the judges, but should not forget, at the same time, that much depends upon the measure of their support. The more hearty and generous that may be, the better in all essential respects the publication itself. Our thanks are extended to them for their encouragement in the past, and their coöperation besought in the work of making the GRANITE MONTHLY a "better," if not "bigger," magazine in the future, and at the same time more effectually advancing the welfare of the grand old state in whose interest it is published.

With the advent of the present month there comes a change in the executive and legislative departments of the state government, the former incumbents stepping down and out, as usual, and their places being assumed by those newly designated therefor. For the first time in sixteen years the failure of the people to elect a governor by majority vote at the polls, left it incumbent upon the newly-elected Legislature, immediately after organization, to make choice of one from the two highest candidates voted for at the polls—Charles M. Floyd of Manchester, Republican, and Nathan C. Jameson of Antrim, Democrat—which was done, the former being duly chosen in joint convention of the two branches, though receiving somewhat less than the full vote of his party, while Mr. Jameson received something more than the full Democratic vote. The Legislature organized by the election of Hon. John Scammon of Exeter as president of the senate and Hon. Bertram Ellis of Keene as speaker of the house. The latter body, in which most of the legislation of the session is naturally expected to originate, contains an unusual number of exceptionally bright men, capable of doing good work, and the state has a right to expect some valuable legislation.

Judging from the notices of bills given in the house, the first thing with which the new Legislature will feel called upon to deal will be the subject of railway transportation for members and other state officials. The "pass evil," as it is termed, has been a subject of much discussion and animadversion in the newspaper press and in party platforms. How the matter is to be dealt with will remain a question of public interest until definite action is taken. Whatever is done should be done squarely and honestly, with no attempt at subterfuge or evasion. If the object is, as it should be, not only to render it impossible for any public servant to be improperly influenced by railroad favor, but to prevent all inequality and discrimination, care should be taken to steer absolutely clear of the latter in any legislation that may be enacted.

33-34



MAJ.-GEN. AUGUSTUS D. AYLING

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 2 FEBRUARY, 1907 NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 2

Maj.-Gen. Augustus D. Ayling

By H. H. Metcalf

Whether it be true or not, as many maintain, that the war spirit has been unduly stimulated and encouraged in our country during the last few years and whether or not there be latter-day wisdom in the old-time motto, "In time of peace prepare for war," it is certain that some measure of "preparedness" for the hostilities that may at any time arise, even with the most peaceful purpose on our part, between our own and some other nation, is absolutely necessary.

It has not been until recently, however, that the maintenance of a large standing army has been advocated by any considerable number of people in our midst as the measure of preparation in which we should indulge. From the foundation of the government, dependence has been placed upon the "citizen soldiery" for public defence and the maintenance of the national honor. In the earlier days, every man subject to military duty was enrolled and given such measure of drill and discipline as the company spring "training" and the autumnal regimental "muster" afforded. In later years a different plan has been adopted, and a comparatively small body of volunteer militia in each state, generally known as the National Guard, has received more thorough discipline and instruction, the same being depended upon to maintain public order in an emergency, and as an efficient nucleus when combined with the federal government troops for an army of any desired magnitude in time of war.

Under the constitution and the military system in vogue in our own and other states, the governor is the commander-in-chief of all the military forces of the state. Ordinarily, however, he knows little of and pays little attention to the direction of military affairs, but names a subordinate official, skilled in the same, under the authority of the law, who becomes, practically the head of the military establishment. This officer is the adjutant-general, and holds his position at the pleasure of the governor, without any interposition of the council, or any other authority, except that of the Legislature itself, which has, in rare instances, interposed to compel the removal, by address, for political reasons.

The office of adjutant-general in this state, since its establishment in 1820, has been filled by eleven different individuals, previous to the present incumbent, as follows: Joseph Low, from December 19, 1820, to June 27, 1839; Charles H. Peaslee, July 6, 1839, to November, 1847; John Wadleigh, December 7, 1847, to July 2, 1855; Joseph C. Abbott, July 11, 1855, to July 30, 1861; Anthony Colby, July 30, 1861, to August 20, 1863; Daniel E. Colby, August 21, 1863, to March 25, 1864; Natt Head,

March 25, 1864, to July 11, 1870; John M. Haines, July 11, 1870, to August 10, 1874; Andrew J. Edgerly, August 14, 1874, to February 9, 1876; Ira Cross, March 2, 1876, to July 15, 1879; Augustus D. Ayling, July 15, 1879, to January 3, 1907.*

Of these it will be noted that the first and last, General Low and General Ayling, held office for much longer periods than any other incumbents, the former for eighteen and one-half years, and the latter for twenty-seven and a half. At the time of his retirement, indeed, General Ayling was not only the oldest adjutant-general in the Union, but is reputed to have served longer than any other man in the country ever did in such position. Moreover, he retired voluntarily, and greatly to the regret of all men connected with the service.

General Ayling is a native of the City of Boston, a son of William Lewis and Margaret Cecelia (Hurley) Ayling, born July 28, 1840. Both parents were natives of Boston, of English descent, his paternal great-grandfather having emigrated from Sussex County, England, while his maternal grandmother was a lineal descendant of Tristram Coffin. He was a pupil in the old Mason School in Boston, but while still in his childhood his parents removed to Lowell, where he attended the Edson grammar and the high school, and Lawrence Academy at Groton. His father, who had been a theatrical manager, died while he was quite young, necessitating his early engagement in remunerative employment, and for some time before the outbreak of the Civil War he was a clerk in the office of J. C. Ayer & Co., in Lowell.

Upon the opening of hostilities, he enlisted (April 19, 1861,) in an unattached company known as the Richardson Light Infantry, which afterwards became the Seventh Massachusetts Battery. He was subsequently discharged to accept promotion, and on January 4, 1862, was appointed second lieutenant in the Twenty-Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, promoted to first lieutenant, December 6, 1862, and mustered out May 26, 1864. He was appointed first lieutenant in the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, April 25,

* All of General Ayling's predecessors in office, with the single exception of General Cross, who immediately preceded him, and who is still a prominent citizen of Nashua and auditor of state treasurer's accounts, have long been deceased. The first incumbent, Gen. Joseph Low, was a native of Amherst, born July 24, 1790. He was a soldier of the War of 1812, and settled in Concord after his service, where he became a prominent citizen and the first mayor of the city, having previously served as postmaster from 1815 to 1829. While adjutant-general he had charge of the expedition to Indian Stream to quell the disturbances which had there arisen. He died August 28, 1859.

Charles H. Peaslee, a native of Gilmanton, born February 6, 1804, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1824, studied law and settled in practice in Concord. He served in the Legislature from 1833 to 1837, and in Congress from 1847 to 1853. He was a close friend of President Pierce, and was appointed by him collector of the port of Boston, holding the position from 1853 to 1857. He died at St. Paul, Minn., September 20, 1866.

John Wadleigh was a leading citizen of Meredith and of Belknap County, born June 3, 1806. He was conspicuous in civil and military affairs. He was treasurer of Strafford County before its division and later of Belknap, served several terms in the Legislature and in the State Senate in 1862 and 1863, as well as in the Constitutional Convention of 1850. He rose from the ranks in the state militia to the grade of major-general. He died October 25, 1873.

Joseph C. Abbott was born in Concord July 15, 1825. He graduated from Phillips Andover Academy and engaged for a time in journalism at Manchester. He enlisted in the Union army and served as lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh N. H. Volunteers, being brevetted brigadier-general for bravery at Fort Fisher. He settled in North Carolina after the war, and served in the United States Senate from that state for the term ending in 1871. He died October 8, 1882.

Anthony Colby was born in New London November 13, 1792. He served in the Legislature eight years, between 1828 and 1839. Was governor of the state in 1846, and in the Legislature again in 1860. He died July 20, 1873.

Daniel E. Colby, a son of Anthony, born December 18, 1815, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1836. He was engaged in mercantile and business life in New London, and died May 31, 1891.

Natt Head was born in Hooksett in 1828. He was an extensive brick manufacturer, lumber dealer and contractor; was conspicuous in civil and military affairs, long commander of the Amoskeag Veterans, and governor of New Hampshire in 1879 and 1880. He died November 12, 1883.

John Malachi Haines, son of Malachi and Sarah (Kelley) Haines, was born in Chichester June 9, 1841. He enlisted in the Third N. H. Volunteers, August 14, 1861, was appointed corporal October 11, and mustered out August 23, 1864. He died at Charlestown, Mass., October 5, 1875.

Andrew J. Edgerly was born in Barnstead in 1829. He served in the Fourth N. H. Volunteers in the Civil War, and was promoted to lieutenant. He was engaged in the insurance business most of his life, and died at Medford, Mass., February 26, 1890.

1865, and served on the staff of Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster, commander of the First Division, Twenty-Fourth Army Corps. August 16, 1865, he was made adjutant of the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteers and mustered out January 26, 1866.

He saw service in the armies of the Potomac and the James. He was at Newport News, Va., in 1862, when the Confederate steamer *Virginia*, ordinarily known as the *Merrimac*, sank the *Cumberland* and burned the *Congress*, and had her fight with the *Monitor*, and was an eye-witness of the encounter. He was with McClellan in the Peninsula campaign, at Antietam and Fredericksburg, and under Grant at Vicksburg, seeing "strenuous" service under both commanders.

After his final mustering out and the recuperation of health impaired in the service, he was for a time in the employ of J. F. Paul & Co., fancy lumber dealers of Boston. In 1870, he removed to Nashua, where he was engaged as confidential secretary of Charles A. Gillis, then engaged in extensive business operations in New York. He also served for a short time as assistant city marshal. Soon after his removal to Nashua he became interested in local military affairs, and was made first lieutenant in Company F, Second Regiment, N. H. N. G., October 23, 1870. July 1, 1879, he was promoted to captain, and on the 15th of the same month was appointed by Governor Head adjutant-general, with the rank of major-general, the duties of which position he discharged with such efficiency and fidelity that he was successively recommissioned by Governors Charles H. Bell, Samuel W. Hale, Moody Currier, Charles H. Sawyer, David H. Goodell, Hiram A. Tuttle, John B. Smith, Charles A. Busiel, George A. Ramsdell, Frank W. Rollins, Chester B. Jordan, Nahum J. Bachelder and John McLane.

His administration of the office was characterized throughout by that earnest devotion, intelligent consideration and careful attention to details which insures success in every line of action or field of effort, and to this devoted, intelligent and careful service, on his part, more than to anything else, the state is indebted for the high standing and recognized efficiency of its National Guard today. More than this, the people of the state in general, and the families and friends of the more than 30,000 sons of New Hampshire who saw service in the Union cause during the Civil War in particular, are indebted to him, beyond expression, for his patient, persistent and painstaking labor in the compilation and publication, under state authority, of the voluminous "Register" of the service of New Hampshire soldiers and sailors in the War of the Rebellion, giving in brief the military record of all these men.

A fitting expression of the regard in which General Ayling is held by those with whom he has come in close relation was manifested in the testimonial banquet in his honor at the Eagle Hotel in Concord, upon his retirement from the service, which was attended by four of the governors under whom he had served, with about a hundred associate staff officers and ladies, on which occasion he was presented with an elegant gold watch, while Mrs. Ayling was the recipient of a beautiful heart-shaped pendant of pearls and diamonds, with chain. Previous to this demonstration in his honor by former commanders and staff associates, when his forthcoming retirement became known to his fellow officers of the National Guard, they met in Concord, on the 27th of December last, to the number of about 100, and, headed by the Second Regiment Band, marched to the state house and, gathering to the Doric hall, summoned General Ayling before them and proceeded, through

Gen. J. H. Tolles, brigade commander, to present him with a massive and elegantly engraved silver loving cup, as a token of their affection and esteem, which gift, as well as those before mentioned, will ever be cherished as a tangible reminder of the sentiment inspiring the donors.

General Ayling was united in marriage, December 22, 1869, with Elizabeth Freeman Cornish of Centerville, Mass., daughter of John F. and Elizabeth B. (Stevens) Cornish, her father being a retired sea captain. They have two children—Edith Cornish born March 28, 1871, and Charles Lincoln, January 22, 1875. The son, Charles L. Ayling, after leaving school, entered the banking house of E. H. Rollins & Sons, in Concord, and removed with them to Boston. He is now a member of the well-known banking house of Baker, Ayling & Co. of that city. He married Margaret Ethel Robertson of Chicago.

General Ayling was made a Mason in 1864, in Ancient York Lodge of Lowell, and later received the Royal Arch and Knight Templar degrees at Nashua. He is a member of E. E. Sturtevant Post, No. 2, G. A. R., of Concord, of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, of the Richardson Light Infantry Association of Lowell, of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Association, and of the National Historical and Biographical Society of New York. His religious association is with the Congregationalists.

Upon completing his official service in Concord, General and Mrs. Ayling and daughter established their residence at "The Barracks," a new home recently built by them in Centerville, Mass., within the limits of the town of Barnstable, on Cape Cod. Regretting deeply their departure from Concord and New Hampshire, their many friends in the Granite State wish them the fullest measure of happiness and enjoyment in the years to come.

My Irish Lad

By Emily E. Cole

With his blackthorn shillalee
From ould Tipperary,
  He's a broth of a boy and the light of me eye.
He's bold and he's witty,
And oh—more's the pity—
  That me heart he has stolen, I cannot deny.

And his face is so sonsie;
His step is so jaunty;
  He's a warm-hearted lad with a wonderful smile.
His ways are so plazing,
In spite of his tazing,
  And he swings his shillalee in illigant style.

Och, shure, in the morning
I wake at the dawning,
  And I think of me lad with emotions of joy.
With his blackthorn shillalee
From ould Tipperary,
  He's me swateheart, the Bocoleen, broth of a boy.

Shakers in Enfield

By Edith McIlish Colby

Among the Granite Hills of old New Hampshire there dwells in the town of Enfield a branch of that sect of people known as "Shakers."

These kindly, honest people are looked upon with some mystery by those unfamiliar with them, but we have yet to learn of a single instance where acquaintance produced aught but respect.

To realize the cause of the forming of these societies, we must understand the conditions of the times in which they began. The founder was Ann Lee, called "Mother Ann" by her followers. She emigrated from England about 1774, and soon formed a society of Shakers in New York, at Niskeyuna, near Albany.

This was a time when great religious awakenings were common. In a few years their doctrine had been preached and accepted at different places in New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and in 1782 the Shaker community at Enfield was begun, when two preachers from Vermont came to that town and held meetings.

Receiving some converts, they secured land on what is now called "Shaker Hill"; this land, like all their property, being held in common. When these converts were first acquired they were not organized at once into societies, but for ten years or more they lived in their individual homes.

Their meetings were held in a large farmhouse on Shaker Hill, which came to be called the Shaker Meeting House, but was destroyed by fire in 1788.

Their numbers and property increasing, in 1792, they exchanged that land for a tract on the southwestern shore of Mascoma Lake and it is here that "Shaker Village" is found today.

They have one of the finest locations in Grafton County, being one and one-half miles from Enfield station. The settlement consists today of the "North" and "Church" families, though formerly another called the "South" family adjoined the Church family on the south.

The South family became depleted in numbers and joined the Church family, selling the South farm, which has been used as an extensive dairy

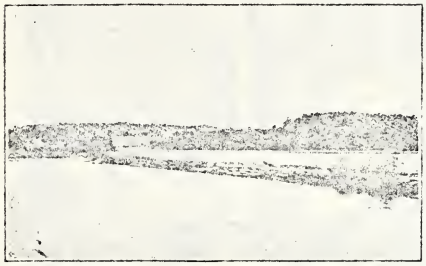
The Old Meeting-House

and live stock farm, for which it is admirably adapted.

The North family are few in number, so the center of activity is with the Church family. Situated midway between the two extremes of Mascoma Lake, they own all land for a long distance, nearly two miles. The plain where the house is situated is very narrow, lying between the lake and the mountain, which rises very abruptly.

The soil is rich, warm and productive, level and free from stone; it is equalled for cultivation only by the Connecticut River lands. The con-

formation and geological surroundings indicate that this is a former lake bottom and the texture of the soil would prove that it was enriched by the drainage of the hills above it.



Shaker Bridge

Entering the community from the north, as the visitor does when arriving by train, you approach across the famous "Shaker Bridge," which is the wonder of all who view it. Built by the Shakers in 1849, it was constructed by driving immense piles into the mud bottom, until they had a foundation across the lake, upon which the structure of the bridge itself was built of logs and stone and earth.

This bridge was one of the most remarkable in the state and was built at a cost of ten thousand dollars and later sold to the town, the Shakers agreeing to keep it in repair for ten years.

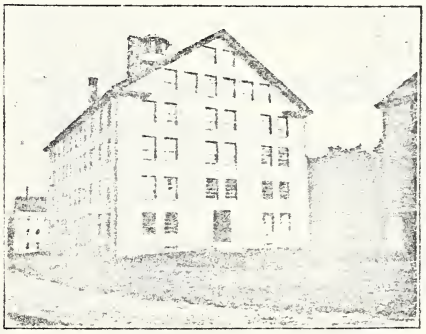
Passing the bridge, we follow the shore of the lake to the southward, where we reach, in about one half mile, the North family buildings; but we will pass them by and visit the Church family, which we reach after a short drive over a wide, smooth road, lined on either side by magnificent maples, meeting overhead much of the way.

Arrived at the Church family, the first and most noticeable thing to catch the eye is the "Stone Building," so called.

This is directly back of the office and was built in 1840. It is built of stone which was quarried by the Shakers from their quarry in Canaan. It is four stories high, one hundred feet long and fifty-six feet wide. Every stone in the building is cemented and fastened to its neighbor with iron dowels. The building cost nearly or quite forty thousand dollars and at the time of its erection was considered the most expensive building in the state, except the state house.

We secured permission to enter this building, and, with one of the "sisters" as a guide, we were conducted through the kitchens and dining-room. Here we saw the immense brick oven which bakes their bread six times a week; here are the shining ranges, the cupboard of bright tins arranged in rows and everything as convenient as thought can plan it.

The dining-room attracts attention mainly from the fact that the food is served upon bare tables, scoured to snowy whiteness. The chairs being made with backs only about one foot high enables them to be pushed beneath the tables when not in use and proves a convenience in setting or



The Stone Building

clearing the tables. Here we see no curtains at the windows, for the windows in all their buildings are only shaded by inside blinds.

The food served is of the plainest, but wholesome, nutritious, economical

and abundant, swine's flesh and wine being forbidden. In their cellars are quantities of fruit, both fresh and preserved, and many vegetables are also used.

Family Dining Room

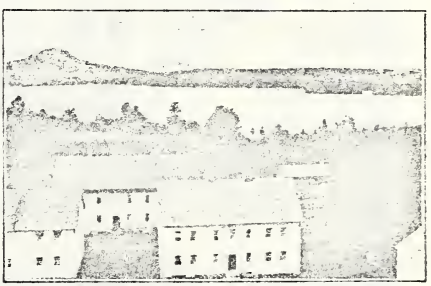
On the second floor of this building is the hall, where they now hold their meetings. This room presents the same appearance of commodious comfort and simplicity as the rest of their rooms. The floor of the hall is very beautiful, showing the grain of the wood in its natural condition. This floor has never been cleaned with water, as that would mar the beauty of the wood. It is cleaned by sprinkling with fine white sand and scouring, mostly with the feet; when this sand is removed the floor has a whiteness and cleanness unequalled by any soap and water process.

The third floor is devoted to sleeping rooms, each being furnished with a single bed, a stove, a bookcase, table for reading, a good reading lamp and comfortable chairs. Here, too, we see the utmost simplicity, but they do not neglect comfort; the spotless neatness and immaculate order and system make a lasting impression on all who visit them.

This building is crowned by a cupola, where hangs a bell weighing eight hundred pounds. The view from the cupola is one to be remembered, especially if observed, as was the writer's privilege, during a heavy electrical storm. Flash after flash, the gleam of the lightning quivered round us, and the thunder crashed as if the very hills at our backs were being rent in twain, while the surface of the erstwhile placid Mascoma was lashed to a foam, the white crested waves dashed themselves into a spray on the sandy beach and the little pier at the steamboat landing was swept by the mad torrent. Thus we watched, wonder-chained, the storm king ride away down the valley, and when the quiet white-capped sister at our side said "It is a fine place to view a storm," we had no mind to dispute her.

As we descended from this watch-tower, our ears caught the tones of one of the finest pianos in town, and the melody gave proof of a master hand at the keys. Beds of blossoming flowers at the doors gave evidence of a love for the beautiful.

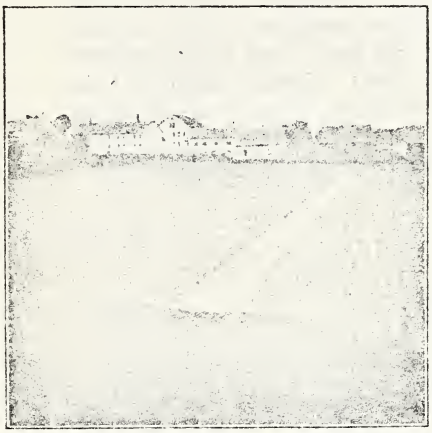
Next we visited the gardens which have made the Shakers famous the world over by their Shaker garden seeds and Shaker herbs. Going down the stone-paved walks, toward the lake, and passing through the gateway, we found ourselves in the



View from Tower, Looking East

garden, which is almost as level as a table, not even a stone marring its smoothness. Here, stretching to right and left, are the long rows, straight as an arrow's flight, spaced evenly to an inch, where grow the

asparagus, peppers, tomatoes, radishes, onions and beets for seed purposes; sweet corn with its nodding tassels and the tall poles with their burden of beans with pods of scarlet



Horticultural Garden

and green and the plot of dandelions with its crown of gold which turns to down. The dandelion is grown for greens, the root being used in their medicines, and the seed is sold to dealers. Here, too, we find them growing valerian and their "still," where its virtues are rendered for medical use. Dock is grown for the "medicine man" to use in his wares. Wormwood and lovage are included in their commercial herbs.

Many other interesting things are found in the gardens, but we will take a peep into the dry house and then hasten on. In this dry house are two large pans, resembling immense evaporators, where the sweet corn and other seed that is dried by heat is cured, the pans being kept at a given temperature and the seed turned and stirred till properly cured.

The next visit is to the barns, where all modern improvements are apparent, and the long lines of dairy cows, with one or two men in constant attendance, are kept in neatness and comfort. They also keep horses and oxen sufficient for doing the work of their great acreage.

Leaving the barns, we hear the hum of bees as they store the sweets in the hives nearby. Across the highway stands the big stone shop for all kinds of woodworking; also many other buildings used for storage and other purposes. Their maple orchards yield many pounds of sugar and syrup, and their fruit orchards are noticeable.

The sisters prepare and sell many articles of needlework, which are most exquisitely made, the painstaking care and perfection of their work being truly a wonder. The children are very carefully and thoroughly educated in a school situated on their own grounds, and controlled by them.

Many of Enfield's most prominent men have been numbered among the Shakers. Some of the more widely known have been Caleb Dyer, who was head trustee during the years of the family's greatest progress, being an influential factor in the building of

Elder Blinn in His Office

the Shaker grist mill and Shaker woolen mill at Enfield, and he was largely responsible for the building of the Shaker bridge. John Bradford, Hiram Baker and Henry Cummings gave many years of their best

effort for the prosperous management of the society and many others as well.

Formerly more manufacturing was done than there is today, the Shakers having operated the woolen mill, also the grist mill mentioned, a pail and tub shop and a number of smaller industries: but, as their numbers decreased, these have been for the most part dropped, though they still continue the making of Shaker brooms, which find a ready market.

One tragedy has marred the quietness of the Shaker community and struck horror to their hearts,—the murder of Caleb Dyer by Tom Weir, as a result of a disagreement about Weir's children, which he had voluntarily placed under the Shakers' control.

There is material for many a volume of pleasant reading in the history of the Shakers, but whoever writes the story will say that the predominant traits of the Shakers are honesty, industry and thoroughness.

Hereafter

By Clara B. Heath

Hereafter—ah, we do not know
  What it may hold for us in store,
If but this cloud that hangs so low,
  Would vanish to return no more.

One night my garden, summer-clad,
  Was swept by an untimely frost,
And half the love and faith I had,
  And all the bloom of life, was lost.

But Hope, eternal, fair and sweet,
  Came to me with a whispered word,
And lighter grew my weary feet;
  Once more life's inner pulses stirred.

Hereafter when the stones are rolled
  From sepulchres where hopes have lain,
The grief it brings shall be untold—
  We'll stand dry-eyed above the slain.

Hereafter! ah, we do not know
  What may await us there and then;
The love and faith that ebbed so low
  May come with a full tide again.

Beautiful Life

By Cyrus A. Stone

How beautiful is life
When first it wakes to greet the opening day,
Bearing from some dear country far away
Beyond the sacred mystery of its birth,
Its choicest treasures to the wondering earth!
What lovely visions round its pathway rise
Like rainbow-tinted clouds in April skies!
So beautiful is life.

"How beautiful is life."
Thus sang a maiden in her golden prime,
Her sweet face turned to greet the summer time.
It seemed befitting that the floral plumes
Of the green meadows and the orchard blooms,
With bending hues and fragrance rich and rare,
Should twine a garland for a brow so fair.
So beautiful is life.

How beautiful is life
In the perfection of its manly power!
For who would care to claim a richer dower
Than the clear ringing voice and speaking eye
Telling of earnest quest and purpose high?
When conscious strength, rejoicing in its worth
Goes forth to till the fruitful fields of earth.
How beautiful is life!

How beautiful is life
When slowly homeward winds the loaded wain
And the last sheaves are gathered on the plain!
The autumn hills now wear their radiant crown
And pensively the harvest moon looks down
Where peace and plenty grace the social board
And honest labor finds its sure reward.
So beautiful is life.

How beautiful is life,
The life that wakens from earth's closing day,
Spreads its bright wings and gladly soars away
Beyond the paling sunset's crimson bars,
Beyond the twilight and beyond the stars,
In that far realm, unknown to wealth or fame,
I think the raptured soul will still exclaim
How beautiful is life!

The Sons and Daughters of Kearsarge

By Sarah Harvey Porter

[A paper read before the New Hampshire Association of Washington, D. C.]

In spite of the negative experience of Mohammed, there are mountains that come to man. Every person born and reared within sight of Kearsarge feels that the grand old mountain is part of his own personality. Its image was imprinted on his heart in childhood and remains there until his dying eyes behold the eternal light breaking over the hills of the New Jerusalem.

Kearsarge has no near rival peak. Rising in noble contour, he is sole monarch of one of earth's loveliest regions. Hundreds of lesser mountains and hills do obeisance to him. Scores of lakes sparkle in his girdle. Shining rivers, fed by him, make their way leisurely to the sea, which is dimly visible from his bald, rocky summit at sunrise and at sunset. Prosperous farmhouses and fair villages dot the plains at his feet. Tired workers in distant cities, forgetting loom and spindle, look up at him and find rest and patience in his majestic calm. Far away to the north, beyond Lake Winnepesaukee, rise the White Mountains—among them his namesake, the younger Kearsarge of Conway, and old Mount Washington, wearing his crown of snow.

The assertion has been made that a larger number of distinguished men and women have come from within a radius of twenty miles around Kearsarge Mountain than from any other equal area on the globe. This claim may be somewhat extravagant, reminding the scoffer, perhaps, of Oliver Wendell Holmes' remark, "The axis of the earth sticks out visibly in every country village." Another and a higher claim may be made, however, which cannot be refuted. No student of sociology will deny that the average of practical ability, intelligence and morality has always been very high in those portions of Merrimack, Belknap, Hillsborough, Grafton and Sullivan counties dominated by old Kearsarge. To produce a Daniel Webster is much—but to raise, in each generation for more than a hundred and fifty years, a full crop of able, intelligent, honorable men and women is a far greater distinction.

Some of the reasons for the high average of character attained in the Kearsarge territory have their roots

deep down in the past. The first settlers, coming into the regions mostly from Massachusetts under the Masonian Proprietors, were men and women of heroic mould. The mountain climate, the barren soil and the independent backwoods life produced a decided variation from the Massachusetts type. All the virtues of Puritanism were retained but in a softened, more tolerant form. There was almost no persecution for heresy. The witchcraft delusion caused no death penalty to be paid in the Kearsarge region. The class distinctions which marked the Strawberry Brook settlement in southern New Hampshire found no place in this northern wilderness. Each man's needs—to wrest a living from the rocky soil—was his neighbor's need. Each man's foes—climate, wild beasts and Indians—were his neighbor's foes. Coöperation was necessary. The men and women whose hands were quickest and strongest to do, whose judgment could be safely trusted, whose integrity was beyond question, whose shrewd humor could tactfully prevent friction, became the leaders in each settlement. Thus an aristocracy based on personal worth and a democracy in which the poorest and the feeblest felt himself a freeman, grew up side by side. Fortunately for the state, when the Revolution welded the colonies into a nation, it was this Kearsarge type which became the New Hampshire type. Today the descendants of those early settlers, no matter in what part of the world they may be found, are as easily recognized as if they had "New Hampshire" stamped all over them. The typical New Hampshireite is something like an apple tree of his native region. He is not much to look at. His manners are simple, perhaps brusque. His speech is almost sure to be abrupt. But he usually bears good and abundant fruit with a decided flavor of its own.

After all, the main reason, perhaps, of the high character of the Kearsarge folk lies in the fact that it has always been a reading people. Here is a bill of books bought in 1796 for the Union Library of Sutton, New London and Fisherville—now Newbury:

Hopkinton, Oct. 7, 1796.

Levi Harvey Esq.

Bought of Joseph Towne.

	Pounds	Shillings	Pence
1 Moore's Travels, 2 Vols.	1	1	
1 Hunter's Sacred Biography	1	16	
1 Gordon's American War, 3 Vols.	1	11	6
1 Young's Letters		3	6
1 Rollins, Ancient History, 10 Vols.	2	14	
1 Butterworth's Concordance		16	6
1 Three Wars' Triumph		1	6
1 Priestley's Answer to Paine		1	6
	8	5	6
Deduct 5 per cent		8	5
	7	17	21-2
Cr. by Cash 8 Dols.	2	8	0
Note	5	9	21-2
	7	17	21-2

Errors excepted, For Mr. Towne
Jno Ballard

A memorandum on the back of the note reads:

Library Debt to Levi Harvey, Dec. 1796.
To Quire and a half of Brown Paper 1 Shilling 2 Pence
To Cash paid for Book for Records 6 Pence

In later bills we see a few sedate romances—those of Samuel Richardson—but solid works always predominated. To a generation whose ideal library is an enormous collection of light fiction housed in a gaudy building given by a millionaire, the above list may seem alarmingly sombre in tone. But the New Hampshire sense of humor has always been able to find food even in sermons and professedly instructive tomes. I remember hearing my grandmother say once to a yellow dog that was always underfoot, "Do get out of my way, you old heathen writer!" I asked her to tell me the origin of the phrase as she used it and she replied, "The first winter after we were married, your grandfather and I read aloud Goldsmith's 'Animated Nature' [the dear old lady pronounced it 'nater'], and were much amused at the way the author indulged himself in stories a little impolite by attributing them to 'an

old heather writer.' We took up the phrase as a byword and it has lingered in the family ever since.''

The local humor of every Kearsarge town has expressed itself in bywords. Mr. C. C. Lord, the very able historian of Hopkinton, quotes as an instance:

''A stranger passing through town happened to inquire of a *non compos mentis*, one Lois Eastman, the way to a certain place. The woman replied, briskly, 'You go right down by Joe Putney's turnip yard, past the sweet apple tree and so on down to John Gage's.'

''The bewildered traveler said, 'But I don't know anything about the sweet apple tree or John Gage.' Whereupon Lois lost her patience. 'Well, then,' she snapped, 'you air one pesky, divilish fool if you don't know the way to John Gage's.' From this incident,'' says Mr. Lord, ''a byword was born. For years afterwards, a person of less than average intelligence was liable to be designated as one who didn't know the way to John Gage's.''

Education has always been a fetish in the Kearsarge district. From the earliest times up to the present day one could not throw a stone into a New Hampshire crowd without hitting a school teacher. Also, from the earliest times up to and including the present day, in New Hampshire as elsewhere, injustice in the matter of salaries, as between men and women teachers, seems to have prevailed, judging by the following receipts: The first, that of a man, reads:

March 31, 1791.
Then my son, Robert Hogg, received 17 bushels of Rie which was due me for teaching schooling two months in Sutton.
Per Me
Robert Hogg

The schoolma'am's receipt is better written and expressed, but she gets so much less rye for her work that one feels her colleague bore an appropriate name.

Feb. 1, 1791.
Received of Jacob Mastin and Hezekiah Parker, six bushels of Rye. it being pay in full for my keeping school for them and others last fall six weeks.
Lydia Parker

One of the earliest highways built led to Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College. Over this ''College road,'' as it was called, trudged youths from Kearsarge: most of them walked to save stage fare: many came and went barefooted to spare shoeleather. Zeal for scholarship and the triumphs scholarship might win, led them on—not visions of football and baseball victories or the hope of rowing a boat when they reached Hanover. The ambition of these backwoods mountain lads was of a nobler strain. They were resolved to make themselves felt in town, state and national affairs. They did, mightily. The Kearsarge region has furnished eighteen governors of states. Its lawyers have shed lustre on the American bench and bar. In state and national legislative halls its sons have won distinction; in medicine they have scored triumphs; in the ministry and in the missionary field they have set inspiring examples of self-sacrifice and devotion to high ideals; in trade and commerce they have combined fearless integrity with enormous financial success; literature knows them; in the world's temple of art they have a niche; in music they have excelled; education, the earth over, stands in their debt.

The student of the Kearsarge region is continually amazed at the large proportion of entire families of children who, in Yankee vernacular, ''turned out'' well. Thus, we find four Bartlett brothers representing four different towns in the state Legislature at the same time. Matthew Harvey, afterwards Governor Harvey, was president of the state Senate at the same time that his brother, Jonathan, was speaker of the state House of Representatives. There were three eminent divines among the

Kimballs. Even a larger number among the Seamans. Two Huntoons were famous physicians. Three times Walter Harriman ran successfully for state senator against his own brother. The whole world knows the story of the two young eagles who took their flight from a farmhouse high up on the east side of Kearsarge. The Webster brothers possessed an equal love for study but funds were lacking to educate both. Therefore, for a while Daniel gave up his share of paternal help to Ezekiel. The following letters which passed between the Webster brothers reflect conditions in many another New Hampshire household at that date. Daniel, who is at home in Salisbury, now Franklin, writes:

Now Zeke, you will not read half a sentence, no, not one syllable, before you have thoroughly searched this letter for scrip, but, my word for it, you 'll find no scrip here. We held a sanhedrim this morning on the subject of cash. Could not hit upon any way to get you any. Just before we went away to hang ourselves through disappointment it came into our heads that next week might do. The truth is, father had an execution against Hubbard of North Chester for about a hundred dollars. The money was collecting and just about to drop into the hands of the collectors when H. suddenly died. This, you see, stays the execution till the long process of administration is completed. I have now by me two cents in lawful, Federal currency. Next week I shall send them even if they be all. They will buy a pipe. With a pipe you can smoke; smoking inspires wisdom; wisdom is allied to fortitude; from fortitude it is but one step to stoicism; and stoicism never pants for this world's goods; so perhaps by this process my two cents may put you quite at your ease about cash. We are still here in just the old way, always behind and lacking. Boys digging potatoes with frozen fingers and girls washing without wood.

The letter just quoted was crossed by one from Ezekiel who, after making a criticism of Horace, says:

These cold, frosty mornings very sensibly inform me that I need a warm great coat. I wish, Dan, that it might be convenient to send me cloth for one. Otherwise I shall be necessitated to purchase one here. I do not care what color it is or what kind of cloth it is; anything that will keep the frost out. Some kind of shaggy cloth will probably be cheapest. Deacon Pettingill has offered me fourteen dollars a month to teach school. I believe I shall take it. Money, Daniel, money! As I was walking down to the office after a letter I happened to have one cent, which is the only money I've had since the day after I came on. It is a fact, Dan, that I was called on for a dollar where I owed it, and borrowed it and have borrowed it four times to pay those I borrowed of.

Ezekiel taught during his next vacation. Daniel writes to a classmate:

'Zeke is at Sanbornton and comes home once in a while, sits down before the kitchen fire, begins to poke and rattle the andirons. I know what is coming and am mute. At length he puts his feet into the brick oven's mouth, places his right eyebrow up on his forehead and begins a very pathetic lecture on the evils of poverty. It is like a church service. He does all the talking and I only say, "Amen! Amen!"

To the end of their lives both Webster brothers loved their mountain birthplace. The oft-quoted remark, "New Hampshire is a good place to emigrate from," Daniel Webster never made, either with or without accent on the word "from." Not long before his death Webster said to Judge Nesmith of Franklin, concerning this remark: "I never said it, or anything of that import. My utterances have been rather public and it seems as though some one could tell the time, the place or the occasion when I made such a remark or any other remark not respectful to the land of my birth. The remark was, many years ago, attributed to Jeremiah Mason, but I do not believe he ever made it."

Not all the honors were carried off by college graduates. The district school and the old academies have furnished the brain and sinew of New Hampshire's greatness. From the outcry and gratulation made over modern co- and higher education, one

would suppose that, previous to the founding of Smith, Vassar, Wellesley and Cornell, no American girl ever had a chance to learn anything beyond the traditional three R's. As a matter of fact, generation after generation of New Hampshire girls studied higher mathematics, science, history, ancient and modern languages and literature alongside with (when they did not outstrip, as often happened) their brothers and young men friends. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Cloudland" in "Oldtown Folks" is no fancy picture. It is a true description of an old Kearsarge academy.

Many of the girls hired rooms near an academy and boarded themselves. They "worked out" in vacations to earn money to pay their tuition. They did their own sewing. Withal they studied. How they studied, and how they loved study, those quick-handed, keen-brained, mountain girls! Susan Colby, Lydia Wadleigh, Augusta Harvey, Adelaide Smiley, and their many peers, knew nothing about "passing an examination." They never heard of a cap and gown for a woman. They did not "work for a degree." They delved among Greek roots, calculated eclipses and pored over the pages of Milton and Shakespeare for sheer love of doing these things. They worked for "the wages of going on."

That word "work" has always been reverenced in the Kearsarge district. If a person was "good to work," much might be forgiven him; but if he was not "good to work," no number of other virtues could redeem him in public estimation. "Not a lazy bone in his body" was considered the highest praise that could be given. In this connection the following clipping from the Concord *Monitor* is of interest:

An elderly lady was relating in our hearing the other day her experience in going out to do housework in her younger days. About the first thing to be done after she was engaged was to make soap. She had assistance in putting up the leach, but the rest of the work to make a barrel of soap she performed herself. Killing hogs came next in order, she trying out the lard, taking care of the skins and helping to make sausages. Then came the butchering of beef, the tripe of which, of course, must be saved, and which she was required to dress alone. She spun warp for 30 yards of all-wool carpet, and, in the meantime, a child was born to the lady, and she officiated as nurse, and did the washing, ironing and cooking for the family. At the end of four weeks she was to return home, and her bill was called for. Now, Gentle Reader, what do you think she charged for doing the amount of work she had done? The first week 75 cents, the second 83 cents, and the last weeks $1 each, making $3.58 for four weeks' service. The lady thought the price decidedly too high, and she threw off 25 cents, leaving $3.33 for four of the hardest weeks' labor ever put upon a woman. Yet she never struck for higher wages, but served her time faithfully, and is today a hale, hearty old lady of fourscore years, able to do her own housework and lend a helping hand to a neighbor in need, or wherever duty calls.

When the Merrimack began to turn spindles hundreds of Kearsarge girls flocked to the Lowell, Nashua and Manchester cotton and woolen factories, carrying with them the leaven of their country training. Many a distinguished "City Father" of today is the son or grandson of one of those good mountain girls.

From the time when the Boscawen boys fought two battles in one day under General Stark at Bennington up to the recent conflict in the Philippines the military record of the Kearsarge district has been glorious. The cemeteries of the Merrimack Valley cities and villages, the lonely mountain graveyards, are thickly sprinkled with little flags. The first soldier to fall in the mob at Baltimore,—Luther Ladd, a boy of seventeen,—crying as he fell, "Hail to the Stars and Stripes," was born at the foot of old Kearsarge. Sons of Kearsarge, too, were among the last men mustered out.

"Remember, Bill," said an old Kearsarge farmer to his son, "it takes a good deal more grit to back down hill than it does to pull up."

When the war broke out a great many Merrimack Valley men, like Aaron Baker, backed down hill, and they did it grittily. They renounced their old Jacksonian Democracy and stood by the Union,[1] offering their treasure, their blood and their hearts' best beloved in its defense. Some of these men had even voted for the Fugitive Slave Bill, although doing so was to them, as grand old Governor Colby of New London said it was to him, "like stuffing a hot potato down a man's throat and then asking him to sing 'Old Hundred.'"

Among the patriots of '61 no son of Kearsarge was more ardent for the preservation of the Union than Franklin Pierce, ex-president of the United States. Now that the clouds of anger and suspicion have been blown away by the winds of time, men are beginning to see that Nathaniel Hawthorne spoke truly when he said of Franklin Pierce, "No man's loyalty is more steadfast, no man's hopes or apprehensions on behalf of our national existence more deeply heartfelt, or more closely intertwined with his possibilities of personal happiness than those of Franklin Pierce."

Lack of space forbids anything like a roll-call of the men and women who have brought honor to old Kearsarge. The list is too long for that. A few representative biographies, however, may be briefly and imperfectly sketched, their subjects being chosen (almost at random because there are so many to choose from) for the sole reason that they *are* representative of the energy, industry, intelligence and high ethics which have made the word "New Hampshire" a synonym for upright living the world over.

The much-discussed "new woman" of today has had her counterpart in every generation since Eve. Sarah Josepha Hale was the new woman of the Kearsarge region. Left a widow with five children to support, she turned her pen to very good account, as the following list shows:

Editor of *The Ladies' Magazine*, Boston, 1828–'29; afterwards editor of *Godey's Ladies' Book*. She first proposed the national observance of Thanksgiving Day; wrote many poems which were well received; wrote "Woman's Record, or Sketches of All Distinguished Women from the Creation to the Present Day;" another volume of poems, 1830; a novel, "Norwood;" "Sketches of American Character;" "Traits of American Life," followed by a treatise on "The Way to Live Well and How to be Well while we Live." Then came more stories and poems. Next this versatile woman produced an excellent cookbook, quickly followed by a "Dictionary of Quotations" and "A Bible Reader." Then came dramas, more stories, and lastly a translation of Madame De Sevigne's Letters. Mrs. Hale died at the age of ninety, owing her longevity, she believed, chiefly to her lifelong intellectual interests.

The Eatons—descendants on the maternal side of the saintly Kimballs—have been prominent educators, soldiers and financiers. Of Gen. John Eaton, formerly United States commissioner of education, Edward Everett Hale said, "He is not only one of the most distinguished educators in this country, but he is one of the most distinguished educators known to the world."

The following sketch of a Kearsarge Eaton who went forth to conquer is taken from the "History of Merrimack and Belknap Counties," and was written by Mrs. Augusta Harvey Worthen, historian of the town of Sutton:

Frederick Eaton of Toledo, Ohio, is one of Sutton's sons who, at the age of 17 went out from his father's farm on Kim-

[1] This is a mistaken statement, attributable to the writer's pardonable prejudice. Standing by the Union was always a characteristic of the true Jacksonian Democrat.

hill Hill—six miles from Kearsarge—to begin a remarkable career as a merchant. His education was limited to what the old red schoolhouse in his district furnished and to one term's attendance at an academy at Thetford, Vt. But the Sutton rocks are disciplinarians as well as are the teachers in her schools. No lad can haul lumber and logs out of her woods in the deep snow and drive loaded carts over the hillside pastures and swing the scythe in her stony fields without having his mind trained to alertness, concentration and nice discernment. In this vigorous schooling, where the pitiless rocks held the ferule, young Fred put in early and late hours summer and winter.

Mr. Eaton built up the largest store in Toledo, his sales sometimes amounting to $1,000,000 in a single year. He is identified with all the leading interests of the city.

Each summer the clan of the Eatons gathers at the old Sutton home, now called Eaton Grange. Young, middle aged and old, from the North, the East, the South and the West they come, and old Kearsarge gives them his benediction, even as he gave his blessing to their pioneer ancestors a century and a half ago.

"Labor conquers all things." is the motto in Latin on the Pillsbury coat of arms. Armorial bearings were dropped when the Pillsburys settled under the brow of Kearsarge Mountain, but the motto has been lived up to and verified in each generation. Half the world is fed from the Pillsbury flour mills, located in Minnesota. The Pillsburys have won wealth, and they have used it wisely, beneficently, modestly. They have built hospitals for the sick, homes for orphan children, schools and libraries. They have answered every call of famine, fire, flood, or pestilence that has reached their ears. They have erected monuments to commemorate the soldier dead.

There was no such thing as race suicide on the slopes of Kearsarge Mountain. Lydia Wadleigh was the youngest of ten children. Although her father was a judge, she worked at home; there was plenty to do in the big farmhouse that directly faced Kearsarge. The district schoolhouse was two miles away. Every morning, with dinner pails in their hands, the little Wadleighs started out for school. In the summer they went barefooted, like all other Sutton children. In winter, shod in well-greased cowhide, they ploughed sturdily through snowdrifts. After a course at New Hampton Academy, Miss Wadleigh became a teacher. Rapidly rising in her profession, she was called to New York City, where she helped found the City Normal College, becoming its vice-president and professor of ethics. At the time of her death Miss Wadleigh was receiving the largest salary ever paid to any woman teacher in the state of New York. An alcove, called the Wadleigh alcove, has been dedicated to her memory in the library of the college. The alcove is filled with books on philosophy and ethics.

Now and then one meets Kearsarge men and women who seem to personify the life-giving air of their mountain birthplace. Energy inspires each look and movement. They are interested in everything in heaven and earth and in the waters under the earth. They are intensely alive. It is impossible to think of them as dead even after the grass has long been growing on their graves. Such an one was Walter Harriman of the old Kearsage town of Warner. Mr. Harriman's life is a remarkable illustration of successful versatility. A talented Universalist minister, a merchant, a clerk in Washington, appraiser of Indian lands, state senator, editor, politician, secretary of state in New Hampshire, governor, man of letters, brilliant orator. In studying the life of Walter Harriman one is reminded of another brilliant son of Kearsarge, ex-Gov. Frank West Rollins, originator of "Old Home Week."

Kearsarge has had no more loyal son than Walter Harriman. Twice he successfully defended the old moun-

tain against spurious claims put forth by persons interested in the Conway Kearsarge. The first claim had to do merely with the priority of name and was easily disposed of, since Conway was largely settled by persons from the vicinity of the Merrimack County Kearsarge, who would, quite naturally, name the peak near their new home for the mountain from which they had lately come. But the second, strangely-belated claim (made eleven years behind time), was more serious, denying, as it did, that the gallant corvette that sank the *Alabama* was named for the Merrimack County Kearsarge. The controversy lies so near the heart of every Merrimack Valley man and woman that a few facts concerning it should be noted here.

The timber of which the ship was built was taken from a woodlot on the side of the Merrimack County mountain. Her crew was largely made up of Merrimack Valley men. Her name was suggested by Maj. Henry McFarland, one of the publishers of the Concord *Statesman*. General Ordway, on the floor of the state House of Representatives, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Salmon P. Chase, a Kearsarge man, Governor Hill and others prominent in state affairs, are on record as vouching for the fact that the famous battleship was named for the older Kearsarge in Merrimack County, and not for the Carroll County mountain.

Two hotels have been built on the Wilmot side of the mountain. The first was burned in 1862. The second, a fine structure, was burned recently. At the opening of each house a banquet was held, at which Admiral Winslow, commander of the ship, was the guest of honor. At the opening of the second house Admiral Winslow presented the proprietor with a stand of colors and a picture of the battle.

Governor Harriman says: "Men of high station, both in the state and country, as well as others, were present on these occasions, participating in the festivities and congratulations of the hour. Nobody whispered that we were on the wrong mountain. Probably into no one's mind had the idea yet entered that a rival mountain was entitled to these honors."

Not until after the death of Admiral Winslow, eleven years after the famous victory, was the paternity of the Merrimack County Kearsarge disputed. The family of the admiral, siding with the Merrimack County side in the dispute, accepted from the town of Warner, in which the summit of Kearsarge rises, a granite boulder from the mountain to mark his grave in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston.

As a straw of additional proof, the following poem, written by Mrs. Augusta Harvey Worthen the day the *Kearsarge* came back in triumph into Boston Harbor, may be quoted. This lyric was originally published in the Boston *Transcript*. It was widely copied, usually with a prefatory explanation that the ship was named for a mountain in Merrimack County, New Hampshire. When the second *Kearsarge* was launched the poem was reprinted. It has been translated into German. No critic ever hinted that the author had attributed sponsorship to the wrong mountain.

KEARSARGE TO ITS NAMESAKE.

A monarch old, my court I hold
A hundred miles away,
But I look afar as a ship of war
Comes proudly up the bay.

I hear the fort, with loud report
Of cannon's swift discharge,
Through autumn air shout welcome fair,
Shout welcome to Kearsarge.

Glad tremor thrills the rock-ribbed hills
That in my presence wait,
From lips of fame they catch the name
Dear to the Granite State.

O! Godson brave, thy name I gave,
For thee I sponsor stood,
With earnest voice I pledged thy choice
To seek thy country's good.

I hear her tell,—"Thou hast done well!
For nation that defied,
Saw thy fierce blows sink traitor foes
Beneath a foreign tide."

My thanks, namesake, now freely take,
Thanks and my welcome too—
Thou'st brought no shame upon my name,
I give thee honor due.

So live and fight for country's right,
Be loyal, true and brave,
Till foreign hate share treason's fate,
Beneath a foreign wave.

The claims of the Carroll County Kearsarge have been voiced by Mr. Gustavus Fox in a paper read before the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1877. Mr. Fox's trump card appears to be a letter from ex-Secretary Welles of Connecticut, whose official duty it was to formally decide upon the name for the ship. Mr. Welles, after saying that Mr. Chase and Governor Hill merely corrected his pronunciation of the word Kearsarge without alluding to the locality of the mountain (which they had no need to do, both being Kearsarge men) adds, "Mrs. Fox, wife of the assistant secretary, and daughter of Levi Woodbury, knew what I did not, that there were two mountains bearing the name Kearsarge, and *if she states the Carroll mountain was the one in view, I think it entitled to the paternity.*"

Now this is a gentlemanly and gallant attitude on the part of Mr. Welles toward Mrs. Fox, but it most certainly cannot be accepted as convincing proof that the corvette was *not* named for the Merrimack County Kearsarge.

Mr. Fox's pamphlet is the only easily accessible publication on the subject in the Congressional Library. The other side—the right side as every Merrimack Valley man and woman believes—must be sought for in many different books, newspapers and magazines. The number of the Concord *Monitor* in which Rev. Nathaniel Bouton replies to Mr. Fox is missing from the files of the Congressional Library. I have received permission from the library authorities to procure a type-written copy of all procurable evidence in favor of the Merrimack County mountain. This copy will be placed on the same shelf with Mr. Bouton's pamphlet.

Just here, a peculiar and most important line of effort suggests itself in connection with this association. Each year many persons of New Hampshire descent come—and will come in ever-increasing numbers as time passes—to the nation's capital. A large proportion of these visitors may never step foot on the soil of old New Hampshire, but many will seek in the big library on the hill information concerning the early life and the home towns of their forefathers. Should not this association see to it, either by personal effort of its members, or through New Hampshire senators and representatives, that every scrap of valuable published matter concerning New Hampshire is placed in the National Library? The authorities of the library gladly welcome any additions to the collection of Americana. Of course, every American copyrighted book is supposed to get to the shelves sooner or later—generally later. As a matter of fact, however, many books concerning New Hampshire which ought to be in the library are not there. Data, for instance, concerning Dartmouth College is disgracefully inadequate. A large mass of valuable periodical literature dealing with subjects of interest to New Hampshire people, is practically inaccessible to the average reader not admitted to the stacks.

There are persons (the writer of this article among them) who do not find a card-catalogue illuminating. It might be well for some member of this association to make out a type-written list (to be kept in the association rooms) of all the books and other publications concerning New Hampshire now in the Congressional and State Department libraries, space

being left for noting additions as they are made.

A collection of pictures of historic places and of men and women of New Hampshire who have made their mark in the world would also be of value. A great many calls are made at the Congressional Library for pictures, some of them incongruous, as when a man sent down the other night for "A picture of Moses and one of Sarah Bernhardt." A century from now some student of New Hampshire lore may couple Daniel Webster and Mary Baker Eddy—that remarkable woman whose central tenet (thinking good and charitable thoughts) we must all acknowledge, no matter how vigorously we may deny her therapeutics, has transformed thousands of miserable, self-centered men and women into unselfish, wholesome workers.

Most interesting and valuable of all would be a collection of manuscripts written by the members of the association. Many interesting papers have been read in this hall which should be preserved. Someone has said, "The ground of old New England is slipping from under our feet." There is much truth in the remark. The summer boarder, the telephone, the trolley-car and foreign immigration have already revolutionized rural life in New Hampshire; therefore it would seem to be the sacred duty of those of us who remember the old, simple, homely, worthy life of former days to preserve our recollections in writing.

I believe the carrying out of some such plan as that here so crudely outlined would help to make the New Hampshire Association in Washington a beneficent civic influence long after we are sleeping—where most of us, probably, would wish to seek our final rest—in an old New Hampshire graveyard.

Wouldn't You

By Maude Gordon Roby

She was neat, she was sweet,
She was, yes, she was *petite.*
She was young, she was fair;
There were roses in her hair.
And she looked so modest, too,
Gazing down upon her shoe—
That he quite forgot her sister,
And—he—*kissed*—her!
Wouldn't you
Have done so too?
Wouldn't you?

The Daily Deed

By George Warren Parker

The daily deed we deem but slight,
Though not rewarded here,
May bring a darkened soul to light
And write our title clear.

An Old-Time Relic

By Fred Myron Colby

The wonderful progress of science, art and material prosperity during two hundred years has no better illustration, perhaps, than in the difference which exists between the paper, typographical execution and general appearance of books published in the first decade of the eighteenth century and those which our modern printing presses are sending forth today. We have before us a copy of the "American Almanack for the year of Christian Account 1710; unto which is numbered from the Creation by the Orient and Greek Christians, 7219; by the Hebrews and Rabbins, 5719; by the recent computation of W. W. 5470." This little relic of "ye olden time" is quite a curiosity, not more in its antiquity than in its type, paper and contents.

The almanac is about seven inches long by four wide and contains twenty-four pages, coarser and browner than the wrapping paper in use at the present time. On the second page are represented the signs of the zodiac, the same picture as is still printed in farmers' almanacs, each constellation opposite the different organs and portions of the human body which it is vulgarly supposed to govern. Graves and Whitelaw, the publishers, inform their readers that their almanac is "fitted to the latitude of 40 degrees, and a meridian five hours west from London, but may without sensible error serve all the adjacent places, even from Newfoundland to Carolina." The astronomical and tidal tables for each month are given on twelve consecutive pages, and above these reckonings are verses in praise of the planets and descriptive of their supposed influence upon human affairs. A short proverb, similar in style to Poor Richard's sayings, is printed below each table. Following these is an account of the number and appearance of the eclipses for that year, and the list of the kings and queens of England from William the Conqueror down, in verse, closing with the loyal couplet:

"God save Queen Anne, her foes destroy,
And all that do her realm annoy."

After these succeed a chronology of memorable events in America, commencing with the discoveries of Cabot, and ending with the Peace of Ryswick; then comes a lengthy, and probably for those days, a learned disquisition on different herbs and their uses, a list of the courts and fairs of the colonies, and the times at which they were holden, concluding with a description of the various roads and highways in the colonies. This last is perhaps the most curious and interesting part of the almanac. It most vividly recalls the customs of those ancient times. The different stopping places on the great wagon roads, with the distance between each are given, from Boston to New York, from New York to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Jamestown, Virginia. West Greenwich was one of the stopping places between Boston and New York, where the reader will remember is Horseneck, the scene of General Putnam's escape from the British dragoons in the Revolution. The highway ended at Jamestown, the first English settlement, then a straggling little village that never had recovered from Bacon's burning some thirty-five years previously. Willamsburg, the capital of Virginia, was on the road,

and the most influential city south of Philadelphia. Richmond had not then been thought of. It was not founded for more than thirty years afterwards, and did not become the state capital till 1779, at which time it was only a small village, no larger than Concord, N. H., itself was then. Boston, even, had only about three thousand inhabitants, and Salem was the great mercantile center and the wealthiest town in the colonies.

Perhaps the most noticeable thing after all to be seen in looking over this quaint publication is the almost total absence of advertisements, there being but one in it. This is a strange contrast to modern publications, which make advertisements a great feature of their trade. The advertisement referred to is that of a certain William Hopkinton, who, "at the corner of King and Charles streets in Boston, kallanders and presses all sorts of cloth, camblets, and does a variety of other useful things." What a contrast to the business of the Boston of today!

1710! That was the "Augustan age" of English literature and English glory. The "good Queen Anne" then sat on the throne, and Mrs. Masham, the daughter of a London merchant, was first lady of the court. Addison, Swift, Locke, Pope, Gay, Steele, Newton and DeFoe were then in their prime, and the Spectator and Tattler were filling places long since usurped by the more useful newspapers and magazines of today. Great Marlborough was in the midst of his glories, and only the year before had won one of his most splendid victories over the French at the battle of Malplaquet. Far away on the tropic shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, Herculaneum and Pompeii still slumbered beneath their canopy of lava and ashes, and it was not till three years later that they were discovered where they had lain hidden for nearly seventeen hundred years. On a lone island in the distant Pacific, Alexander Selkirk was undergoing those romantic adventures which, nine years afterwards, DeFoe embodied in the Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Peter the Great of Russia and Charles XII of Sweden, rivals for fame as they were rivals for power, were still arrayed against the other, although the battle of Pultowa had been lost and won the year before. In Hindustan the English East India Company had but lately obtained the famous firman or grant, which laid the foundation of their power in that country, and ultimately brought under the rule of the English government the richest and noblest of all its provinces—a realm which has but lately added an imperial name to the other titles of the British sovereign.

In 1710, where now the mightiest nation in all the world stretches three thousand miles from ocean to ocean, twelve little colonies struggled for existence along the Atlantic coast. Georgia, the youngest and least important of the thirteen colonies during the Revolutionary conflict, was not founded by the generous Oglethorpe until twenty years later. The powerful Indian confederacy of the Five Nations held the largest part of New York state. Lord Fairfax owned a third part of what is now Virginia. Yemasses and Tuscaroras clamored for superiority in the Carolinas, and the French power hung like a black pall North and West, holding command of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi and all their tributaries, and already contemplated the building of New Orleans, which rose into being in 1719.

New Hampshire was then a little province lying on the extreme verge of civilization, exposed to Indian attacks and French forays from the north. The only settlements of any account were Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter and Hampton. Along the Merrimack and the Cocheco were scat-

tered the log cabins of daring pioneers who were pushing boldly into the wilderness. Joseph Dudley was her majesty's governor of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, but the acting chief magistrate was Lieut.-Gov. John Usher. Usher was a Boston merchant, but probably at this time was a New Hampshire resident. His administration was rather unpopular, his manners were haughty, and the Indians made a good deal of trouble. It was that very year that Col. Winthrop Hilton of Exeter was killed by the savages. Two years afterwards the Peace of Utrecht brought Queen Anne's war to an end, and there was rest for a few years from Indian hostilities.

Two hundred years! In that span of time consider what has been accomplished in the material world. Man was living about as he had been living for three or four thousand years. In that year of grace there were no means of communication any speedier than there were in use in the days of King Solomon and the Caesars. No telegraph then flashed the news across the continent in a single second; the railroad and the ocean steamer had not been dreamed of, and even the theory of the circulation of the blood was yet a new idea. The system of military tactics was in its infancy. Marlborough and Peter the Great won their victories with artillery and small arms that would excite the derision of a schoolboy of today. Science had made few inventions for the comfort and utility of mankind. Life was rude and more or less brutal. Men were being persecuted for their religious belief, and women were whipped at the cart-end for being considered witches. There were no stoves, and the housewife of that day did all her baking and boiling in the big fireplace in the chimney. In every homestead there were cards and a great wheel for spinning the wool of sheep into yarn, and also a little wheel with its reel and swifts for linen, while in every kitchen was a dye tub in which the linen and the woolen cloth were colored. Money was scarce, and nearly everything was obtained by barter. The money in use was of English and Spanish coining.

The Indians still had villages around Lake Winnepesaukee and the Androscroggin and the Saco, and only wandering white hunters had visited the northern part of the state. There were probably not half a dozen wheeled carriages in New Hampshire at that time, travel being done entirely on foot or on horseback. A few little coasting vessels, manned only by a "captain" and an apprentice boy, traded between Portsmouth, Salem and Boston, and sometimes went as far as New Amsterdam. But there is no need of further comment. The changes, indeed, have been so great since that year of grace 1710, that our text and subject, the little old almanac, is almost forgotten in the contemplation of events which have happened since it first saw the light.

Grandmother's Valentine

By Eva Beede Odell

"How provoking that it should rain tonight!" said my pretty friend, Madge, gazing dolefully from the window at the dreary aspect, as the early twilight came hurrying down upon the city.

"Yes," I responded. "Of course it is out of the question to think of going, and Alice will not expect us; but 'What can't be cured must be endured,' I suppose."

"You're always such an old philosopher, Gertrude; but I know you are just as much disappointed as I am! To think that it should rain this night of all nights in vacation! Of course, it isn't Alice so much that we care for—we can see her every day when we get back to school—but her cousin, Harry Shirley, from Yale, is to be here tonight, and Alice has talked so much about him, that I am just dying to see him."

Madge was my room-mate at Miss Norton's Young Ladies' Seminary, and, her home being in the far West, she was spending the short vacation with me.

When this conversation occurred we were up in Grandma's room. How fond and proud I was of her! My stately grandmother, with her beautiful white curls, and stylish little caps; for although she was eighty years old, she was quite sprightly, and would never wear what she considered an old woman's cap or bonnet.

Turning around and seeing the dear old lady sitting by the fire, I exclaimed, "O, grandma! you'll never have a better time to tell us the story of your little trunk, and we are so disappointed because we can't go out to Alice's that we really need something to console us."

This little wooden box had always been an object of great curiosity to me. It was about a foot and a half long, and made in imitation of an old-fashioned trunk. It was painted cream color, and beautifully decorated with little fern-like designs in red, green and gilt.

It was always locked; but once, when grandma was looking for an old letter, I had a glimpse of the contents, and saw that it was filled with mysterious looking blue and yellow papers. When grandma went up to Uncle John's to spend a few weeks in the summer, at the old place, she always took the little trunk, and when she came back to us for the winter, the little trunk came too.

"Well, dears," she began, "you know my mother died when I was a very little girl. I just remember being lifted up to see her in the long black coffin. They told me she was going away forever, and I cried to go too. Then they sent me over to Aunt Woodman's to stay a spell, and after a while father married again, but aunt, who was mother's sister, did not want to give me up, for she said, 'A mother is a mother all the days of her life, and a father is a father until he gets a new wife.' My father was willing for me to stay, so Aunt Woodman brought me up, and I learned to spin and weave, to wash, iron and cook.

"I didn't have much of a chance for schooling, but I read all I could, and Brother John, the one that went to sea you know, used to give me books. That old book on the stand there, 'The Principles of Politeness,' was one of his last presents to me. He gave me gold beads and pretty combs for my hair, too, and the last time he went away, he said he was coming back soon to open a store in the city,

and then he would make a fine lady of me.

"How I longed for the time to come, because I loved Brother John better than anybody else in the world, but about the time he was expected home, my father dreamed one night that the pirates captured the ship, and he woke up with the report of a gun ringing in his ears.

"As we never got any tidings of poor Brother John, father always believed he was shot by the pirates the night he had the dream. I couldn't give up all hope, though, and kept looking for him for years and years."

"But what about the little trunk?" said I, as grandma stopped to wipe away the tears, for I had heard the story of her brother John many times before.

"Yes, yes, dear, I'm coming to it; only be patient. Well, Uncle Woodman," she continued, "had a brother living at the Bridge, old Squire Woodman. He had a handsome daughter, Ruth, and a gay, reckless son named Joe; then there was a quiet, plain boy named Seth, and Uncle and Aunt Woodman had always picked out Seth for me.

"All that Joe and Ruth cared for was to dress up and go to balls and parties, but the old squire was very generous with them. They said Ruth was so handsome, and had such a taking way with her, that she could get almost anything out of the old gentleman. She would follow him into the field and he would give her fifty dollars for a new gown almost any time. Seth staid at home and worked, but when he was one and twenty, his father made over to him a nice farm that he had up in Maplewood."

"Why, that's where Uncle John lives," I interrupted.

"Yes, child, that is the old place," said she, "I've seen many a happy day there and some sad ones, too! But to return to my story, about this time a young fellow, by the name of Daniel Judson, came to the Bridge. He was a cabinet maker by trade and worked in old Deacon Hildreth's shop. I got acquainted with him at singing school, where I used to go with Jacob Underhill—a boy that uncle's folks brought up,—they hadn't any children of their own. Jacob always wanted to see Lucy Hapgood home from the singing-school, so Daniel walked along with me, and sometimes we stood at the door in the snow and talked until my feet were nearly frozen. I didn't dare to stay around down stairs to warm myself, so I used to get into bed and put my feet into an old big muff that was mother's. Jacob kept my secret and I kept his, for aunt always objected to Lucy, though she was a dear, good girl, because her father was so shiftless, but Jacob never loved anybody else, and she made him a good wife. For more than twenty years the grass has been growing on their graves," said grandma, with a sigh.

"But what about Daniel? I want to hear more about him!" exclaimed Madge.

"I'm continually wandering from my story!" sighed the dear old lady. "Well," she resumed, "one night when Daniel came home with me, the last night he ever came, poor fellow, he carried a large package under his arm, and at the door he said 'Here's a little trunk I've made for you to lock up your love letters in, Hetty. You will find my sentiments inside. It's St. Valentine's Eve, you know.' After thanking him and saying good-night, I crept softly up-stairs to look at my valentine. I had never received one before. It was a dainty little thing, with a tiny verse on it, telling that one true heart was beating for me, that no other its love should be. I hid the box under the bed, and dreamed all night about my valentine. The next day I stole up to my room to peep at the little verse again, and was so absorbed in reading it over and over that I did not notice

that aunt had come in softly and was looking over my shoulder.

"'Mehetable Bradshaw,' said she, Then she snatched it from my hand, 'who's all this nonsense from?' walked down stairs and threw it into the kitchen fireplace. She made me tell her the whole thing, but she wouldn't hear to my keeping company with a transient fellow, as she called him, and broke it all up.

"Daniel felt so badly that he went away, but he wanted me to keep the little trunk and remember him always.

"Within a year I was married to your grandfather, Gertrude, and there never was a better man than Seth Woodman. Everybody said his word was as good as his note. I told him all about the little trunk, of course, but neither of us ever heard anything more of Daniel Judson.

"For nearly fifty years your grandfather and I lived together, a quiet life, and it is just ten years ago today that we laid him at rest under the evergreens in the old burying ground," said grandma, with a far-away look in her eyes, as she sat gazing into the open grate.

Feeling that she would like to be left alone for a while, Madge and I stole softly out to welcome papa, whose voice we heard in the hall below, having concluded that probably "Whatever is—is right." At any rate we would not make ourselves and the rest of the family miserable by fretting about the stormy evening.

Let Us So Live

By L. H. J. Frost

Let us so live that when at last
The joys and griefs of life are past,
The restless longing of the soul
To reach some long desired goal.
The weary aching of the heart
As we see dear loved friends depart,
That we can smile and clasp the hand
Outstretched to guide us to the land
To which there comes no pain or death,
Or chilling winds with blighting breath,
No withered hopes, no haunting fears,
No breaking hearts, no blinding tears;
But gladly greet the angel mild
Our Father sends to lead his child
Up from the world of toil and sin
To evermore abide with Him.

New Hampshire Necrology

GEORGE F. FABYAN.

George F. Fabyan, born in Somersworth, N. H., June 26, 1837, died in Brookline, Mass., January 18, 1907.

He was the son of Dr. George and Abigail J. (Cutts) Fabyan, who removed from Somersworth to Gorham, Me., when he was about a year old, where his boyhood was spent on a farm. He was educated at Gorham and Phillips Andover academies, but at the age of seventeen left school and turned his attention to business life in Boston, being first given employment in the dry goods store of Dea. Geo. W. Chipman, corner of Hanover and Blackstone streets. Later he engaged with James M. Beebe & Co., wholesale dealers on Kilby Street, with whom he remained twelve years, and then engaged with A. T. Stewart & Co. of New York as their buyer of New England cotton. Subsequently, he engaged independently in the commission business at 140 Devonshire Street. After a time he became a member of the firm of Wright, Bliss & Fabyan, Cornelius N. Bliss, now of New York, who had been a fellow employé with him for the Beebe firm, being the second member of this firm, which became later that of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., which was burned out in the great fire of 1872, but later established in the fine building at 100 Summer Street, corner of Devonshire, where it has since continued, becoming the strongest firm in its line in the country, with branches in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, and handling the output of the mills at Lewiston, Biddeford, Fall River and other places. Aside from the distribution of cotton on commission, the firm has large investments in mill properties, and Mr. Fabyan was treasurer and director of many great manufacturing corporations.

Mr. Fabyan married, in 1864, Isabelle Littlefield of Roxbury. They had five children, three sons and two daughters, all surviving. Two sons are members of the firm, while the third, Dr. Marshall Fabyan, is a professor in the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, Md. Mr. Fabyan was a great lover of fine horses, and had owned many spirited animals, including Jean Valjean, 2.15. He was also greatly interested in horticulture, and was a trustee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In memory of his father, he endowed the chair of Comparative Pathology in the Harvard Medical College.

PROF. CLARA E. CUMMINGS.

Miss Clara Eaton Cummings, professor of cryptogamic botany in Wellesley College, died at the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in Concord, N. H., after an illness of several months, December 28, 1906.

She was a native of the town of Plymouth, a daughter of Noah Connor and Elmira (George) Cummings, born July 13, 1855. She was a brilliant scholar and graduated from the State Normal School at the age of seventeen, in the class of 1872. Entering Wellesley College as a student in 1876, the year after the opening of the institution, she at once showed so marked a talent for the study of botany, especially for the identification of cryptogamic flora, that she was retained as a permanent member of that department of study, bearing the title of curator of the museum, 1878–'79; instructor in botany, 1879–'86. After a period of study in Zurich, Miss Cummings returned to the college as associate professor of cryptogamic botany. In 1905 she became Hunnewell professor of botany, with temporary charge of the department. In 1906 her title was changed to that of Hunnewell professor of cryptogamic botany, in recognition of the closely specialized work in which she had reached distinction, and with the hope that freed from the burden of administrative cares she would gain strength for new enterprises in her chosen field. Her health, however, proved to be seriously impaired.

Among the published works of Professor Cummings are "Lichens of Alaska and Labrador"; she also edited "Decades of North American Lichens," and was associate editor of *Plant World*. She was fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; a member of the Society of Plant Morphology and Physiology (vice-president in 1904), of the Mycological Society, Torrey Botanical Club, Boston Society of Natural History and Boston Mycological Club.

Her life was characterized by a passionate love of nature in all its higher forms and she enjoyed the same in the fullest degree at her summer home in North Woodstock.

EVERETT B. HUSE.

Everett B. Huse, born in Enfield, November 2, 1837, died in that town, January 30, 1906.

He was a son of William and Sarah

(Verbach) Huse, and came of Revolutionary ancestry. He was educated in the public schools and Kimball Union Academy, and served in the Fifteenth N. H. Volunteers in the Civil War. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1876, a census enumerator in 1880, and state supervisor of the census in 1890. He was a member and past commander of Admiral Farragut Post, G. A. R., of Enfield; was department commander in 1891 and president of the N. H. Veterans' Association in 1895. He had also served as town clerk of Enfield and as a member of the school board. He was a member and past master of Social Lodge, F. and A. M., of Enfield, and a member of the N. H. Society, Sons of the American Revolution. December 6, 1861, he married Cassie F. Day of Enfield. He is survived by two children, Charles E. Huse of Mason City, Ill., and Stella M. of Enfield, and one brother, Will Huse, of Mason City, Ill., his wife having died September, 29, 1892.

SAMUEL B. RANDALL.

Samuel B. Randall, born in Salmon Falls, N. H., April 14, 1824, died at Dorchester, Mass., January 5, 1907.

Mr. Randall learned the profession of mechanical engineer at the Portsmouth navy yard and was later engaged at Taunton, Mass., where he helped build the first locomotive constructed at the Mason Machinery Works in that place. He served in the navy in the Civil War, upon the *Monadnock*, under Rear Admiral Miller. He was the founder of the Hancock Inspirator Company. He left a widow, son and daughter.

HON. ENOCH GERRISH.

Enoch Gerrish, a well-known citizen of Boscawen and Concord, died at his home in the latter city, January 30, 1907.

He was the only son of Isaac and Caroline (Lawrence) Gerrish, born in Boscawen, July 28, 1822. At the death of his father, when about twenty years of age, he came into possession of one of the finest farms in the county, which he cultivated for a number of years with success and which he sold, with its vast amount of timber, in 1865, when he took up his residence in Concord, where he took a prominent part in public affairs, serving as assessor, representative in the Legislature and as senator from District No. 10 in 1887. He had been for forty years a trustee of the New Hampshire Savings Bank and was a member of the investment committee. He was also a trustee of the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum.

He was actively engaged in military affairs in early manhood and was colonel of the Twenty-First Regiment of the state militia. He was a member of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. In politics he was a Republican and in religion a Congregationalist, being an active member of the North Congregational Church.

He married, May 23, 1854, Miranda O. Lawrence of Lee. They had two children, Frank Lawrence of Boscawen and Lizzie M., wife of E. W. Willard, now of Toledo, Ohio.

MAJ. JOHN D. BARTLETT.

John D. Bartlett, born in Epsom, N. H., January 5, 1830, died at Allston, Mass., January 17, 1907.

He was active in raising recruits for the Union Army in the Civil War, and served as major in the First Vermont Cavalry during the great struggle. Afterward he was engaged for a number of years in the hay and grain commission business in Boston, retiring about eight years ago. He was married September 19, 1852, to Susan E. Wilder of Leominster, Mass., who survives him, as do also two sons, Sidney H. Bartlett of Allston and George H. Bartlett of Newton Centre.

GEORGE WILLIAM GRAY.

George William Gray, born in Dover, October 28, 1879, died at Groveton, January 10, 1907.

He was the son of George W. and Ida Gray, and was educated in the public schools, at the state college in Durham and Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., graduating from the latter at the head of his class in 1904. In that and the following years he was employed as instructor in Greek and Latin in the Holderness Episcopal School for Boys, and last September accepted a similar position at Cheshire, Conn.

ELLEN BURPEE FARR.

Ellen Burpee, daughter of Augustus Burpee of New Hampton, and widow of the late Maj. Evarts W. Farr of Littleton, lawyer, soldier and congressman, born November 14, 1840, died at Naples, Italy, January 5, 1907.

After the death of her husband, to whom she was married May 19, 1861, Mrs. Farr, who was the possessor of a high degree of artistic talent, devoted herself to study and work in that line, and for a dozen years past, or more, had been a resident of Pasadena, Cal., where she attained distinction as an artist, and was

prominent in social and club life, and held an active membership in several women's organizations. She had been a member of the Order of the Eastern Star for forty-four years, and was a member of Pasadena Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. She was an active worker in the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena, and designed its artistic club house. She was also founder of the Young Women's Business League of Pasadena. She is survived by one daughter, Ida Farr Miller of Wakefield, Mass., a noted club woman of that state.

EDWIN H. LORD.

Edwin H. Lord, principal of Brewster Free Academy at Wolfeborough, died at Portland, Me., January 24, 1907.

He was born in Springfield, Me., June 1, 1850, the son of Samuel and Sophia Highe Lord, his paternal ancestry running back to the Lord family of South Berwick, Me. He attended the common schools of Springvale and the South Berwick Academy for two terms, then going to New Hampton Academy for three terms. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1871 with the degree of A. B., and took the A. M. degree from Harvard in 1881.

He was principal of the Richmond (Me.) High School from 1871 to 1873, and then, until 1880 he was teacher of science in the Lowell (Mass.) High School. From 1880 until 1884, he was principal of the Lawrence (Mass.) High School, and, from 1882 to 1886, treasurer and manager of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Lawrence. He had been principal of Brewster Free Academy since 1887, and for almost the entire time since had been chairman of the Wolfeborough school board.

Mr. Lord was a pioneer in the field of applied electricity. Under his direction Lawrence was the first city in the world to have its streets lighted by electricity.

He was an officer in the society known as the "Sons of Nathan Lord," a Free Mason, an Odd Fellow and Patron of Husbandry. In politics he was a Republican and in religion a Unitarian.

Mr. Lord was married in July, 1873, his wife being Addie M. Decker of Brunswick, Me., who died in October of the same year. In 1877 he married Julia Swift Bennett of Lowell, Mass. He is survived by three children, W. Swift Lord of Portsmouth, Mrs. Edward R. Cate of Boonton, N. J., and Miss Mary B. Lord, a senior in Vassar College.

ELIZA NELSON BLAIR.

Eliza A. Nelson, wife of Hon. Henry W. Blair, seventh of ten children of Rev. William Nelson, a retired Methodist clergyman, born in Plymouth in 1836, died at Washington, D. C., January 2, 1907.

She was educated in the Plymouth schools and at Newbury (Vt.) Conference Seminary, and married Mr. Blair, then a young lawyer, December 20, 1859.

She was prominent in the social and intellectual life of New Hampshire and of the national capital for many years, and deeply interested in literature and sociology. She had been president of New Hampshire Daughters and of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, and was an author of note and a public speaker of ability.

HON. ZENAS C. ROBBINS.

Zenas C. Robbins, the oldest patent lawyer in the country, died at his home in Washington, D. C., January 30, 1907.

He was born in the town of Grafton in this state, October 18, 1810. He studied law and located in Washington in 1844, devoting his attention to patent law practice. Among his early clients was Abraham Lincoln, then a member of Congress from Illinois, for whom he secured a patent.

Mr. Robbins was register of wills during the administrations of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson and during the same period was president of the board of police commissioners of the District. He retired from active business in 1870.

He was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. His widow and one son, Dr. Henry A. Robbins, survive him.

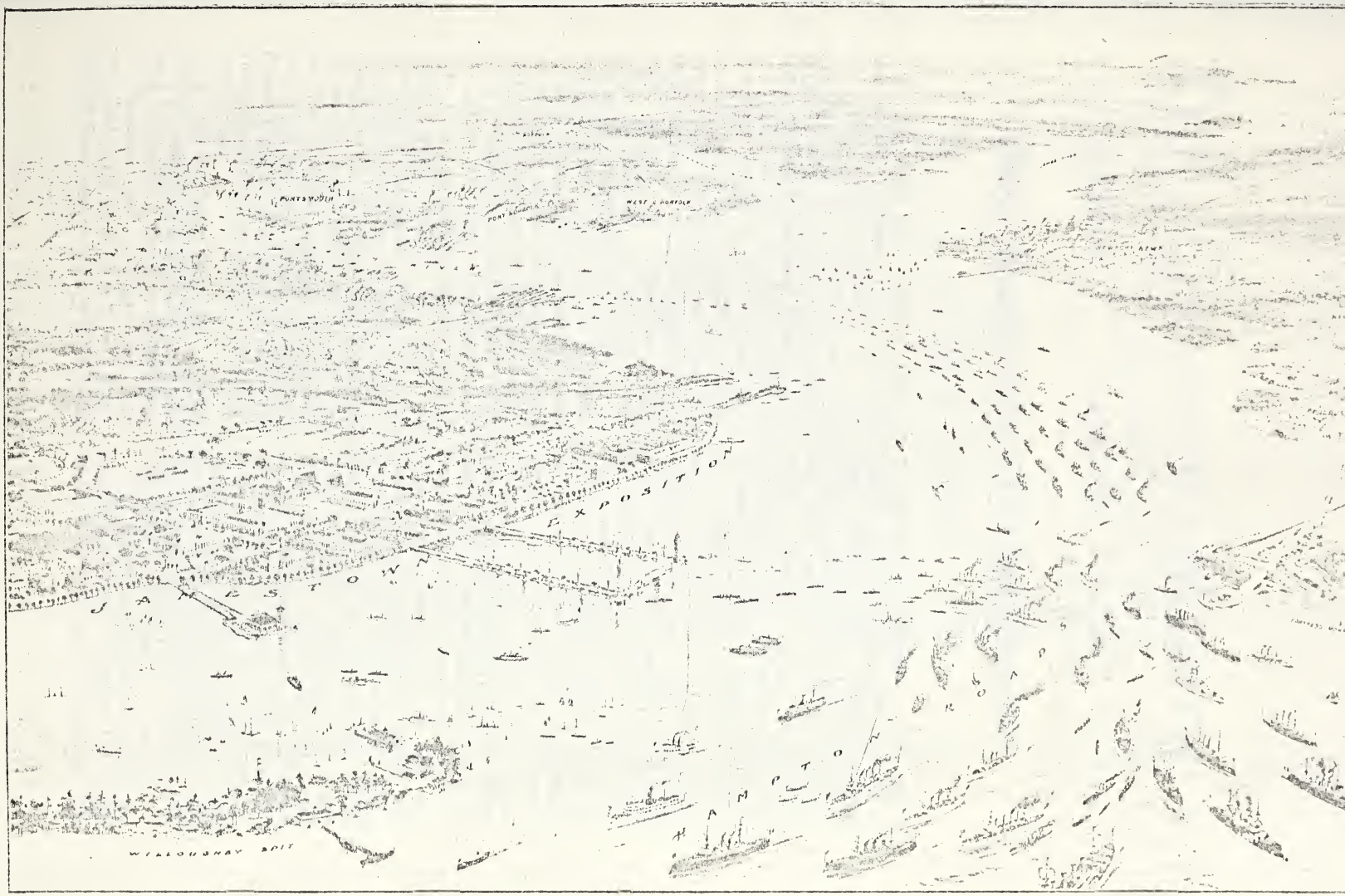
Editor and Publisher's Notes

By far the most interesting and valuable contribution to the historical and biographical literature of the state that has made its appearance in many years is the handsome octavo volume of 558 pages, entitled "History of the New Hampshire Surgeons in the War of Rebellion," by Granville P. Conn, A. M., M. D. This work, from the press of Ira C. Evans Company, published by order of the New Hampshire Association of Military Surgeons, sketches the lives and work of several hundred natives or residents of the old Granite State, who served as surgeons in the Union army during the Civil War, or who, having served as enlisted men in the ranks during the contest, afterward entered the medical profession. It will be surprising, indeed, to the average reader perusing this interesting volume, appearing more than forty years after the close of the war, to note what a large number of the most reputable and distinguished members of the profession were engaged in the service of their country and of humanity during that great struggle.

Hon. Frank O. Briggs, chosen as the successor of John F. Dryden in the United States Senate from the state of New Jersey, is a native of New Hampshire and a son of that distinguished lawyer, soldier and statesman, the late Hon. James F. Briggs of Manchester, born in 1851 in the town of Hillsborough, where his father was then practising law. He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter and West Point Military academies; served five years in the army and has been since engaged in business at Trenton. He was treasurer of the state at the time of his election. It is to be noted that he is not the first New Hampshire man to represent New Jersey in the Senate. Hon. Rufus Blodgett, a native of Wentworth, served in the same capacity a few years since.

The fifth edition of the elegantly illustrated and beautifully printed annual publication of the state board of agriculture, entitled "New Hampshire Farms for Summer Homes," has made its appearance and is generally commended as the most attractive and interesting yet issued. This publication has been a potent factor in the great work which the board of agriculture, through its zealous and efficient secretary, has been carrying on in the rehabilitation of the rural sections of the state, wherein are already established the summer homes of hundreds of men and women of culture and refinement, wealth and influence, who have won success in various lines of effort in other parts of the country, but who find health and inspiration for further effort in a summer sojourn amid the hills and valleys of New Hampshire.

The "Candia Club," whose membership is composed of residents or former residents of the town of Candia in this state, or their descendants, has instituted a novel and interesting plan this year in the observance of "New Home Week," that portion of the membership living in and around Boston, which is very considerable, uniting in an invitation to their friends and relatives in the old town, or elsewhere in the country, to visit them in their city homes and enjoy for a season the pleasures of winter life in the midst of the social and educational advantages there afforded, the central feature of the week's festivities, as arranged for, consisting of a reunion and banquet at the American House on the afternoon and evening of February 7. Undoubtedly, this arrangement will prove the inception of a general custom, which will be second only in resulting advantage and pleasure to the "Old Home Week" institution established in our state through the initiative of ex-Governor Rollins.


PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK
EXPOSITION
WILLOUGHBY SPIT

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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New Hampshire at Jamestown

By H. H. Metcalf

On the shore and waters of Hampton Roads, Virginia, from the 26th of April until the 30th of November next, will be held the third of the really great historical expositions, of broad, national interest taking place in the United States of America. First in the list was that in celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, at Philadelphia, in 1876; second, the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893 (planned for 1892), marking the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus; and this third, in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America, at Jamestown (near by), May 13, 1607. Other expositions of note and importance have, of course, been holden, but none so thoroughly national in character as these, and no other of these, indeed appealing so directly and intensely to the patriotic spirit of the nation, as the so-called Jamestown Tercentennial, since this commemorates the actual beginning of our national development—the birth of American civilization.

It was in 1584 that Sir Walter Raleigh obtained a charter from the king of England for the colonization of Virginia, and between that date and 1606 three or four different expeditions were sent out for the purpose of effecting a settlement, all of which failed, after experiences of greater or less suffering and disappointment. Finally, early in December of the latter year, a party was embarked on three vessels, which successfully braved the ocean's storms, and, after a long and weary voyage of nearly five months, sailed in between the Virginia capes, which they named Charles and Henry, for the Prince of Wales and his brother, on the 26th of April, and on the morning following entered the splendid harbor, now known as Hampton Roads, and anchored at a place which they named Point Comfort, which appellation it has borne to the present day. Later they proceeded up the James River, some thirty miles or more, and, on May 13 finally landed on a peninsula jutting into the river, and here located their settlement, which was first called Fort James, later James City, and finally Jamestown. With the trials and sufferings of these pioneer colonists during the first years of the settlement under the direction of the famous Capt. John Smith—their struggle with privation, disease, famine, and savage enemies, which decimated their ranks and well nigh drove them discouraged into the sea, the student of history is familiar.

But for the arrival of occasional relief parties from England the settlement must have been abandoned; but

THE JOHN LANGDON MANSION, PORTSMOUTH--1784

as it was, it held the ground and ultimately other settlements sprang up; and in June, 1619, twelve years after the first permanent landing was made, the General Assembly of Virginia, the first legislative body in America, was opened in the wooden church at Jamestown, and from that day to this, in one place or another, and in one form or another (the form without

John Langdon, Patriot and Statesman

very much of the substance for a time it is true) representative government has existed in Virginia, though the capital was removed farther up the river to Williamsburg in 1698, after the second destruction of Jamestown by fire, and ultimately still farther, to Richmond.

The region about Hampton Roads is replete with points of national historic interest, far surpassing any similar extent of territory in the Western Hemisphere in this regard, not only in connection with the first settlement of the country, but with later and no less important epochs in our national development. At Cape Henry was the first landing place of the settlers, though they made no stay, being driven away by the savages. At Old Point Comfort, now a fashionable watering place, was their first harbor, and at Jamestown their final abode. Though the latter has been abandoned for more than two centuries, and the peninsula is now an island in the James, the connecting neck of land having been washed away by the waters, it remains, like Plymouth Rock, the first landing place of the Massachusetts Pilgrims, who came nearly fourteen years later, a sacred

shrine, visited yearly by thousands of patriotic Americans, though nothing is left as a reminder of the pioneer occupancy but the crumbling remains of an ancient church tower, left standing by the last conflagration of more than two centuries ago. But ten miles across the Roads, from the exposition grounds, near Old Point Comfort, is Fortress Monroe, the strongest fortification on the Atlantic coast, and the government's leading artillery station. Not far from the grounds, across the Roads in another direction, is Hampton, settled soon after Jamestown and the oldest continuous English settlement in the country. At Newport News, originally called New Port Nuce, after Port Nuce in Wales, situated at the mouth of the James, where it empties into the Roads, is the greatest shipbuilding plant in the country. A few miles up the Elizabeth River, an estuary of the Roads, is Norfolk, the principal Virginia seaport, and the government's greatest coaling station. Here the exposition officers have had their headquarters, and the exposition visitors will largely be housed. Portsmouth, the seat of the Norfolk Navy Yard, is just beyond.

Some twenty-five miles to the northwest, at the mouth of the York River, and but a few miles across country from Jamestown, is Yorktown, whose siege and surrender marked the successful termination of the Revolution, which gave independence to the nation; while scarcely farther, but a short distance above Jamestown, is Williamsburg, the second capital, and seat of the second oldest college in the country, which is a place of great historic interest, and particularly so to every patriotic son of New Hampshire, since in its ancient cemetery repose the ashes of Alexander Scammel of Durham, John Sullivan's heroic law-student, adjutant-general of the Continental Army, and Washington's trusted aide, who was mortally wounded during the siege of Yorktown, died and was buried here.

In this immediate region, and in the adjacent sections of Virginia, within a few hours' ride, were fought a large share of the battles of the Civil War, from 1861 to '65—Big Bethel to Appomattox—and the famous naval encounter between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, the first fight between ironclads in the world's history, occurred in Hampton Roads within easy sight of the grounds upon which the exposition is located. It is planned to reproduce this fight during

Alexander Scammel

the exposition, in view of the representative squadrons of the navies of the world, as they are gathered in friendly array upon invitation of the United States government, making in combination the greatest naval display the world has ever seen, which will, of course, be in itself, one of the greatest attractions in connection with the exposition.

While much has been said and written of the naval and military display to be made during the exposition, under the auspices of the general government, sharp, but doubtless unmerited and unjust criticism having

been made in some quarters upon the spirit, purpose and tendency thereof, and while this feature may exert a leading influence in attracting many people to the exposition itself, it is not properly to be regarded as the dominant factor in the scope and purpose of the celebration itself. Nor should the industrial feature, prominent and important as it may be, with its fifteen or twenty great buildings, filled with the finest products of human skill and genius, be so regarded. The great controlling feature of the celebration, animating and dominating the exposition in all its lines and departments, under both state and federal supervision, is its historic and patriotic nature, and this fact should ever be uppermost in the minds of the people when estimating its value and merits. Such being the case, its superiority to all former expositions, as a stimulus and inspiration to the national mind and heart, must be fully recognized, and, this being recognized, the importance to the State of New Hampshire of active representation on the grounds, and official participation in the exposition itself, becomes a settled conviction in the mind of every intelligent citizen of the state.

And yet it so happens that New Hampshire—one of the original thirteen—whose first settlement was made only sixteen years later than that of Virginia at Jamestown, whose growth and development was practically contemporaneous with that of Virginia and Massachusetts, whose sons were in the forefront of battle in almost every conflict of the Revolution, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, was the very last to make arrangements for representation, and there was ground for fear, for a time at least, that it might go unrepresented. No steps had been taken, until late last autumn, even to arouse in the public mind a sense of the importance of some movement in that direction, when, finally, the Commercial Club of Concord took formal action, adopting resolutions expressive of the sentiment of its members that immediate action should be taken to bring New Hampshire into line with other states in recognizing the importance and value of this great exposition and the eminent propriety of active coöperation therein. A committee was appointed to further the work, the newspaper press was urged into the service, the exposition authorities at Norfolk were communicated with and took an active hand in the work, Secretary Shepperd visiting Concord immediately after the opening of the present legislative session, and President Tucker a few days later, actively enlisting the interest of the governor and leading members of the Legislature, so that a bill was soon prepared, introduced in the House, approved successively by the National Affairs and Appropriations committees, unanimously passed and sent up to the Senate, still more promptly passed by that body and immediately approved by the governor, authorizing the governor and council to make proper arrangements, in their discretion, for the representation of New Hampshire at the Jamestown exposition, and appropriating $10,000 to meet the expenses of such representation.

This measure became a law on the 19th of February. A few days later the governor and council, accompanied by the secretary of state, went to Virginia, met the exposition authorities on the grounds, made a comprehensive investigation of the situation, and were fortunate enough to secure one of the most eligible sites on the grounds as a location for a New Hampshire building. It is near the Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New York headquarters, with an attractive little park in front, and commands a splendid marine view, including the precise point in the Roads where occurred the great battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

The next question confronting the

governor and council was that of an appropriate model for a headquarters building, but this was promptly settled, and in a manner most satisfactory to all New Hampshire people interested in the subject. Other states, very generally, had appropriately copied buildings of historic interest, and the same course was pursued for New Hampshire. It was decided to reproduce for the purpose one of the historic homes of the state. Attention was naturally directed to Portsmouth, the early capital, with its many famous mansions and historic associations, and the home of John Langdon, one of the great civil leaders in the Revolutionary movement, came at once into the mind's eye, as admirably adapted for the purpose. It was promptly determined to reproduce the Langdon house for the New Hampshire building on the exposition grounds. This fine old mansion was erected by John Langdon in 1784, and remains today substantially as then finished—one of the finest pieces of old-time architecture in the state. It is located on Pleasant Street, opposite the Universalist Church, and is an object both of local pride and public interest. Writing of this house, Fred Myron Colby, in the GRANITE MONTHLY for December, 1879, in one

Judge Woodbury Langdon

of his series of articles upon the historic homes of the state, says: "In the presence of the Langdon house you seem to stand before John Langdon. The lofty front, the ample halls, the grand salon, are indicative of the man who was New Hampshire's greatest patriot in the Revolution. The man was great, august. The house is like him. No mansion in America, save the Stratford House, alone, is so commanding in its construction; no house save Mt. Vernon, so august in its memories as this one." Many an illustrious guest has been entertained in this historic home. Washington, Lafayette, Hancock, Knox, Louis Philippe of France, and others of world-wide note enjoyed the hospitality of its illustrious master.

In the selection of this house for this purpose, the memory of one of New Hampshire's worthiest sons and most distinguished patriots is fittingly honored. John Langdon was a native of Portsmouth, born June 25, 1741, educated in the public schools of the town, and extensively engaged in commercial and mercantile pursuits, becoming a man of wealth and influence in the community. He early espoused the patriot cause, and was active in urging resistance to British tyranny. He was largely instrumental in planning and carrying out the assault upon Fort William and Mary, in which John Sullivan was an active leader, which resulted in the capture of the powder which New Hampshire soldiers used with such fatal effect at Bunker Hill in June following, this assault and capture being recognized as the first overt act of the Revolution. He was a delegate, with Josiah Bartlett, in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1775, and was made the Continental navy agent. At his shipyard was built the famous *Ranger*, subsequently commanded by John Paul Jones. From his own means, largely, he defrayed the expense of fitting out the Bennington expedition, commanded by Gen. John Stark, whose brilliant success paved the way for Burgoyne's defeat, and brought hopeful promise of ultimate triumph for the patriot cause. In 1786 he was again a member of the Continental Congress, having meanwhile served extensively in the Legislature of the state, and as speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1787 he was a delegate to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and was prominent in its proceedings. In the following year he became governor of New Hampshire, serving until March 4, 1789, when he took his seat in the United States Senate first organized under the Constitution, and became the first president *pro tem* of that body, serving when the votes for president and vice-president were counted, and being, in fact, the first legal head of the government under the Constitution. In 1805 he was again elected governor of the state, successively reëlected till 1809, and subsequently for still two more terms. In 1811 he was offered by President Jefferson the office of secretary of the navy, but declined the honor as he did a year later the Democratic nomination for vice-president of the United States. He died in his Portsmouth home, September 18, 1819.

In speaking of this historic house, and of its illustrious owner, it may properly be noted that another house, almost its exact counterpart, was built in Portsmouth in the same year as this by Judge Woodbury Langdon, an elder brother of John, also eminent in the patriot cause and the early history of the state, on the site now occupied by the famous hostelry, "The Rockingham." This was burned, later, rebuilt in brick, and again burned, no part but the dining-room having been preserved, and this room later substantially reproduced in the John Langdon house, by its present owner, Woodbury Langdon of New York, a great-grandson of the original Woodbury Langdon, conspicuous in the business life of the metropolis, who

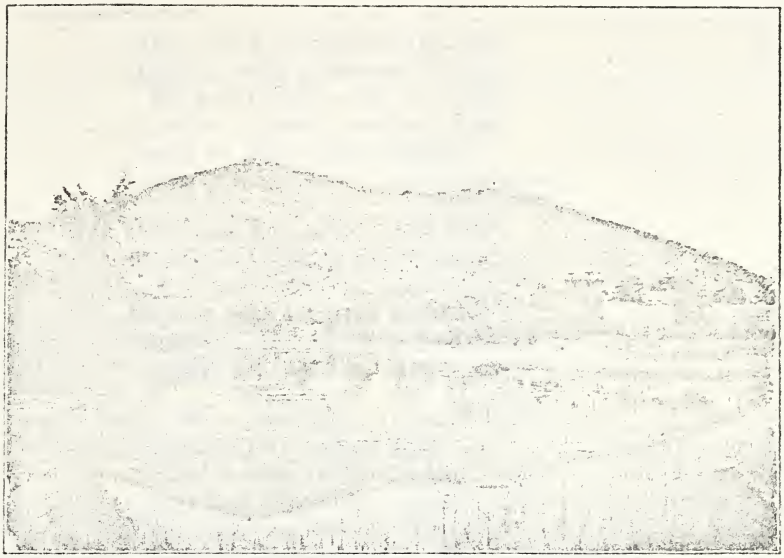
Woodbury Langdon,

Present Owner of the Langdon Mansion

makes the mansion his summer home, while it is permanently occupied by Rev. Alfred Elwyn, his father-in-law, himself a great-grandson of John Langdon.

The Langdon house has been in the hands of the family since its construction, except for a term of years when it was owned and occupied by the Rev. Charles Burroughs, long rector of St. John's Church of Portsmouth. It was left at John Langdon's death to his daughter, Eliza, wife of Thomas Langdon Elwyn, subsequently becoming the property of their son, John Elwyn, who sold to Mr. Burroughs; but for the last twenty years has been the property of Woodbury Langdon of New York, above mentioned, who takes just pride in maintaining the old family home, and who has generously and patriotically offered, at his own personal expense, to reproduce in the copy on the exposition grounds, the leading features of the interior, which the limited appropriation made by the state rendered impracticable for the governor and council.

It is, indeed, subject for congratulation that New Hampshire is to be thus represented at this great historic exposition, and that the building in which the New Hampshire commissioner shall greet the host of visitors from all parts of the land, as he directs their attention to the scenic attractions of the old Granite State, shall be a reminder of her glorious history, and the active part which her sons performed in the days that made a great nation of thirteen struggling colonies, including Virginia and New Hampshire.



Monadnock Mountain

Monadnock

By Iva H. Drew

Monadnock, mount of rugged splendor,
Towering o'er us in thy grandeur,
Break the silence of the past.
Let thy voice from storm-swept summit,
Silvery brooks, and rocks of granite
Speak to us, oh, mountain vast!

Did the Druids o'er thee dance
In those days of dim romance,
And the Fauns hold nightly revel?
Did the lion have his lair
Midst thy rocky cliffs somewhere?
Speak to us and break the spell.

Did the bronzed and bold red men
Chase the deer through yonder glen,
Did their wigwams dot thy base?
Do you miss their camp-fires' glow
And their war dance weird and slow?
Speak to us of that dread race.

Does the storm king make thee quake,
Cause thy mighty sides to shake,
Fill thy heart with direful woe?
Do thy pines and maples wave
Over many an ancient grave?
Speak, oh, mountain! Is it so?

When the misty clouds dip low,
Dallying with your crest of snow,
  Do you laugh or do you weep?
Or when sunset's radiant light
Lends to you a halo bright
  Are you locked in dreamless sleep?

Centuries have come and gone,
But from night to dewy morn
  You have stood on silent guard.
Do you not feel tired and old,
Standing there so stern and bold?
  Speak and tell us, dear old Pard.

Oh, thou mountain, grim and vast!
Guardian of a sacred past,
  Tho' a thing of earth and rock,
Grant this only boon I crave,
When they hollow out my grave
  Let me slumber at thy feet—Monadnock.

My Prayer

By Harry Leavitt Perham

Touched by Thy spirit with my soul on fire,
This is my best, my holiest desire;
Create a heart so pure and true in me,
That I may live in fellowship with Thee;
Cause me to listen when the wild birds sing,
And help me treasure, Lord, the word they bring;
Oh! speak to me a message through the trees,
Whisper sweet words and waft them on the breeze;
Give me a love for solitude and men,
And what Thou givest help me give again;
Oh, let me wander where the fern fronds nod,
And let me there commune with Thee, my God:
Give me one friend for comfort in my need
The loss of whom would cause my heart to bleed,
A sharer of my ecstacies and woes,
Oh, such a friend as mortal rarely knows,
An angel of the Lord in human form,
Of loving nature throughout peace and storm,
With this my best ambition, in the end
To prove well worthy of this noble friend—
  This is my prayer.
    Amen.

Some Account of Old Hampshire

By Fred Myron Colby

Any one looking at the map of England will see in the southern part of the island the large maritime county of Hampshire. It faces the English Channel, and its coast is indented by four bays known as Southampton Water, Portsmouth Harbor, Langston Harbor and Chichester Harbor. The county is of an irregular quadrilateral form, its greatest width from east to west being forty-one miles and its greatest breadth from north to south being forty-six miles. Its total area on the mainland comprises 938,764 acres, or nearly sixteen hundred square miles,—about one sixth of the size of the Granite State, or somewhat larger than the state of Rhode Island.

Hampshire, Hants, or as it is sometimes called Southamptonshire, is situated between 50 degrees and 34 minutes and 51 degrees and 22 minutes, north latitude, and 43 minutes and 1 degree and 54 minutes, west longitude, and is bounded by the following counties, namely: Wiltshire and Dorsetshire on the west, Berkshire on the north, and Surrey and Sussex on the east. As the American New Hampshire has outlying islands—the Isles of Shoals,—so the English Old Hampshire has one —the Isle of Wight,—a picturesque and beautiful island that contains 93,000 acres. The island lies about six miles south of the coast, separated therefrom by the waters of Spithead and the Solent.

Among the Saxons the county was known as Hamtonshire; in the Domesday Book it is called Hantesshire. The capital of Hampshire is Winchester, sixty-two miles southwest of London. It is on the right bank of the river Itchin, which is navigable to the sea as a canal. The cathedral, a striking old Norman-Gothic structure is one of the finest in England. Under the Danes and the early Norman kings, Winchester was the capital of England, and many of the old kings lie entombed in the cathedral.

In its general aspect Hampshire presents a beautiful variety of gently rising hills and fruitful valleys, adorned with pleasant villages and stately parks and interspersed with extensive woodland. Two ranges of low chalk hills, known as the North and South Downs, enter the county from Surrey and Sussex respectively, and traverse it in a northwesterly direction into Wiltshire and Berkshire, forming in the northwestern corner of the county several picturesque eminences, from which fine views can be obtained. The highest of these summits in Siddown Hill, Highclerc, a thousand feet above the sea level.

The soil differs in different parts of the county. In some places it is of considerable depth, and produces good crops of all kinds, but a great part of it is so light as to be unfitted for the plow, and is used as sheep pasture. The total area of arable land is 706,927 acres, of which 247,958 acres are under corn crops, 135,982 acres under green crops, 112,813 acres under rotation grasses, 181,141 permanent pasture, and 22,967 acres fallow. The acreage under woods is 87,229 acres. The principal grain crop is wheat, for which Hampshire enjoys a great celebrity. Barley and oats are also extensively grown. On account of the number of sheep pastured on the uplands a large breadth of turnips is grown. In the eastern part of the county a large

acreage is devoted to hop raising. Most of the farms are large, and the waste land has been mostly brought under tillage. Farming is principally conducted on the best modern principles, but owing to the varieties of soil there is perhaps no county in England in which the rotation observed is more diversified, or the processes and methods more varied.

The famous new forest of William the Conqueror lies in Hampshire, and the greater part of it still belongs to the crown. Beech and oak are the principal trees. The oaks, many of which are some hundreds of years old, do not grow to a great height, but shoot out strong, crooked branches which gives them a very picturesque appearance. The old forest is still frequented by deer, descendants of those very animals which the old Norman kings loved so well. Herds of small ponies similar to those of Shetland and the Hebrides are also reared in the forest.

The breeding and the fattening of swine has long been an important Hampshire industry. The original breed of pigs has been improved by crossing with Essex, Berkshire and Chinese hogs. In the vicinity of the forests the swine are fed on acorns and beechnuts, and the quality of the Hampshire bacon is considered of the best. There are over six hundred thousand sheep in the county, the larger part being of the Southdown breed, which has acquired distinct peculiarity and are known as "short wools" or "Hampshire downs." Bee keeping is extensively followed, and the honey of the county enjoys a special celebrity.

The manufactures of Hampshire are not important, except those carried on at Portsmouth and Gosport, in connection with the royal navy. In many of the towns there are breweries and tanneries, and paper is manfactured at several places. The paper mills of Romsey and Overton have supplied the bank of England with note paper since the reign of George the First. Fancy pottery and terra cotta are made at Fareham and Bishop's Waltham; and Ringwood is celebrated for its knitted gloves. There are large steam docks and an extensive shipping trade at Southampton. At most of the coast towns fishing is prosecuted to a considerable degree. The total population of the county amounted in 1901 to over 680,000, 74,000 of this number being on the Isle of Wight.

The largest and most populous city of old Hampshire is Portsmouth, after London and Liverpool, the largest seaport in England. Its population is upwards of 150,000. Better than any other spot in Great Britain perhaps, Portsmouth illustrates the naval and military power of the mother country, and the place is considered impregnable. In its harbor is seen the craft of all lands, and always several of their vast leviathans of war, which gives Brittania her claim to rule the wave, are in station there. It has been a seaport since the time of Alfred the Great, and many of the early voyagers and explorers of the New World sailed from this port or from Southampton.

The latter is an old town, almost as ancient as Winchester, and was the occasional residence of Canute the Dane. The neighboring shore is said to be the place of his rebuke to his courtiers, according to the story familiar to most readers. Its population is seventy thousand, and it is the principal port of departure for several East and West India, Chinese, Australian, North German and American lines of steamers. Its principal industries are brewing, sugar refining, iron casting, coach building and ship building.

It is quite remarkable that Hampshire is the only one of the English counties that has never given its name to a title. There have been earls, marquises and dukes of every other English county, but there has never

been an earl, marquis or duke of Hampshire or Hants. Southampton has given a title to three different families—Fitzwilliams, Wriothesley and Fitzroy—but the title was derived from the city and not from the county. The principal noblemen having seats in the county are the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Carnavon, the Earl of Normonton, Lord Ashburton, Lord Northbrook, and Sir William Heathcote.

Many of the towns of old Hampshire have names that are familiar to our ear in our own New Hampshire. Besides Portsmouth, there are Chichester, Kingston, Ashland, Alton, Milford and Newport, and not far from her borders are Salisbury and Exeter. The names are suggestive, and produce a sort of a home feeling to Americans who occasionally run over the county. The name of hamlet after hamlet has passed to the New World, and has memories to the ears of Englishman and American alike. English history is about the traveler in every spot he sees, and the descendants of many of the old families have found a home in the growing commonwealth in the West christened in the memory of this grand old English county.

The names of many eminent persons are associated with Old Hampshire, quite a number of whom resided in the county. Bishop Wykeham, one of the splendid ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages, Dr. Edward Young, author of "Night Thoughts," Warton, author of the "History of English Poetry," Gilbert White, John Kebble, Charles Dickens, the Duke of Wellington, are only a few of the worthies who have been sons of the soil, either by birth or adoption, and added fame to the glory of the English Hampshire. Hurst Castle near Southampton was for a time the prison of Charles the First of England, and on the Isle of Wight is Osborne House, the former summer residence of Queen Victoria, and the old straw-thatched cottage where lived the dairyman's daughter, whose story Leigh Richmond has made immortal.

Orpheus and I

By C. C. Lord

The ancient swain
Who thrilled amain
With mystic inspiration edd,
To music lent
His soul: intent,
Brutes, rocks and trees that decked the sod,
At once began
To feel the man
Who bore the likeness of a god.

Crude nature's son,
Indeed but one
Of gifts evolved in slight degrees,
I wait the mood
Of things, or brood
In vain by ruthless fate's decrees:
If they incline,
I then divine
In songs of brutes, and rocks and trees.

Our First War of Aggression—Canada the Object

CHAPTER IV.

Three chapters of this paper were published in the May number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, in 1902. The narrative was brought down to the failure of the assault upon Quebec of the morning of December 31, 1775, which ended so disastrously to the besiegers. In this assault, the entire contingent from New Hampshire became prisoners, with their leader, Capt. Henry Dearborn of Hampton. Let us continue the sad story.

Looking backward now, the world can see that the campaign for Canada had failed. But such was not the view of Colonel Arnold, who by a sort of election succeeded the lamented Montgomery in command of the crippled army of invasion; nor of the other officers and the rank and file. Arnold is quoted as saying, "I have no thought of leaving this proud town until I first enter it in triumph. . . . I am in the way of my duty and know no fear." The City of Quebec had not yet been released from the grip of the besieging foe. For more than four months her gates must be guarded with vigilance against a foe whom neither hostile arms nor arctic cold could intimidate.

Here certain phases of the campaign are naturally suggested for narrative, viz.: the misfortunes of the prisoners, the continued siege, and the retreat which came with the melting of ice and snow in the spring.

The fatalities of the attack of December 31, 1775, will never be accurately known. The number stated by different authorities varies from forty set down by Captain Dearborn to 200 reported as buried by British accounts. The latter number must include deaths among the prisoners from wounds and disease. The number of patriots captured is disputed. Captain Dearborn says about 300 prisoners and 100 killed and wounded. A different estimate of the killed and wounded was given in another chapter. Captain Dearborn of Hampton, N. H., says in his diary, "hearing nothing from the general's party and having lost about 100 men out of less than 500, it was thought most prudent to surrender, upon the encouragement of being promised good quarters and tender usage." This refers to Arnold's division only. The situation presented no reasonable alternative but to surrender or perish. The promise of "good quarters and tender usage" was as faithfully fulfilled as was practicable in the condition of the city as regards fuel and provisions, until the discovery of plots to escape resulted in irons and severity inflicted upon many enlisted men and some officers.

General Carleton was a humane and sympathetic man. Captain Dearborn says, "I and my other officers were carried to the main guard house to the other officers, where we had a good dinner and a plenty of several sorts of good wine." The officers were the same day removed to the Seminary of Laval, in the Upper Town, and placed in rooms on the fourth floor. This was their prison during a captivity of about seven long and tedious months, except when illness caused their removal to the Hotel Dieu, a nunnery and hospital. They were given books and with reading and card-playing whiled away the tedious waking hours. Panes of glass were set in the doors; lights were kept in their rooms and they were at all times under the surveillance of guards.

Thus, though not dealt with severely, they were always kept conscious that they were captives.

We have been speaking of the captive officers. The enlisted men were confined in the Jesuit College and monastery in the Upper Town and were somewhat crowded together, although the structure was large enough to hold several thousand men. Scarcity of fuel in the city was the cause of this crowding. Arnold's little army was able to cut off the approaches to the town so that the scarcity of fuel was felt even by the garrison. The men were soon removed to the Dauphine jail, and there remained. The enlisted men from New Hampshire were among these prisoners. Interesting stories come down to us of plots to escape *en masse* to Arnold's lines, and of discovery just as their consummation seemed upon the point of realization, and of consequent severity of shackles and restrictions on liberty; of recruiting for the British service within the prison walls, when some ninety-five took the "king's shilling" to get a measure of liberty with a mental reservation to escape the first opportunity, so many so released really escaping that the authorities returned the others to their prison as hopeless recruits; of the daring man who in white clothes, hid in a snowdrift in the angle of the wall and at dark boldly leaped from the wall into the depths of a snow drift and escaped. When outside the walls, escape to the camp was assured. The snow was twenty feet deep in many places around the walls and four feet deep on a level, and the grip of the frost king was frightful.

Lack of liberty and an uncertainty of fate, perhaps the gallows, were hardships fearfully supplemented by a horrible pestilence of smallpox which attacked both officers and men, and added largely to the list of the dead. The smallpox having done its worst, a poor diet at length developed a scourge of scurvy so severe that many had their teeth drop out and many suffered horrible deaths. They became ragged, filthy and vermin-infested.

The weary months dragged their slow length along until the southern zephyrs had loosed the icy fetters that had held fast and hard that whole northern province, and then only in August the survivors were released and transported by sea to their southern homeland. That they were few who returned of those strong battalions may be believed when it is known that of some companies of 100 riflemen barely twenty-five survived to receive the home greeting of those they loved. Whether the New Hampshire company lost in like proportion the writer has no data to show.

The excitement of the attack having been succeeded by the depression of defeat posterity would read without surprise that our surviving troops who were free retired with alacrity or in a panic of fear from a desperate enterprise. But their indomitable leader heroically resolved to know no defeat and from his couch in the general hospital, to which he was confined by his shattered knee, issued his orders for manning and holding the lines with his little army of about 700 men, one half of whom were not fit for duty. His officers and men seconded his efforts and importunate calls went to Congress and Washington and others in authority, for men, and cannon, and powder and ball. The man of military science may pore over maps to see where our lines were drawn, where our batteries were placed, where our hospitals succored the sick and wounded; but there are few who know the geography or topography of the country well enough to be edified by such application or pendantry, or care more for such details than they do for the

particulars of the siege and sack of ancient Troy. Away, then, with such dry and barren details!

We know that that little band, through a fierce winter's cold, amid the huge snowdrifts of a sub-arctic climate, maintained a siege so continuous and effective that the garrison and people of Quebec were put to sore straits to keep warm within their thick walls and substantial houses, while their enemy without endured the frightful climate in their canvas habitations and rude huts, and so intimidated the garrison that they dare not make a sortie to drive off the besiegers, but only to secure the unconsumed timbers of the half burned suburbs of St. John and St. Roque to eke out their own scanty supply of fuel.

Meanwhile, the vigorous appeals for reinforcements brought some results. January 24, 150 men came to their aid from Montreal, where the superannuated General Wooster, distinguished for patriotism and his immense wig rather than for military ability, held command. Presently a squad of twenty-five men from New England, on snowshoes, performed the heroic march to Quebec and helped fill up the gaps in the lines. Others followed in companies and regiments, whose march by Montgomery's route by Lake Champlain involved them in hardships and sufferings hardly exceeded by those endured by the heroes of the Kennebec and Chaudiere, until the little army grew and waxed strong with the strength of about 3,000 men.' Then the benevolent but faithful Carleton, in Quebec, grew apprehensive, as batteries were erected and threw shot and shell into the city; and while he guarded his massive walls and ponderous gates, watched with ceaseless vigilance the "rebels," who grew more and more aggressive, on the one hand, and on the other with anxious gaze scanned the growing expanse of open water in the river as spring advanced, hoping to see vessels of war and transports loaded with troops, provisions and munitions of war and flying the Union Jack at mast head, sailing up the river to his rescue and the delivery of the strongest fortress in America from the clutches of the persistent Yankees, whose cannon thundered ominously at his gates.

April 1 General Wooster came down from Montreal and assumed command, and April 12, Arnold, feeling slighted by General Wooster, asked to be relieved and retired to Montreal to convalesce. On the first day of May, Maj.-Gen. John Thomas, a man of culture and ability, arrived and assumed command.

Captain Dearborn and his comrades, on May 3, were startled by a commotion that penetrated even through prison walls, and looking out saw a ship approaching from Isle Orleans, with all sails set. It was a fire-ship intended to set fire to the mass of shipping at the wharves and the buildings of the Lower Town. She was thought by the people to be a rescue ship from home and they were wild with excitement. The watchers saw the crew that had guided her row away in a boat, then came an explosion on board and fire and sparks were scattered far and wide. Midst a terrific discharge of shot and shell from all batteries that could be brought to bear, the sails went up in flames, the wind veered and the vessel sheered from its course, harmed nothing, and all was over. This was the last spasmodic attempt of our forces to harass the enemy.

On the 6th of May (three days later), before day, three British war vessels approached the city from below and landed men and guns, bringing joy to the inhabitants of Quebec, but the knell of the hopes of the prisoners and the besiegers. A force of a thousand British troops marched out toward the American lines, which were hastily abandoned, with-

out much effective resistance, and the siege of Quebec was at an end. At a council of war the night previous, the decision to withdraw had been reached as the little army was weakened by the ravages of smallpox and other disease and a scarcity of provisions that had compelled the men to beg for food from house to house in the country in their rear. Even the most sanguine knew now that the campaign had failed. How to escape from a British force of 10,000 men and many ships of war was the problem. We can now see that the sluggish movements of the British troops alone permitted General Thomas to conduct a retreat for twelve miles that first day and thirty miles the next without molestation. Tempted to make a stand at Des Chambault, forty-eight miles up the river, better counsels prevailed, and the retreat was continued by crossing to the south side of the St. Lawrence and on to Sorel, a little below Montreal. Here General Thomas died of smallpox. Arnold joined from Montreal with 300 men. General Sullivan, with 3,500 men sent forward for the succor of the retreating army, joined here and assumed command. Gen. John Sullivan's name occupies a large page in the history of New Hampshire.

Col. Timothy Bedel of northern New Hampshire raised a regiment and marched to the relief of the retreating army. Stationed at The Cedars above Montreal the regiment was disgracefully surrendered while Colonel Bedel was absent on other duty. The prisoners were soon released.

But though the army baffled the pursuing British, they could not baffle the attacks of the pestilence and there were, as the sick were hauled up the river in boats, hardly well men enough to transport and care for the sick who were reduced to a diet of salt pork and flour.

At length, having briefly halted at Chambly and St. Johns, they reached Isle au Noix, June 17, and eight days later they reached Crown Point, a wasted, pitiful mass of humanity, with all lost but honor. Colonel Trumbull, of the staff of General Gates, after inspecting the camp, recorded that he did not look in a tent or hut in which he did not find a dead or dying man. Almost naked, their tattered clothing, their blankets, the air, the ground, reeked with the pestilential infection. Emaciated and weak, they could not have beaten off an enemy had one appeared. A physician who tried to serve them said, "At the sight of so much privation and distress, I wept until I had no more power to weep."

Canada was completely evacuated before the end of June. Had Montgomery and Arnold captured Quebec in the assault of December 31, 1775, or afterward, could they have held their conquest in 1776 against the overwhelming force sent to Canada by the British? It is doubtful, unless the attachment of the Canadians could have been retained. Even then, it would have been doubtful, even if largely reënforced. Was the campaign well advised? Superficially viewed, it does not seem so, considering the lateness of the date of Arnold's departure. But when we remember that the large force of British troops in Canada accomplished practically nothing in 1776, we may perhaps consider that the Canada campaign diverted their strength from the forces that operated under Howe around New York that year and that his capacity for harm was thus diminished. In this view some may think the campaign had, perhaps, slight compensations.

To such an end came courage the most unbounded, efforts the most strenuous, and fortitude the most unexampled. The tale has been told a thousand times. The romance of it all is never-failing. The heroism of it all, for which the deeds and fate

of Montgomery are ever memorable types, is not excelled in lustre by human deeds of any age or clime. The pitiful story of the retreat of the skeleton army might well fill a separate doleful chapter. It is all a tale of sadness and immeasurable pathos.

The objects of the campaign for the conquest of Canada utterly failed of attainment. Do we find any really adequate compensating results to offset the toil, privations, hardships, suffering, loss of life and expenditure of treasure? When we gather the disasters, the terrors, the horrors and the sorrows of that ill-fated campaign into one picture, the all-prevailing gloom derives hardly a ray of light from the transient success at St. John and Montreal. Save this, the only light that illumines the black picture is the glow of patriotic ardor and of heroic courage and fortitude of the heroes of the barriers below the walls of Quebec and of the inhospitable wilderness of the Chaudiere and Kennebec.

E. D. HADLEY.

DES MOINES, IOWA, February 2, 1907.

Home

By Rev. Raymond H. Huse

When in other lands we wander,
And in distant paths we roam,
How our hearts grow warm and tender
When at night we think of home.

And the hills we loved in childhood
Seem to charm us from afar,
As they did when o'er their summits
We beheld the evening star.

Our lives are but a journey
Round a circle, through the glen;
And, when shadows fall at even,
We shall all come home again.

In the dear home paths we'll wander
And the years that took their flight,
In our joy will be forgotten
When we all come home at night.

And the Father who has missed us
While so sadly we did roam,
And the Savior who has loved us
Will receive us, "Welcome Home."

EXETER, N. H.

Capt. Tobias Lear of Portsmouth, Builder of the "Ranger"

By Pay Director Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral U. S. N. (Retired)

Capt. Tobias Lear of Portsmouth, N. H., who died November 6, 1781, aged forty-five years, was the builder of Paul Jones' famous ship, the *Ranger*.

He was first cousin of Gov. John Langdon of Portsmouth, "Best of the best in his New Hampshire home" (Tablet St. John's Church, Portsmouth. See volume I, new series, p. 547); father of Col. Tobias Lear, sixteen years private secretary to George Washington, and grandfather of Rear Admiral George Washington Storer, United States Navy, who as a baby sat on Washington's knee and received his special blessing.

That Capt. Tobias Lear was for several years during the American Revolution superintendent of the "Continental Yard" at Langdon's (now Badger's) Island, in the Piscataqua River opposite Portsmouth, N. H., renders the story of his life and family of interest to the people of New Hampshire, and especially to those who have read, or in future shall look upon the bronze tablet, erected in 1905, at the ferry landing of the Atlantic Shore Electric Railway on that island by the Paul Jones Club, Sons of the American Revolution of Portsmouth, "In memory of the Continental sloop of war *Ranger*, launched from this island May 10, 1777," of which the inscription was printed in full in "Portsmouth Revolutionary Tablets" in this magazine for October, 1906 (Volume I, new series, p. 546).

Captain Lear's "Account Book" from December 23, 1776, to May 12, 1781, covering his receipts from and expenditures on account of "The Honorable John Langdon, Esq.," continental agent during that time, is still preserved. Besides the *Ranger*, Captain Lear built the private armed ship *Portsmouth*, and partly constructed the continental ship *America*, seventy-four guns.

The "Account Book," now the property of Mr. Francis R. Johnson of Portsmouth, through whose kindness the following extracts were made, was presented to him by the late Mrs. Albert L. Jones, formerly Miss Mary Washington Storer, daughter of the late Rear Admiral George Washington Storer, United States Navy, also of Portsmouth, and a great-granddaughter of Capt. Tobias Lear, so that its authenticity is certain.

Its testimony is as follows, viz:—

THE "HAMPSHIRE," RENAMED THE "RANGER."

Cor'll John Langdon, DR.

1777				
Jan'y 11	To cash paid the Carpenters for work when building the Continental ship Hampshire, James Roch Esq. Comdr. bldg. at Cor'll Langdon's Island	63	3	3
March 14	To Cash paid Do.	307	6	3
April 12	To Cash paid Do.	288	14	11
" "	To Cash pd Sundry men when work'g on the Raleigh when she hall'd on shore	1	12	3
May 9–10	To Cash paid the Carpenters and caulkers	226	15	9
" 10	To my supertend'g the ship Hampshire from Dec. 23, 1776 to May 10, 1777, 114 days, 8s. p day	45	4	0
" "	To 19 weeks Board @ 14s.	13	6	0
" "	To Cash pd Sundry Carpenters for Sunday night Board while in town @ 12d p Sunday	8	2	0
		954	4	5
1778				
May 23	To Cash to Ballance this Acc't	9	17	7
		964	2	0

Contra, CR.

Jan'y 11	By Cash to pay the Carpenters when Building the Continental Ship Hampshire. James Roch, Comdr. at Cor'll Langdon's Island	40	2	0
" 13	By Cash for Do.	24	0	0
March 12	By Cash for Do.,	300	0	0
April 11	By Cash for Do.,	300	0	0
May 5	By Cash for Do.,	300	0	0
		964	2	0

The charge for superintending, 114 days at eight shillings per day, should be £45.12.0, as originally written; 113 days would be £45.4.0, the corrected amount entered in the account book.

That the "Continental ship *Hampshire,* James Roch, Esq., Comdr," as she was known from December 23, 1776, to May 10, 1777, while being built, became the continental ship *Ranger* by virtue of the resolve passed by Congress June 14, 1777, "That Captain John Paul Jones be appointed to command the *Ranger* ship of war," is evident; for the *Hampshire* never appears in the list of ships of the Continental Navy and the following evidence conclusively shows that Captain Roch was Captain Jones' predecessor in command of the *Ranger.*

Capt. Thomas Thompson of Portsmouth, commanding the Continental frigate *Raleigh,* in a letter to Capt. Hector McNeil of the Continental frigate *Boston,* dated at Portsmouth, Saturday, July 19, 1777, says: "Jones is here. Commands the ship *Ranger* built in this place, late Roch —not in condition for sea yet." (Facsimilie letter printed in Spears' "History of Our Navy," New York, 1897, Volume I, pages 183–184.)

Paul Jones' letter to Captain Roch, given below, although his name was printed "John Roach" instead of "James Roch," as in the "Account Book," must be recognized as full proof of this identity of the *Hampshire* and the *Ranger.*

Letter of Paul Jones, 1777:

(From a copy in the possession of the New England Historic Geneaological Society.)

PORTSMOUTH, July 12, 1777.

Sir.

I am come here on a disagreeable

errand—to supersede you, against whom I have no cause of complaint.

Delicacy would not permit my more early Appearance. I wished to give you time to consider seriously whether your suspension can be in any respect owing to me? You must be convinced that it was not when you recollect that I was appointed to command a far better ship than the *Ranger*:—Besides I believe you think me incapable of Baseness.

You will have an Opportunity of disproving whatever may have been said to your disadvantage, and the charges against you, whatever they are, must be supported by incontestable Facts, otherwise they will gain no credit with men of Candor and Ingenuity—your present calamity may yet terminate in your future happiness—when it appears you have been wrongfully charged, you will be entitled to a greater share of public good will and approbation than you could otherwise have claimed. I wish you well—and am

Sir

Your most Obedient
very humble servant,

JNO. P. JONES.

(John Roach, Esquire).

—(New England Historical Genealogical Register, Volume 48, page 461.)

It is interesting to note that an original list of the crew of the Continental frigate *Boston*, Capt. Hector McNeil, above mentioned, and an autobiographical sketch of Captain McNeil's life, are in possession of Charles W. Gray of Portsmouth, where some of his family connections still reside.

THE PRIVATE ARMED SHIP PORTSMOUTH.

The *Portsmouth* was also built on Langdon's Island under the superintendence of Capt. Tobias Lear; but before the *Ranger*, as shown by the following extracts from the "Account Book:"

Cor ll John Langdon,		Dr.
1776	To paying the Carpenters for Building the Ship *Portsmouth* from the 25th of Sept. to the 21st day of Dec. when she was launched	£634.12.3
1777	For Cash paid the Carpenters when finishing the ship at town and for lodging of same	£141.14.11
1777	To my Time from Sept. 25th, 1776, to Dec. 21st, 1777 (1776), 106 days @ 6/6	£34.9.0
	To 15 Weeks Board @ 14s	10.10.0
		£821.6.2
Contra		Cr.
1776		
Oct. 19th	By Cash to pay Carpenters for Building the ship *Portsmouth*	30. 0.0
Oct. 25th	By Cash for Do.	104. 8.0
Nov. 9th	By Cash for Do.	64.16.0
Nov. 16th.	By Cash for Do.	108. 0.0
Nov. 19th	By Cash for Do.	30. 0.0
Dec. 6th	By Cash for Do.	180. 0.0
Dec. 23d	By Cash for Do.	120. 0.0
1777		
Mar. 11th	By Cash for Do.	176. 0.0
		* 812. 4.0
1778		
May 23d	By Cash to Ballance this A'ct	9.2.2
		821.6.2

(*This should have been £813.4.0.)

It is stated in Emmons' "Navy of the United States," Washington, 1853, in a list of "Public and Private Armed Vessels fitted out in the United States during the Revolutionary War," that the *Portsmouth* was a "Ship" of "twenty guns" and "one hundred men," Captain "R. Parker," fitted out in "New Hampshire" in "1776."

THE AMERICA.

The work on "The 74 buildg at Cor ll Langdon's Island"—the *America*—was superintended by Capt. Tobias Lear from May 10, 1777, to May 12, 1781 (six months before his death); and his charges against Col. John Langdon for "superintending" during all the time are entered in this Account Book. Credit is given for money and stores received and charges are made for cash paid to carpenters, etc., amounting to about £125,000; the coin value of which, however, owing to the depreciation of Continental money, it would be diffi-

cult to ascertain, the last charge, July 27, 1781, being "For 10 Bushels Corn left at the Island, £180," or £18 per bushel.

The first charge is

1777		
May 10th	For Cash Paid the Carpenters buildg the Continental ship called the —— of 74 guns	£43.08.9

The first charge for superintending is:

To my superintending from May 10, 1777, until March 31, 1778, 290 Days @ 18s	261.0.0
For 41 Weeks Board @ 48s	98.8.0

The last charge for superintending is as follows, and the greatly increased rate owing to the depreciation of Continental money, is very marked:

To my Superintending the Continental Yard from Oct. 14, 1780, until 12th May (1781) is 180 Dys inclusive @ £45.	
To my Board while superintending the Yard from Oct. 14, 1780, until May 12, (1781) is 25 Wks & 5 Dys.	10030.0.0

Charges covering "Major Hackett's Board" from March 20, 1779, to October 30, 1779, thirty-two weeks at £12 per week, and from November 1, 1779, to March 18, 1780, 23 weeks at £20 per week—are also contained in this account.

Col. James Hackett was of Exeter, but seems to have resided, some time, at Portsmouth. He was a noted shipbuilder and a man of great enterprise and energy. He was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in one of the New Hampshire regiments in 1776, for the field, but his services were so urgently required at home, in fitting out armed vessels, that he declined the office. He volunteered, however, for duty under Gen. Sullivan in Rhode Island, in a company of light horse raised in Portsmouth, and was made lieutenant, Gov. John Langdon being captain. He was also in command of a battalion of artillery on the occasion of Gen. Washington's visit to Portsmouth, and received his excellency with a "grand salute."—(Notice by Hon. Charles H. Bell, of Exeter, N. H., in "New England Historical and Genealogical Register," Vol. 23, page 53.)

CAPT. TOBIAS LEAR.

"Capt Tobias Lear (fourth), born August 1, 1737, died November 6, 1781, married Mary Stillson December 29, 1757. She was born May 25, 1739, and died May 24, 1829."—(Old Lear Bible.)

They had two children, Tobias Lear (fifth), Washington's secretary, and Polly, who married Samuel Storer.

Their gravestones, side by side, at the Point of Graves, Portsmouth, bear the following inscriptions, viz:

In memory
of
Capt. Tobias Lear
Obt Nov 6th, 1781
Æ 45

"A wits a feather & a Cheif a Rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

—(Stone.)

Here lie the remains of
Mrs. Mary Lear
the widow of
Captn Tobias Lear.
She died the 24th of May, 1829,
Aged 90 years.
Devoted in her attachments
Ardent in her affections
and
Sincere in her piety
She was long an example that
"The hoary head is a crown of
Glory if it be found in the way of
righteousness."

—(Stone).

His mother's stone, also at the Point of Graves, and next his own, is inscribed as follows, viz.:

In memory of
Mrs Elizabeth Lear
wife of
Capt. Tobias Lear
who died July 21, 1774
Aged 58 Years.

—(Stone).

Capt. Tobias Lear—fourth of the name—was the great-grandson of Tobias Lear (first), who married, April 11, 1667, Elizabeth (Sherburne)

Langdon, widow of Tobias Langdon, who died July 27, 1664. They had two daughters and Tobias Lear (second), whose son, Tobias Lear (third), married Elizabeth Hall, daughter of Josiah Hall; she died July 21, 1774, aged 58 years. Tobias and Elizabeth (Hall) Lear had two children: Elizabeth, who married Nathaniel Sherburne and Tobias Lear (fourth). —(Penhallow Family, Boston, 1885, page 20.)

Capt. Tobias Lear and Colonel, afterwards Governor, John Langdon, were both great-grandchildren of Elizabeth Sherburne (daughter of Henry and Rebecca [Gibbons] Sherburne, and granddaughter of Ambrose Gibbons), who married, first, Tobias Langdon, July 10, 1656, who died July 27, 1664; second, Tobias Lear, April 11, 1667, who died in 1681, and third, Richard Martyn; as related in the "Wentworth Genealogy," Volume I, pages 116, 189 and 335. Additional information as to these early residents of Portsmouth will be found in Brewster's "Rambles about Portsmouth," second series, pages 44–61.

Captain Lear was also a first cousin to Governor Langdon, whose mother, Mary Hall (of Exeter) was a sister of Captain Lear's mother, Elizabeth Hall, daughters of Josiah Hall ("Wentworth Genealogy," Volume I, page 336), a descendant of "the great puritan, Thomas Dudley of the Bay," as John Elwyn, grandson of Governor Langdon, wrote in the "Rambles," second series, page 57.

Thomas Dudley
For Seventeen Years
Governor or Deputy Governor
of the
Massachusetts Bay Colony.
As Governor he signed
The Charter of Harvard College.
Born in England, 1576.
Died in Roxbury, 1653.
"A man of Approved Wisdom
and of Much Good Service
to the State."

—(Tablet, First Church, Boston.)

SECRETARY TOBIAS LEAR.

Capt. Tobias Lear lived on the north side of Hunking Street, Portsmouth, near the river. The house in which he resided is there now and bears a tablet with the following inscription, in remembrance of his son, Col. Tobias Lear:

Col. Tobias Lear
was born in this house in 1760.
He was George Washington's Secretary from 1783 to 1799.
Washington visited here in 1789.
This tablet is placed by the Society
of the Sons of the Revolution
of the State of New Hampshire.
1899.

(Tablet.)

Lear House.—Marked with a bronze tablet. It was here that Tobias Lear, who was private secretary to General Washington for sixteen years, was born, in 1760 [1762]. In Washington's diary, under date of Tuesday, November 3, 1789, he wrote: "I called upon President Sullivan and Mrs. Lear." Mrs. Lear was the step-mother [the mother—see below] of his secretary and occupied this house with Samuel Storer, who had married Lear's sister. They were the parents of the late Admiral George Washington Storer, who was a baby at the time and received Washington's blessing. Lear served as secretary until Washington's death. Afterward he was consul-general at San Domingo and Tripoli in 1804. Mr. Lear had three wives, the first being Mary Long of Portsmouth; his second was Mrs. Ball, a niece of General Washington [see below], the third being Miss Fanny D. Henly [see below], a niece of Martha Washington.—(Gurney's "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," Portsmouth, 1902.)

Gurney's book is, however, incorrect in part, as noted above, as shown by the following extracts from the "Old Lear Bible," kindly furnished by one of Captain Lear's descendants:

Tobias Lear (fifth) born Sept. 19, 1762, married, first in 1790, Mary Long of Portsmouth. She died 1793; second Mrs. Frances Washington, widow of Major George Augustine Washington, who was Gen. Washington's nephew, in 1795, she died 1796; third, Miss Frances Dandridge

Henley, Mrs. Washington's niece, 1803, she died about 1855.—Old Lear Bible.

Mrs. Mary Lear, after the death of Col. Tobias Lear, wrote the following in the "Old Lear Bible," thus fully confirming what is evident from the dates of her marriage and his birth, that she was his own mother.

My one and only beloved son Tobias Lear was born Sept. 19, 1762. Departed this life Oct. 11, 1816, aged 55 years. I have every cause to hope he now rests in the Bosom of his Redeemer after a short but exemplary life of filial duty and affection to his aged parent, he being nearly all her support and comfort since the decease of his dear and honored Father.—(Old Lear Bible.)

This is further confirmation by the following notice of Col. Tobias Lear's death:

Died—In Washington city the 10th (11th) inst., suddenly, Tobias Lear, Esq., aged 56, Accountant of the War Department and late consul at Algiers. Col. Lear was a native of this town, where his mother now resides.—(The Portsmouth *Oracle*, Oct. 19, 1816.)

Lear, Tobias, diplomatist, born Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 19, 1762; died Washington, D. C., Oct. 10, 1816. H. U. 1783. In 1785 he became private secretary to General Washington and was most liberally remembered by him in his will. In 1801 he was made consul-general at St. Domingo; and from 1804 to 1812 was consul-general at Algiers, and commissioner to conclude a peace with Tripoli. The latter duty he performed in 1805, much to the dissatisfaction of General Eaton, who was gaining important advantages over the Tripolitans. Lear's conduct was approved by his government, though much blamed by a portion of the public. At his decease he was an accountant in the war department.—("Dictionary of American Biography," Boston, 1872.)

He was Washington's Secretary—The tomb of Tobias Lear is in an unfrequented corner of the Congressional cemetery, Washington. Let the epitaph cut in the top slab, tell the story:

"Here lie the remains of Tobias Lear. He was early distinguished as the private secretary and familiar friend of the illustrious George Washington, and after having served his country with dignity, zeal and fidelity in many honorable stations, died accountant of the war department, Oct. 11, 1816, aged 54."

Lear, who was a New Englander, was called to Mt. Vernon as tutor of the Custis children, the grandchildren of Mrs. Washington. He became private secretary to Washington. Essentially all that has been written of the last illness and death of Washington is based on Lear's narrative. Lear was present at the death scene.

A wreath has been placed on the tomb this week by the Daughters of the American Revolution.—(The Boston *Globe*, February 22, 1905.)

Benjamin Lincoln Lear, the son of Col. Tobias and Mary (Long) Lear, was Col. Lear's only child. He died in Washington in 1831. [See below.] His mother died in Philadelphia in 1795, as stated in the "Rambles," first series, pages 268–269. She was the daughter of Col. Pierse Long of Portsmouth, of whom an interesting notice will be found in the "Rambles," first series, pages 272–276.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear married Maria Morris, and died leaving an only daughter, Louisa Lincoln Lear. The widow married Richard Derby and the daughter married Wilson Eyre.—("Penhallow Family," Boston, 1885, page 20.)

Benjamin Lincoln Lear, only son of Col. Tobias Lear, General Washington's private secretary, entered Phillips Academy, Andover, August 3, 1803, as from Portsmouth, N. H., and registered as twelve years old. (I have another memorandum that he was born March 11, 1791.) Bushrod Corbin Washington, George Corbin Washington, John Augustine Washington, and Richard Henry Lee Washington, all grand nephews of Washington, entered the academy the same year. Washington during his lifetime had sent other grand nephews, Augustine and Bushrod Washington, and Cassius and Francis Lightfoot Lee, with one nephew, Howell Lewis, to Andover, so it was very natural that young Lear, whose stepmothers were of the Washington

family, should be fitted for college there also. Benjamin L. Lear entered Harvard College, but afterwards was transferred to Bowdoin, where he graduated in 1810. He was a lawyer in Washington, where he died October 1, 1832.

(C. C. C. A. Notes and Queries, *Boston Transcript*, December 26, 1906.)

The "expenses" of Madam Mary Lear "from Portsmouth to Portland and from Portland to Brunswick and from Brunswick to Portsmouth, when Lincoln took his Degree at Brunswick," in "August, 1810."—$22.70—are entered in the latter part of the "Account Book" already mentioned.

Benjamin Lincoln Lear, A. M., class of 1810, Bowdoin College, born 11 March, 1792, Philadelphia, Lawyer, Washington, died 1 October, 1832.—Bowdoin "General Catalogue," Brunswick, Maine, 1894.

LINES BY B. L. LEAR.

This day we call on sacred Heaven
To ratify our vow,
And bind the faith that each has given
In solemn nuptials now.

The vow to love till death do part,
In sickness and in health,
To prize the treasure of the heart
Above all other wealth.

The selfish wish, the lonely sigh,
Must now be sacrificed,
And in each other's grief and joy,
Our union realized.

For hand in hand henceforth we go
Unto our journey's end,
And meet together weal or woe,
Whichever Heaven may send.

If we shall rightly love and live,
All ill is half destroy'd,
And every blessing Heaven may give
Shall doubly be enjoyed.

In thee I know that I shall find
All that I value best.
The warmest heart, the purest mind,
"The sunshine of the breast."

The story of Washington's call upon Mrs. Mary Lear, the mother of his secretary, then a widow, during his visit to Portsmouth, in 1789, with interesting incidents in the friendship of George and Martha Washington for Madam Lear, is told in Brewster's "Rambles about Portsmouth," first series, pages 263–269.

The "Rambles" describe one Washington relic of deep interest in possession of Miss Mary Lear Storer half a century ago, and still preserved in the family, which can have no like elsewhere. "A piece of black satin, of eight by ten inches, is framed and glassed, and around the edge, just inside the frame, is a piece of narrow white taste." It was wrought about the commencement of the last century, in a handsome manner in Roman letters, by Mary Lear Storer, who as a child, in 1789, sat upon Washington's knee during this memorable call. "The words were the composition of her grandmother—the mother of Col. Tobias Lear." The inscription tells its own story:

This is work'd with our Illustrious and beloved General
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HAIR.
Which covered his exalted head;
But now enrolled among the dead.
Yet wears a crown above the skies,
In realms of bliss which never dies.
This is work'd with Lady
MARTHA WASHINGTON'S HAIR,
Relict of our beloved General.
I prav her honored head
May long survive the dead;
And when she doth her breath resign,
May she in heaven her consort join.
This hair was sent to Mrs. Lear, by her good friend Lady Washington.

The account of the call, printed in Gurney's "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," Portsmouth, 1902, and already been given, and pictures of the house and of the tombstones of Capt. Tobias Lear and of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth (Hall) Lear, at the Point of Graves, may be found on pages 100, 104 and 105 of that work.

The inscription on these stones, and also on that of Mrs. Mary Lear, are printed in the "New Hampshire Gen-

cological Record," Dover, N. H., July, 1903, Volume I, pages 18–19, though the date of the latter's death should be May, and not November, 1829.

REAR ADMIRAL STORER.

Capt. Tobias Lear and his wife, Mary Stillson, had only two children: Tobias and Polly. Polly Lear married Samuel Storer (as already stated), and became the mother of Rear Admiral George Washington Storer, United States Navy, born May 4, 1789; died January 8, 1864, for whom Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth, is named, and upon whose head Washington gently placed his hand during the visit already mentioned and expressed the wish that he may "be a better man than the one whose name he bears," as related in the "Rambles."

Storer, George Washington, naval officer, born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1789; died there 8 Jan. 1864. He entered the Navy as a Midshipman, 16 Jan. 1809, and was commissioned a Lieutenant, 24 July, 1813. He served in the ship *Independence* on the Mediterranean station in 1815–'16, commanded the schooner *Lynx* on the New England coast and in the Gulf of Mexico in 1817, cruised in the frigates *Congress* and *Java* in the West Indies in 1818–'19, and in the frigate *Constitution* in the Mediterranean in 1820–'24. He was commissioned Master Commandant, 24 April, 1828, and Captain 9 Feb., 1837, commanded the receiving ship *Constellation* at Boston in 1839, the frigate *Potomac* of the Brazil station, in 1840–'42, the Navy Yard at Portsmouth in 1843–'46, and was Commander-in-Chief of the Brazil squadron in 1847–'50. He was on leave and served as member of boards, president of the board of inquiry, and other duty in 1851–'54. In 1855–'57 he was Governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia. He was retired, 21 Dec. 1861, on account of age, and promoted to Rear Admiral on the Retired list, 16 July, 1862. In 1861–'62 he served on special duty in Brooklyn, after which he was unemployed for one year.—(Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography.)

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 13, 1864.

The Department announces to the Navy and Marine Corps, the Death of Rear Admiral George W. Storer. He died at his residence in Portsmouth, N. H., on the morning of the 8th inst., after an honorable career in the Navy of nearly fifty-five years. Rear Admiral Storer was correct in his deportment, attached to his profession, and devoted to his country. As an officer in the Navy he has served faithfully, and has filled with credit many important positions both ashore and afloat.

As a mark of respect to his memory, it is hereby directed that at the Portsmouth, N. H. Navy Yard the flags be hoisted at half-mast and thirteen minute-guns be fired at meridian on the day after the receipt hereof.

GIDEON WELLES,
Secretary of the Navy.

A Child Who Died at Easter

By Charles Henry Chesley

Bring snowy lilies, scatter them around,
She was as pure as day,
And think white thoughts of God above the mound
Where rests the earthly clay.

It seemed a cruel fate that she should go,
Like sun obscured at dawn,
And yet—we bow our heads—God wills it so
Till Resurrection morn.

The Father's Care

By S. H. McCollester

'Tis revealed to us o'er and o'er
As time passing hurries along
That the Holiest and Highest
Is holding us lovingly strong.

'Tis not alone 'mid smiles and joy,
Our hearts and minds grow pure and true;
The larger growth is in the shade
Where pain and sorrow have their due.

Tears oft prove glasses to the soul;
Sweetest love may come in despair,
Enriching life with lasting gain
Setting affections on things fair.

Thus experience teaches more and more,
As we journey on each day,
That the light of the Father's face
Is e'er shining upon our way.

So amidst life's tints and shadows,
We can hold fast the Father's hand
And be assured, through night and day,
That He'll lead us to the Saint-Band.

We may have a sure guide in Christ
Who is the way, the truth, the light,
To help us pick blossom and fruit
From the tree of life, all bright.

'Tis strange that any should miss His aid
Since it is all so free and fair
Whate'er may betide, joy or grief,
For all need help, highest and rare.

In Him is found the panacea
The thought and the love to leaven,
Fitting the soul to live truly
And well, on earth or in Heaven.

New Hampshire Necrology

ADA L. HOWARD.

Miss Ada Lydia Howard, first president of Wellesley College, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 3.

She was a native of the town of Temple, daughter of William H. and Lydia A. (Cowden) Howard, born December 19, 1826. She was educated at New Ipswich Academy, Lowell High School and Mount Holyoke College, graduating from the latter in 1853, and pursuing post-graduate studies under private teachers. She was an instructor at Mount Holyoke for several years, for some time principal of the woman's department of Knox College, Illinois, and principal of a private school of her own, Ivy Hall, at Bridgeton, N. J. She was also for some time a member of the faculty of Western College at Oxford, Ohio. When Helen Peabody, the accomplished president of the latter institution (also a New Hampshire woman) was invited to become president of Wellesley College, at the opening of the latter institution, she declined, and recommended Miss Howard, who accepted, and held the position from 1875 till 1882, when ill health compelled her resignation. She resided thereafter, for some time, at Methuen, Mass., but for several years past her home had been at 127 Amity Street, Brooklyn.

In testimony of the affection and respect in which Miss Howard was held by those who had benefited by her guidance, the alumnæ of the college placed a life-size portrait of their first president in the Wellesley art gallery in 1890, and an honor scholarship, called the Ada L. Howard scholarship, has been given to the institution. Mount Holyoke College conferred on her the degree of doctor of literature in 1900.

SEMANTHE MERRILL.

Miss Semanthe Canney Merrill, born in Derry, December 31, 1839, died in Somerville, Mass., January 16.

Miss Merrill was the daughter of Austin and Mary (Canney) Merrill. She was a granddaughter of Capt. Simon Merrill, who served in the Revolution under Stark and seventh in direct line from Nathaniel Merrill, who came from Salisbury, England, to Ipswich, Mass., in 1633. Among her paternal ancestors were Rev. Stephen Bachiler and Christopher Hussey; while on her mother's side she was descended from John Wheelwright and by two lines from Joseph Peaslee, the Quaker ancestor of John G. Whittier.

She was educated at Chester and Pinkerton academies, and at the Adams Female Academy, Derry, and was for eight years associate principal of the latter school. Subsequently she successfully conducted a private school in Greenland, and was later principal of the high school in that town, but eventually gave up teaching to be the companion of her mother in her declining years, during which time she wrote extensively for religious and Sunday-school publications. Some four years ago, she removed to Somerville, Mass., where a sister, Miss A. Marion Merrill, is a teacher in the English High School, while another sister, Mrs. Stephen L. Barker, resides in Lawrence. She was a member of the Prospect Hill Congregational Church in Somerville, and superintendent of the home department of its Sunday-school. She was also secretary of Anne Adams Tufts Chapter, D. A. R., and of the Somerville Browning Club.

MYRA S. CHATTERTON.

Miss Myra Smith Chatterton, born in Acworth, September 28, 1865, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 11, 1907.

Miss Chatterton was a daughter of Edwin S. and Sarah W. Chatterton, and was educated in the schools of her native town and at Mount Holyoke and Barnard colleges. She entered upon the profession of teaching and was for two years lady principal of Frederick Female Seminary at Frederick, Maryland. Following this, she was a teacher in the Barstow High School at Mattapoisett, Mass., for two years, and then took the position of teacher of biology in the Girls' High School at Brooklyn, which she filled with eminent success for fifteen years, and was transferred, at her own request, to the Morris High School in the Bronx, but a short time before her fatal illness. She was a woman of commanding presence, gracious manner, and strong devotion to her work, and held the confidence and esteem of her pupils in the fullest degree.

She was a loyal daughter of her native town, spending her vacations at the old home, where she had been a member of the Congregational Church since 1876. She was a leading spirit and secretary of the Acworth Old Home Week Association, and no one contributed more than she to the success and pleasure of its celebrations. She was also corresponding secretary of the Biological Association of New

York City, a member of the Mount Holyoke Association of the same city, and had been a lecturer before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. She leaves three sisters, Minnie E. (also a successful teacher), Esther R. and Gertrude M.; also one brother, Alonzo M., residing on the old homestead in Acworth.

MIRON J. HAZELTINE.

Miron J. Hazeltine, a man of literary taste, and a chess authority of national reputation, died at his home in Thornton, February 24. He was born in Rumney, November 13, 1824. He was chess editor of the *New York Clipper* for more than fifty years, and possessed the most extensive and valuable collection of works on chess in New England. He was a classical scholar of no mean repute and had made a metrical translation of the Greek poet Anacreon.

CHARLES CUMMINGS.

Charles Cummings, born in Hollis, June 7, 1817, died at Medford, Mass., February 28, 1907.

He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1842 and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1846. In the latter year he became principal of the Medford (Mass.) High School, and remained in that position for thirty years, retiring in 1876. He was a member of the first board of library trustees in Medford, and has been active in literary and historical work in his later years. He married Elizabeth L. Dyer of South Abington, Mass., and leaves one son, George D. Cummings, city auditor of Medford. He was a member and for a long time a deacon of the Mystic Congregational Church of Medford.

SAMUEL H. FOLSOM.

Samuel Hilliard Folsom, son of Samuel and Ann (Lovering) Folsom, born in Hopkinton, February 23, 1826, died at Winchester, Mass., February 19, 1907.

He was a graduate of Dartmouth, of the class of 1851, and became principal of the Westford (Mass.) Academy in the latter year, continuing for two years. He subsequently read law in Lowell and Boston, was admitted to the bar, and settled in practice at East Cambridge. For eleven years, from 1893 to 1904, he was registrar of deeds for the county of Middlesex. He married Catherine Abbott of Hampton Falls, N. H., October 12, 1857.

ADONIRAM J. ADAMS.

Adoniram Judson Adams, who died February 18, 1907, at his home in Roxbury, Mass., was a native of the town of Washington, born in 1820, and a direct descendant of John Adams, who fought at Bunker Hill. When fifteen years of age he went to Boston and engaged in a grocery store, working upward till in 1848, he held a responsible position in the firm of Stephen Hall & Co., wholesale grocers on Market Street, subsequently Martin L. Hall & Co., well known in the business world throughout New England, of which firm he had been the senior member for thirty years, at the time of his death. He was a leading director of the Faneuil Hall National Bank, and a lifelong and active member of the Baptist Church.

WILLIAM WELCH.

William Welch, the oldest member of the Grand Army of the Republic in the United States, and the oldest resident of New Hampshire, died at the home of his son in East Lempster, February 2, 1907. He was born in St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, March 29, 1809. In June, 1842, he married Miss Eleanor Thompson of that place, and soon after came to New Hampshire. He located at Lempster and engaged in the lumber business, subsequently removing to Acworth, where he continued several years in the same business, and has since lived in different towns in Sullivan County, with one or another of his children, of whom he had ten. He was an Odd Fellow and a Free Mason, having belonged to the latter fraternity seventy-seven years.

DR. JAMES E. LOTHROP.

James Elbridge Lothrop, a prominent citizen of Dover, died March 6, at the age of 81 years.

Doctor Lothrop was a native of Rochester, the son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop, born November 30, 1826. His ancestors, in both lines, were among the early settlers of New England. He was educated in Rochester and Strafford academies, and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, from which he graduated in 1848. He established drug stores in Dover, Newmarket, Meredith, Great Falls and Amesbury, Mass., under the firm name of D. Lothrop & Co., his brothers being admitted to partnership, and did an extensive business. Subsequently he engaged extensively in the clothing trade and dealt in musical instruments. He was also a member of the famous publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston.

Doctor Lothrop had served as a member of the state Legislature and was for two terms mayor of Dover. He was prominently connected with the banking and other corporate interests of the city, and a leading member of the Methodist Church.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

A proposition looking to a change in the law whereby "Patriots' Day," so called, being the nineteenth of April, shall be substituted for Fast Day, as a legal holiday, has been presented in each branch of the Legislature, and, at the present writing, remains undisposed of in the House. The purpose of the authors and supporters of this measure is to do away with the now absurd and farcical custom of the executive in appointing a Fast Day, which is nowhere observed in the original spirit, and to establish in its stead a genuine holiday whose observance shall be of real significance and appeal to the patriotic spirit of the people, as was done some years ago in Massachusetts, in which state Fast Day had its origin in this country. While there is no law requiring the appointment of a Fast Day by the governor in this state, we have as yet had no chief executive with courage enough to disregard the old-time custom, absurd as it has come to be, and until the Legislature takes some action, such as is proposed in this measure, the farce of proclaiming an annual day of fasting and prayer, upon which nobody fasts and few even pray, is likely to be continued.

Notwithstanding the fact that a bill providing for the state certification of teachers was defeated recently in the House of Representatives—a fact greatly deplored by the friends of education throughout the state—there is no doubt that a growing sentiment exists in New Hampshire in favor of more general and thorough preparation of teachers for their work, to the end that teaching shall become a profession in fact rather than a mere avocation, to be followed, in many cases, as a mere makeshift, and then abandoned for something more profitable or congenial. This is shown by the strong pressure brought to bear upon the Legislature for the establishment of another normal school, which has resulted in the passage of a bill in the House of Representatives, authorizing such establishment and constituting the governor and council and the normal school trustees a board, or committee, to carry out the work. It is sincerely to be hoped that the time is not far distant when no person can be employed in the public schools of the state who has not had special training for the work, but this, of course, cannot be until the facilities for obtaining such training have been so increased and extended as to be fairly within the reach of all, as they cannot be with but one normal school and three or four city training schools in the state. Massachusetts, we believe, has nine state normal schools. New Hampshire should have no less than three well-equipped institutions of this class, so located with reference to each other and the state at large as to best convenience the entire state.

As winter wears away and the budding spring time approaches and people begin to anticipate the pleasures of communion with nature in her visible forms, there comes to mind the recently published book by Miss Frances M. Abbott of this city, entitled "Birds and Flowers About Concord, New Hampshire," a neat little duodecimo volume, whose scope is indicated by its title, and whose value and interest is guaranteed by the name of the author, to all people of Concord and vicinity, at least. In addition to the interesting descriptive chapters, Miss Abbott presents in this book a classified list of 110 different birds observed by herself in this vicinity, and ninety-one observed by others; also a list of 540 species of flowering plants belonging to eighty families. Sent postpaid by the author to any address, for $1.

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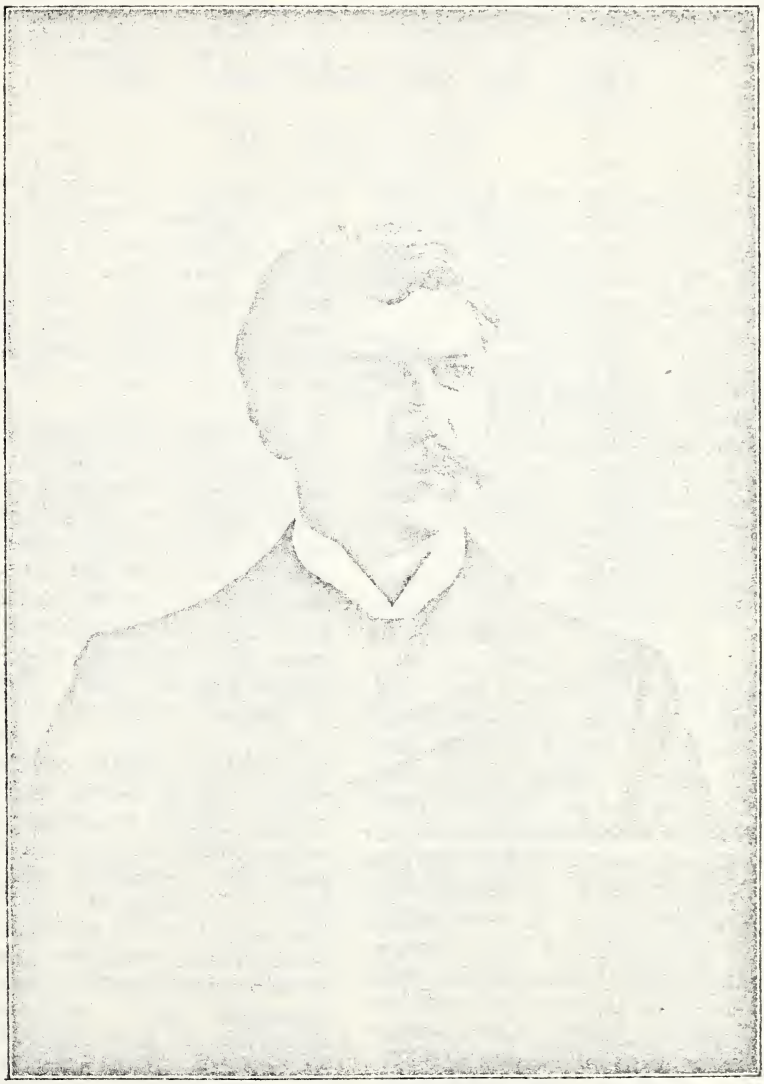


HON. BERTRAM ELLIS.

Speaker of the House

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIX, No. 4 APRIL, 1907 NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, No. 4

The Legislature of 1907

By A. Chester Clark

The New Hampshire Legislature of 1907 met on the first Tuesday in January facing an unusual amount of responsibility, with much work already in sight for it to do, and with the eyes of the state fastened upon it in closer and more interested scrutiny than had been the case for many years previous.

The fact that there had been no choice by the people for governor in the election of the previous November devolved the choice of a chief executive upon this General Court, and the expiration of the term of United States Senator Henry E. Burnham gave the Legislature the power of naming a man to sit for six years from March, 1907, in the upper branch of the American Congress at Washington.

The platform pledges of both political parties seemed to give assurance of considerable reform legislation, and it was thought that the likelihood of the fulfillment of these promises was strengthened by the choice as members of the Legislature of two score members of the much vaunted Lincoln Republican Club of New Hampshire. The unusually large Democratic vote for governor had carried with it the election to each branch of the Legislature of more minority members than had been the case in the recent past, and this, too, was held to indicate the probability of a lively session.

When the two bodies came together for organization, with large Republican majorities in both branches, it was found that the majority in the Senate was unanimous in its desire that the only lawyer in its membership, John Scammon of Exeter, should accept the presidency of the upper branch. This he did, and while his acceptance of the position forced him to make up the committees on the judiciary and revision of laws without a lawyer upon either of them, no harm came from this unusual situation. President Scammon proved an ideal presiding officer and, in co-operation with him, the entire Senate worked with less debate than most of its predecessors, but with great efficiency.

In the House Republican caucus there was a contest for the speakership nomination between Hon. Bertram Ellis of Keene, a former president of the Senate, and Col. Walter Scott of Dover, a useful member of the judiciary committee at the session of 1905. Mr. Ellis won and vindicated the choice of the House by presiding with the utmost fairness and courtesy and by displaying a thorough acquaintance with parliamentary law and a notable diligence in attendance and devotion to duty.

The Democrats honored one of their time-tried party members, Doctor Towle of Deerfield, by making him chairman of their party caucus, and one of their younger but most gifted representatives, William A. Plummer, Esq., of Laconia, by giving him their complimentary nomination for speaker.

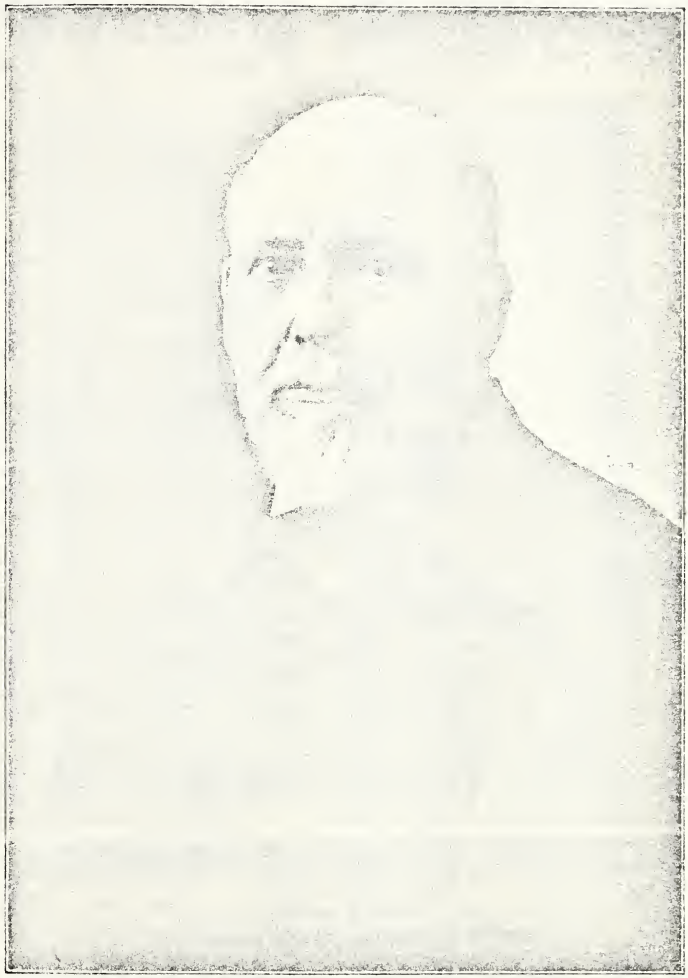
Another Democrat, Representative William J. Ahern of Concord, Ward Nine, was the virtual floor leader of the House throughout the session, his committee room and open session experience of many terms, and his expert acquaintance with parliamentary law, and instant grasp of tangled situations, making him a member whose service was almost invaluable.

On the Republican side the leadership and responsibility were divided to an unusual extent. Ex-Congressman Henry M. Baker of Bow, whose long and honorable political record was duly recognized by his appointment as chairman of the House judiciary committee, and James E. French of Moultonborough, the long-time head of the railroad committee, promoted at this session to the chairmanship of appropriations, were in disgreement during most of the session: William F. Nason of Dover, whose choice as chairman of the House Republican caucus would have entitled him by precedent to a certain degree of leadership, did not choose to assume it, but William F. Whitcher of Haverhill, who enjoyed the distinction of serving for a fourth consecutive term as a member of the judiciary committee, as frequently essayed the function of leadership as any majority member.

Hon. John Scammon,
President of the Senate

But, if acknowledged leaders were somewhat lacking, the rank and file of the House membership averaged the best in years and an unusual number of young men, new men, men of promise, received their initiation into business under the dome. The City of

Concord contributed several of these and had on the whole a splendid representation in the Legislature. The town of Milford sent three men who would be a credit to any legislative



Hon. Henry M. Baker.

Chairman of the Judiciary Committee

body anywhere. And instances like this could be multiplied.

The Legislature was in session for fourteen weeks, the longest active life of any General Court since that of 1891, which was in session exactly the same length of time. It passed 293 acts and resolves, including both public and private legislation, and killed something more than the same number of proposed acts and joint resolutions. Its special appropriations aggregated half a million dollars, and it refused propositions for the expenditure of three or four times that amount.

Early in its session the House of Representatives directed its committee on retrenchment and reform to investigate the various state offices, bureaus and departments, and it named a

special committee to study the workings of the license law and its administration by the state license commission.

The latter committee, after a few hearings, reported that it had no changes to recommend in the law or its execution, but the committee on retrenchment and reform had an opposite experience, and in a lengthy report, recommended many possible and desirable economies in expenditure and improvements in service. These recommendations it embodied in bills, and it is to be regretted that so few of them succeeded in becoming laws.

Some genuine progress was made, however, on broader lines of reform. A state transportation contract was substituted for the long-standing legislative and official free railroad pass, and a law was enacted which it would seem will largely do away with the barter and sale in "proxies" at political conventions. The scope of the caucus law was somewhat extended, and a direct primary proposal was beaten in the House by only eight votes, indicating that the people are getting waked up on this line.

A pure food law, in line with the national statute, was enacted, the manufacture and sale of adulterated ice cream was prohibited and sanitary regulations for barber shops were laid down.

While franchise taxation and a direct inheritance tax were turned down, the collateral inheritance law was perfected and express companies and dining, sleeping and parlor cars were taxed.

William J. Ahern.
Member of Appropriations Committee

A good deal of proposed labor legislation was killed, but the long fought

William F. Whitcher,
Member of Judiciary Committee

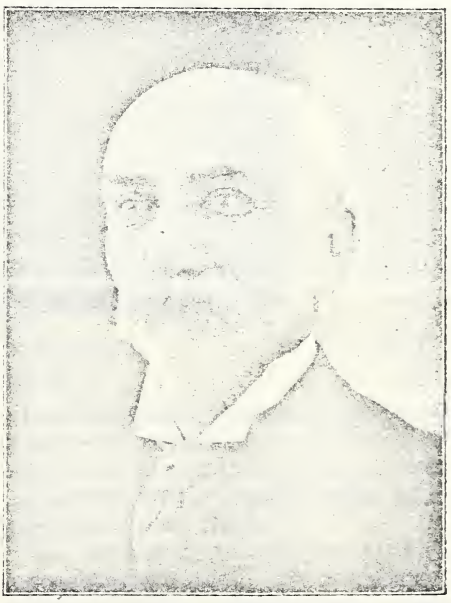
for 58-hour law was finally enacted. Few were chosen for passage out of the mass of insurance bills submitted, and the same may be said of the proposals for the amendment of the license law. Some desirable amendments were made to the good roads law, and a state highway from Nashua to Laconia up the Merrimack valley was authorized.

While it failed to build a new state house, to establish a new normal school or to erect a statue to Franklin Pierce, the Legislature was fairly generous in its treatment of the educational and charitable interests of the state, and showed commendable public spirit in its appropriations to combat the moth plagues, for the representation of New Hampshire at the Jamestown Exposition, and for a silver service to be presented to the battleship *New Hampshire* now building.

During the recent session there was no more influential member of the upper branch than Hon. George H. Saltmarsh, senator from the fourth district. As chairman of the committee on railroads, he has been in charge of a number of important measures, while he has also served as chairman of the committee on state hospital, and as a member of the committees on banks and public improvements.

Senator Saltmarsh is a native of Gilford, where he was born, March 3, 1859. His preparatory education was obtained at the New Hampton Literary Institution, which has probably prepared more New Hampshire men of prominence for their life-work than any similar institution in the state. From New Hampton he went to Dartmouth Medical College, from which institution he received the degree of M. D. in 1883. Since that time he has practised his profession in Lakeport, where he has built up an extensive and lucrative practice.

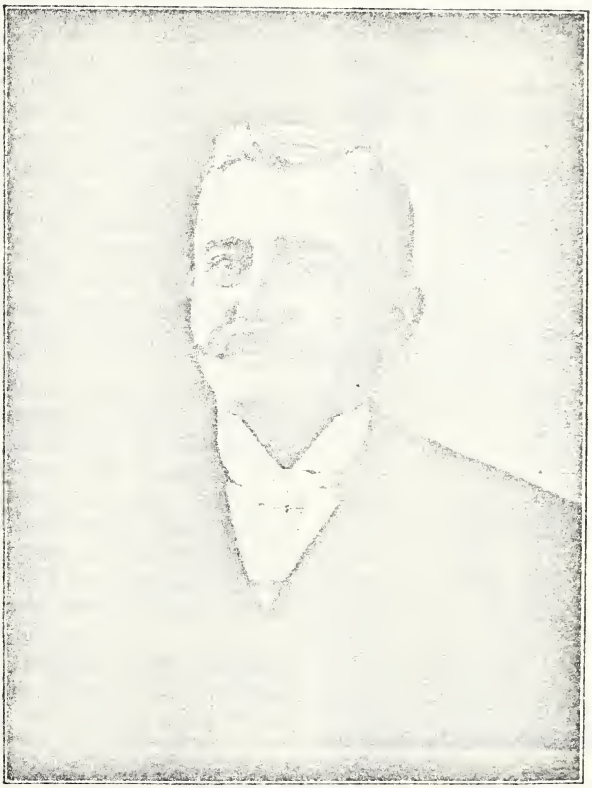
In politics, Senator Saltmarsh is a



Hon. George H. Saltmarsh,
Senator, District No. 4

Republican, and he has served his party in many important positions.

Although not a seeker after public office he had been called upon previously to represent his ward in the Legislature of 1895–'96, and has for some time served as city physician of Laconia. At the last election he was nominated for senator by his party and won out at the polls by the largest majority given a candidate for senator in the state.



Hon. Herbert O. Hadley.
Senator, District No. 15

Senator Saltmarsh is an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias, a member of the New Hampshire Medical Society, of the American Medical Association and a number of other organizations.

The Grange in New Hampshire has become a power in public affairs during the past twenty years, although not a political organization in any partisan sense. This has been accomplished by the untiring efforts of such men as Hon. Herbert O. Hadley of Peterborough, senator from the fifteenth district. Mr. Hadley has been for thirty years a member of the organization and has served as master of Miller Grange of Temple, master of Hillsborough County Pomona, six years as assistant steward, two years as overseer, and three years as master of the State Grange, which latter position he now holds.

In the Senate he was accorded the unusual distinction, for a minority member, of an appointment to the chairmanship of an important committee — that of agriculture — for which position he was eminently well qualified, and in which he rendered valuable service, besides serving on

several other important committees. He was complimented by his party associates in the Senate with the nomination for president, and was frequently called to the chair during the session.

Senator Hadley is a Democrat. His personal popularity and the confidence reposed in him by his fellow citizens is evidenced by the fact that he is now representing a district normally Republican by a majority of 800. He has previously been successful at the polls, having been elected for three successive terms as a member of the board of selectmen of Temple, receiving every vote cast each time. In 1895 he was elected to the House and in 1902 he served as a member of the Constitutional Convention. For many years he has represented his county on the board of agriculture.

Senator Hadley was born in Peterborough, November 20, 1855. His education was obtained in the public schools at Sharon and Temple. For many years he was an extensive farmer in the latter town, but during the past two years he has resided in Peterborough and has devoted his attention to auctioneering when not engaged in Grange work.

Besides the Grange he has affiliated himself with the Masons and the Odd Fellows. His religious connections are with the Congregationalists.

Senator Hadley is married and has one daughter.

Oliver H. Toothaker, Republican representative from ward 1, Berlin, is a native of the state of Maine, born in the town of Harpswell in 1877. He was educated in the town schools of Harpswell and Brunswick, the Latin School and Bates College at Lewiston, being graduated from the latter in the class of 1898. During his school and college course he was engaged from time to time in teaching and newspaper work and his first year out of college was spent in the same lines.

Mr. Toothaker came to New Hampshire in 1899, becoming principal of the Antrim High School, where he remained for three years. In 1902 he went to Berlin and bought the *Berlin Reporter*, of which he became editor and proprietor. Since that time he has bought two other printing offices in the "Paper City" and combined them all so that he now has one of the best equipped plants of its kind in the state.

In Berlin he has been much interested in municipal affairs and has

Oliver H. Toothaker,
Chairman Committee on Normal School

been for three years a member of the board of education. Last fall he was made a member of the Republican state committee.

He is a member of Sabatis Lodge of Masons and the Royal Arcanum. His church affiliation is with the Presbyterians.

In the present House Mr. Toothaker is chairman of the committee on normal school and also a member of the joint committee on engrossed bills. He has been recognized as one of the "North Country's" most influential

members and, while not particularly active on the floor, when he has spoken his remarks have been clean-cut and to the point. He has been especially interested in educational and labor measures.

Charles S. Emerson, representative from Milford, was born in that town on April 2, 1866. He was educated in the public schools of Milford, later attended Cushing Academy at Ashburnham, Mass., and afterwards taught school for a brief period. He is now a member of the firm of Emerson & Son, dealers in house furnishing goods, in his native town. Although his mercantile connections have taken much of his time, he has still been enabled to interest himself in banking, being at the present time vice-president of the Granite Savings Bank and the Milford Building and Loan Association.

In politics Mr. Emerson is a staunch Republican and has been repeatedly honored by election to various town offices, having served as auditor, supervisor of check lists, moderator of the school district, and also on the board of water commissioners.

Charles S. Emerson,

Chairman Committee on Public Improvements.

At the last election he was elected a member of the Legislature by a large majority, and has served as chairman of the committee on public improvements and as a member of the special committee on Journal of the House. During the session he has taken an active part in the consideration of many important measures on the floor of the House, and has been repeatedly called to the chair by Speaker Ellis,

where he has presided in a most efficient manner.

Mr. Emerson is one of the most prominent Odd Fellows in the state. On February 20, 1888, he became a member of Custos Morum Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Milford, and soon passed all the chairs in that body. Six years later, after having served as district deputy grand master, he was elected grand master of the grand lodge of the state, an office which he filled with much credit to himself and great benefit to the organization. He is also a member and past chief patriarch of Prospect Hill Encampment and of Custos Morum Rebekah Lodge, both of Milford, and Canton A of Nashua.

Mr. Emerson was selected to second the nomination of Senator Henry E. Burnham in the Republican caucus and acquitted himself with credit upon that as well as on all other occasions.

By an amendment to the state constitution recommended by the Constitutional Convention of 1902 and adopted the following year by the people, many new avenues of public revenue were opened up. The state has since that time been extremely lax in availing itself of its opportunity, but during the recent session the subject was taken up with much energy by the committee on ways and means of which Joseph S. Matthews, representative from ward 4, Concord, was chairman. This com-

Joseph S. Matthews,
Chairman Committee on Ways and Means

mittee was confronted with many difficult problems, such as are always presented when any constructive legislation is to be enacted. But Mr. Matthews has made an extensive study of the subject and has become thoroughly conversant with the methods of taxation in this and other states, and his knowledge proved invaluable in the work of the committee and upon the floor of the House. It is largely due to him that the bills for the taxation of express companies and of parlor, dining and sleeping cars, and the bill providing for the appointment of a commission to be appointed by the governor during the present year to make an investigation into the entire system of taxation and recommend to the next Legislature such changes as is deemed to be for the public good, have become laws.

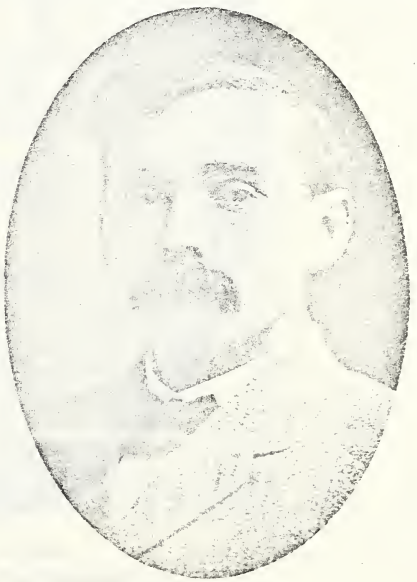
Mr. Matthews is a native of Franklin, where he was born December 21, 1861. He was educated in the Franklin High School, from which he graduated in 1879, and at Dartmouth College, from which institution he received the degree of A. B. with the class of 1884. He is an attorney at law in practice in the Capital City, where he has built up an extensive and lucrative business. That he enjoys the confidence of his associates is evidenced not only by the fact that he has held many positions in political life, but by the fact that he has settled many large estates and is now trustee of several.

Mr. Matthews is a Republican in politics and has served two terms in the Concord Board of Aldermen. He was at one time a non-commissioned officer in the New Hampshire National Guard on the staff of Col. True Sanborn. At the present time he is employed as a special attorney for the state in all litigation growing out of the inheritance tax, and to assist the state treasurer in its collection.

He is a member of the Wonolancet Club, Concord, and the New Hampshire Club, Boston.

Hon. Ezra O. Pinkham was one of the six Democrats to be elected to the Senate at the last election, his district being the twenty-third, in which the contest is always a close one. His election comes as a particular distinction inasmuch as he is new in public office, having never before held any important political position.

Senator Pinkham was born in Dover, in which city he now resides, May 21, 1869. He was educated in that city, graduating from the Dover High School in 1888. Like eighteen out of the twenty-four members of the Senate, he is a Mason, having been for a number of years a member of Moses Paul Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Dover. He is also a member of Alpha Council, Royal Arcanum of Portsmouth,



Hon. Ezra O. Pinkham,
Senator, District No. 23

Piscataqua Grange, P. of H., of Newington, Mercedes Aerie, F. O. E., of Portsmouth, and of the Albuquerque Club at Dover.

Senator Pinkham is an experienced accountant, having served a number of firms as bookkeeper. He is a Unitarian in religious belief; is married and has five children.

During the session, Senator Pinkham has served upon the committees on banks, towns and parishes, elections and fisheries and game.

One of the most influential members of the House was Prof. James A. Tufts of Exeter, chairman of the committee on education. This is Professor Tufts's second term in the Legislature, and while his work during the session of 1905 was of a high order, his efficiency has increased with experience so that it can now be said that along lines in which he interested himself, no other man exerted a greater or more wholesome influence than he.

Prof. James A. Tufts.

Chairman Committee on Education

Professor Tufts is a native of the town of Alstead, where he was born April 26, 1855, and where his early education was obtained. He prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, and later was graduated from Harvard University. He has for many years been connected with the former institution as professor of English. His duties as a member of the faculty of Phillips Exeter have been arduous, yet he has been able to find time to devote much attention to other matters. He is a valuable member of the American Dialect Society, the Modern Language Association of America, and the American Philological Association, in all of which he has exerted the same power as in the halls of legislation. A Unitarian in religious belief, he has associated himself with the American Unitarian Association.

Professor Tufts is a Republican in

politics, and although interested in the civic betterment of the community, he has never sought political preferment, and his election as a member of the House of 1905 and the present House of 1907 was a distinct tribute to his good citizenship and not to his partisanship. He has held a number of semi-public positions, such as trustee of the Exeter public library, trustee of Robinson Female Seminary, and treasurer of the Exeter Unitarian Church. He is now secretary of the Association of New England Alumni of Phillips Exeter Academy.

Fred T. Wadleigh,
Member of Committee on Revision of Statutes

None of the younger members of the lower house has made for himself a better reputation in the halls of legislation than has Fred T. Wadleigh of Milford. In the modern Legislature, committee work is oftentimes regarded as much more essential than that upon the floor, and Mr. Wadleigh's service as clerk of the committee on revision of statutes was efficient and painstaking. But he will be remembered by his associates more on account of his eloquent and effective participation in debate. He has gained the reputation of being one of the most ready debaters in recent legislatures.

Mr. Wadleigh comes of old New Hampshire stock, his mother being the daughter of the late Rev. J. D. Tilton, at one time settled in Milford. His paternal great-grandfather, James Wadleigh, was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, being present at the surrender of General Burgoyne

at Saratoga. After the war had closed, he became one of the earliest settlers in the town of Sanbornton, and the family resided there for more than a century. It was in that town, upon the ancestral homestead, that Mr. Wadleigh was born on November 2, 1870. When a young man, he entered the New Hampton Literary Institution, and was graduated in the class of 1891 as valedictorian. He first engaged in teaching, but business life seeming more congenial, he entered the Ober Clothing House at Milford, and for nearly fifteen years has continued with the same firm. In politics, Mr. Wadleigh is a Republican, and has during the session made a reputation for devotion to the principles of that party as enunciated in their platform. He introduced early in the session a bill providing for a direct primary law in the state and although this bill was a radical change from the present caucus system, it came within a few votes of passage in the House. He has served the town of Milford as a member of the board of water commissioners for three years, being chairman of the board last year, and at the last election received the largest vote of any candidate upon the ticket in his town.

He is a member of Custos Morum Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of the First Baptist Church.

Hon. Charles Gale Shedd.
Senator, District No. 13

The Senate has had a most efficient and able worker in Hon. Charles Gale Shedd of Keene, who represented the thirteenth district. At the opening of the session, Senator Shedd was

elected temporary chairman and presided with such grace, dignity, fairness and efficiency that he has been repeatedly called to the chair by President Scammon to preside during the consideration of important measures and was elected president *pro tem*, at the time President Scammon became acting governor during the absence from the state of Governor Floyd. Senator Shedd has also done faithful work as chairman of the committee on public health and a member of the committees on judiciary, on claims, on elections and on state hospital.

Senator Shedd was born in South Wallingford, Vt., May 18, 1865. He was educated in the public schools of Keene, to which city he removed in early life with his parents. He was graduated from the high school in 1881.

In politics he has been active for a great many years, contributing to whatever movement has seemed to be for the benefit of the Republican party. He has been honored by an election to the lower House, representing ward 1, and has held numerous city offices. Always popular among his associates, he has become a member of a large number of organizations, and in each of these he has been honored by elevation to the most important positions whenever his time would allow.

His secret society connections are mainly with the Masonic order, in which he has received every degree ever conferred, being a member of Special Friends Lodge, F. and A. M., Cheshire Royal Arch Chapter, St. John's Council and Hugh DePayens Commandery of Keene, Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua and Bektash Temple of the Mystic Shrine, Concord, and a year ago received the coveted thirty-third degree in the northern Masonic jurisdiction. At the present time he is serving as grand king of the grand chapter, R. A. M., of New Hampshire. He is a member of several patriotic organizations, including the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, of which he is now president, and the Sons of Veterans. Being liberal in all his opinions, he has been attracted to the Unitarian Church.

The conservative people of New Hampshire have seldom made such a radical change in political alignment as occurred in the sixth senatorial district at the last election, which resulted in the triumphant election of Charles O. Downing, Democrat, over

Hon. Charles O. Downing,
Senator, District No. 6

Joseph F. Smith, for many years one of the most powerful factors in Belknap County politics. In the previous election, Hon. Frederick A. Holmes, Republican, was elected by a majority of 946. At the last election, Senator Downing went into the position by a plurality of 332 votes.

This almost unprecedented record came not only as the result of Mr. Downing's popularity, but of the unbounded confidence in his honesty and integrity which is shared by political friend and foeman alike. He has

previously held important offices, having been elected to the Laconia city council and to the House of Representatives of 1905.

Senator Downing was born in Wentworth, May 15, 1866, where he received his education in the common schools. For nearly twenty years he has been a salesman for Denis O'Shea, proprietor of a leading department store of Laconia. He is a Mason and an Elk, and a member of the A. O. U. W. He was married June 14, 1893, to Miss Gertie Whipple Somes, a granddaughter of the late Col. Thomas J. Whipple. They have one daughter.

Alvin B. Cross.
Chairman Committee on Banks

The remarkable confidence in which the banks of New Hampshire are held by the people is due not only to the conservative men of integrity who preside over these institutions, but to the wisdom of our legislators in framing laws, rendering them sound and substantial. Among the men who have exerted a broad influence in both respects, Alvin B. Cross of Concord, chairman of the committee on banks, holds a prominent place. The appointment of Mr. Cross was certainly a wise one, for both by experience and natural aptitude he is able to view in the proper light proposed legislation, passing by that which would result in weakening the standing of the banks themselves on the one hand and accepting such wise provisions as will strengthen them on the other. During the session many important changes in the banking laws were suggested, and it is a tribute to the legislative ability of Mr. Cross that so wisely were these propositions han-

dled, that not a murmur of dissatisfaction is heard from any legitimate source.

Mr. Cross was born in the neighboring town of Wilmot, July 4, 1858. The foundation for his education was laid in the common schools of that town and in the local academy, supplemented by a thorough training under a private tutor. When but twenty-one years of age, although the town was strongly Democratic and he a Republican, he was chosen superintendent of schools.

From early life he has been interested in financial affairs, devoting particular attention to banking. For many years he was connected with the National State Capital Bank of Concord, retiring to accept a position with A. B. Leach & Co., New York, bankers and dealers in investment securities. His territory includes the states of New Hampshire and Vermont, and during the time which he has been connected with this company, he has by virtue of the great confidence placed in his judgment and integrity, built up a large and prosperous business. He is also a trustee of the John H. Pearson fund and of the Franklin Evans and other large estates, handling in this connection many hundred thousands of dollars annually. He is also president of the Concord Building and Loan Association, which has the distinction of being the largest institution of its kind in the state of New Hampshire, a director in the Mount Washington Railroad Co., and treasurer of the N. H. Home Missionary Society, in which he takes much interest.

Mr. Cross is a Mason of the Knight Templar degree and also belongs to the Mystic Shrine.

Walter M. Lang, representative from ward 3, Manchester, and chairman of the committee on insurance, in the House of Representatives, was born in Canada, January 20, 1867, and educated at the Magog Academy and Normal School. Since coming to the states, he has interested himself in life insurance, becoming one of the most prominent life insurance men of New Hampshire. He is now state manager for the Prudential Insurance Co. of America, being in full charge of the immense business which that company is carrying on here.

Mr. Lang is a Republican in politics and has served as a member of the Manchester city council. His appointment to the chairmanship of the committee on insurance by Speaker Ellis was a deserved tribute to his ability and wide knowledge of insurance matters.

Walter M. Lang,
Chairman Committee on Insurance

Mr. Lang is a member of all branches of the Order of Odd Fellows and is at present serving as district deputy grand master for district No. 8, the largest in the state. He is also a Patron of Husbandry and a member of the Calumet Club of Manchester.

Mr. Lang is a Christian Scientist in religious belief; is married and has one child.

Speaker Ellis made an excellent choice when he selected Hon. Robert Perkins Bass, representative from Peterborough, for chairman of the committee on retrenchment and reform. The important matters which have from time to time come to the attention of this committee have been such that no one could have properly handled them who was not conversant with public affairs and willing to devote much time to their consideration. All of these matters, including the investigation into the conduct of state departments, have been handled by this committee in an impartial manner, and the exhaustive reports furnish material for reforms that must be of great benefit to the state. Upon the floor of the House, Mr. Bass has defended the position of his committee in a number of speeches, and already his work is bearing the fruit of his faithful labors.

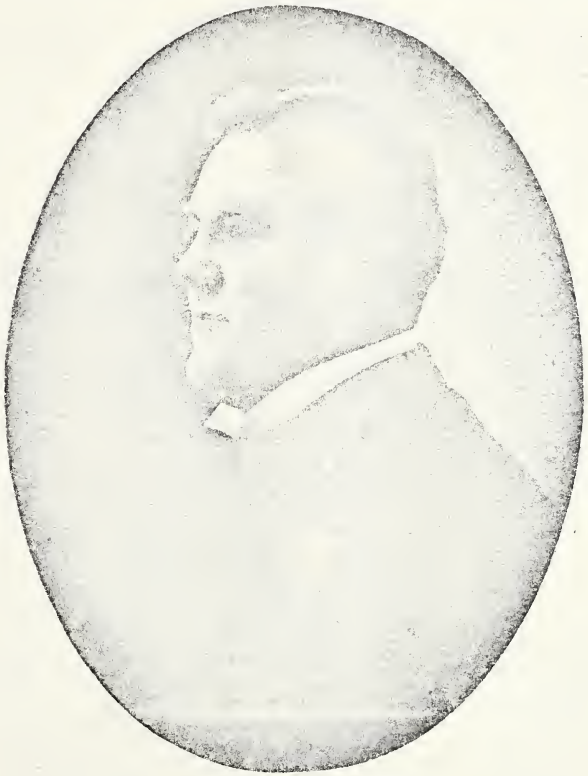
Robert P. Bass.

Chairman Committee on Retrenchment and Reform

Mr. Bass was born in Chicago, September 1, 1873, and contrary to the mandate of Horace Greeley, came East instead of following the course of the setting sun. He was fitted for college in the schools of Boston, and was graduated from Harvard University in 1896. He afterward studied for a year in the Harvard Graduate School and attended the Harvard Law School. The illness of his father made it necessary for him to forego practice of his profession, and for some time he was in charge of his father's business in Chicago. He is now a resident of Peterborough,

where he resides with his mother, and operates the farm which the family purchased in 1888.

In politics he is a Republican and was elected to the Legislature of 1905, being prevented from attending on account of illness. He was re-elected at the last election. Mr. Bass has for many years been interested in practical forestry, and in October, 1906, was appointed by Governor McLane a member of the board of forestry commissioners, which position he still holds.



Hon. Fred N. Marden.
Senator, District No. 10

The tenth senatorial district, made up of wards 2, 4, 5, 6 and 9 of the City of Concord, was represented this year, for the first time in its history, by a Democrat, in the person of Hon. Fred N. Marden of ward 9. Mr. Marden is a native of the town of Chichester, born July 10, 1865. He was reared on a farm, and educated in the public schools and at Penacook Academy, paying his own way through three years' attendance at the latter. At the age of nineteen he went to Minnesota, where he attended the state normal school at Winona for a time, subsequently taught school, and later engaged in the shoe business in Wisconsin, representing a Milwaukee firm at Madison. Returning East, he located in Concord in 1890, where he has since resided and been actively engaged in the shoe trade, for some years past a member of the firm of Marden & Drake.

Mr. Marden has been an active worker in the Democratic ranks and has held the office of moderator in ward 9 since the ward was organized. He has been three times his party's

candidate for sheriff of Merrimack County, coming close to an election in 1902 and always running far ahead of his ticket. His great personal popularity was strikingly demonstrated by his election last November to the Senate by ninety majority over the ablest Republican in the district, Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, though his majority in the vote for sheriff in the same wards in 1902 was about the same.

He took an active part in the deliberations of the Senate, serving upon the committees on state prison, industrial school, incorporations, revision of the laws, fisheries and game and the joint committee on state house and state house park. He was several times called to the chair, demonstrating much aptness as a presiding officer. He takes special pride in the fact that he stood squarely by his convictions to the last in the celebrated Spaulding, Jones charter contest and gave the measure his hearty support. He was also a member of one of the two conference committees appointed during the session.

Mr. Marden is affiliated with numerous fraternal organizations, including the Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Red Men, Patrons of Husbandry and various others. He is married and has two children, a son and a daughter.

Hon. Hamilton T. Howe,
Senator, District No. 3

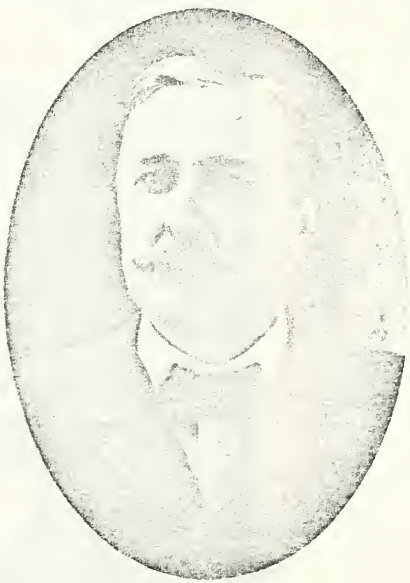
For the past twenty years few citizens of Grafton County have been better known than Hon. Hamilton T. Howe, member of the Senate from dis-

trict number 3. He has held public office for many years, making a record for efficiency in every position. For the past fourteen years he has been a deputy sheriff and for ten years served his town as moderator. He has had two terms in the lower house of the Legislature, the first in 1901. During the session of 1903 he was chairman of the committee on School for the Feeble-Minded and developed a wide influence in legislative matters. At the last election he was elected to the Senate by a large majority after a warm contest, and has served as chairman of the committee on elections and as a member of the committees on revision of laws, on labor, on roads, bridges and canals and state prison and industrial school.

Senator Howe is one of the many prominent men in New Hampshire who have been contributed to our state by our sister commonwealth of Vermont, having been born at Thetford, in the latter state, April 29, 1849. His education was obtained in the public schools of his native town. Many years ago he came to Hanover and has since been a prominent factor in the business affairs of the town. For a long time he conducted the Wheelock Hotel, connected with Dartmouth College, and was known as the Hanover Inn. As proprietor of the H. T. Howe Coach, Livery and Transfer Co., he has carried on the most extensive livery business in the state and has acquired a reputation for courtesy wherever Dartmouth College students have gone. Although busily engaged in the management of this business, he has developed the Grassland stock farm, one of the finest in the state.

Senator Howe is a Republican, and has always given his party his individual support. For twelve years he was president of the Hanover Republican Club and has been largely responsible for the big Republican majorities given by the town without exception to the state and county tickets of that party.

There was no more hard-working or painstaking member of the House than William S. Pierce, representative from ward 2, Dover. During the entire session, Mr. Pierce was a valuable addition to the membership, both in committee and upon the floor of the House. During the debates upon such important matters as the taxation of railroads and the abolition of the free pass, he showed a broad knowledge of public affairs and a devotion to the public welfare commendable in the extreme. In his speech upon railroad taxation espe-



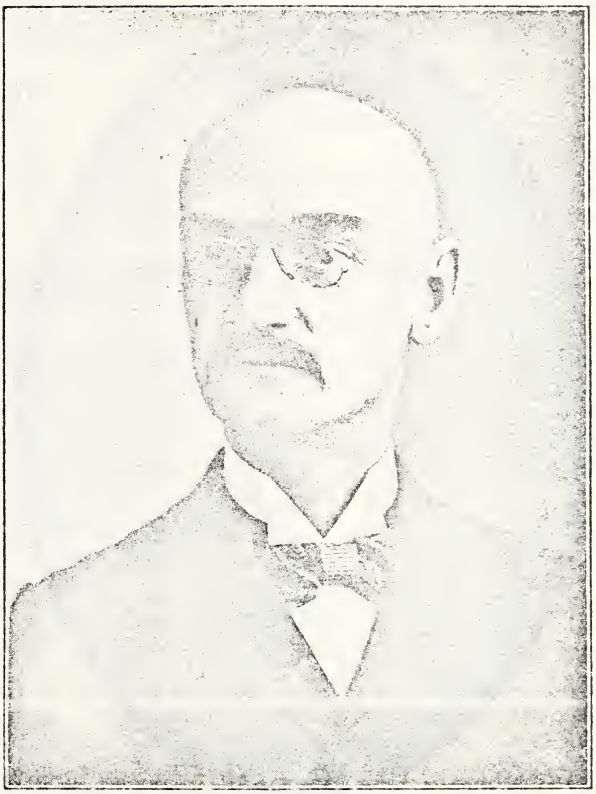
William S. Pierce,
Chairman Committee on Elections

cially, he showed himself to be a master of the entire situation and carried great influence with the House.

Mr. Pierce is a native of the neighboring state of Maine having been born at Highland, June 15, 1852. He was educated at the Eaton School in Norridgewock, at the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, and at the State Normal School at Farmington. For some years after he had completed his education, he followed the profession of teaching. He then turned his attention to the study of law and

was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. Since that time he has been a successful practitioner in Somersworth and in Dover. His practice in the latter city since he located there has grown by leaps and bounds until he now has a large clientage throughout the county and conducts some of the most important litigation in his section of the state.

While the town of Milford sent two new members to the Legislature of 1907, who made exceptionally fine records, she wisely retained the services for another term of one of the most conscientious and efficient members of the last House in the person of George A. Worcester, who served in 1905, as during the present year, as chairman of the committee on for-



George A. Worcester.
Chairman Committee on Forestry

In politics Mr. Pierce is a Republican and has held many positions of trust. Before coming to New Hampshire he was a member of the board of education at Smithfield, Me. For many years he was moderator in his ward at Somersworth. Mr. Pierce is a Mason, being a member of the lodge, chapter and council. He is also a Knight of Pythias. He is married and has one child.

estry, dealing with an interest by the way to which he has given much thought and attention.

Mr. Worcester is a native of the town of Greenfield, born June 5, 1852, and educated in the public schools. In early youth he entered the employ of David Heald, an extensive furniture manufacturer of Milford and continued for a quarter of a century till 1890. In recent

years he has devoted his attention to insurance and real estate. He has always taken a strong interest in public affairs, has been for ten years a member of the board of selectmen, was a promoter of the Milford Improvement Society, of which he is secretary, and is also vice-president of the Milford Building and Loan Association, special justice of the police court and a trustee of the public library. He has always been strongly interested in historical matters, was one of the prime movers in the work of publishing the Milford town history and contributed largely to its success. He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the Milford Historical and Genealogical Society and of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Politically he is a Republican and in religion is a Baptist, having been clerk of the Milford Baptist Association for the last twenty years, and was for two years president of the New Hampshire Baptist conventions.

Mr. Worcester was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1902 and gave to the work of that body, as to that of the two legislative terms during which he has represented the town of Milford in part, the most faithful and diligent service, very few members having been as constant in attendance or attentive to the business in hand.

Hon. Frank S. Lord,
Senator, District No. 5

Among the most prominent citizens of Carroll County during the last two decades has been Hon. Frank S. Lord, senator from the fifth district. Born in the county, at Ossipee, where he still resides, April 18, 1858, he has

held his residence there continuously. Senator Lord is well educated both in the knowledge that is obtained in books and in the more valuable school of experience in business affairs, having attended the New Hampton Literary Institution and later studied at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

In politics Senator Lord is a Republican and has been repeatedly honored by his party. In his native town of Ossipee he has served in all the important offices. The county has thrice honored him with an election to the board of commissioners, where he has made a reputation for honesty, sagacity and devoted attention to the public welfare. He was postmaster at Ossipee under the administrations of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt.

Senator Lord is a civil engineer and is extensively interested in the manufacture and marketing of lumber. He is a member of Saco Valley Lodge of Odd Fellows. In Masonry he has received all the degrees in the York rite, being a member of St. Paul Commandery. Liberal in his religious views as in all other affairs of life, he has been most attracted by the belief of the Unitarian Church.

During the present session of the Legislature Senator Lord has been an indefatigable member. Not a bill has come before the various committees of which he is a member which has not received his careful attention. This is saying much when it is known that he is chairman of the committee on public improvements, clerk of the judiciary committee, the most important in the Senate, and a member of the committees on agriculture, education and forestry.

The ranks of the veterans of the Civil War are fast thinning out, but many of those remaining are still active in public affairs. Among them is Hon. David R. Roys of Claremont, who represented the seventh district in the state Senate. In 1861, almost at the very inception of the war, although he was then eighteen years of age, he enlisted in Company G in the old "fighting Fifth" New Hampshire as a private. During the next three years he was with his regiment in all the important battles in which it was engaged, including the three days' fight at Gettysburg.

January 1, 1864, he again enlisted as a private and was finally mustered out June 28, 1865, after the war had closed.

Senator Roys was born in Claremont, March 3, 1843, and was educated there. He still resides in the

Hon. David R. Roys,
Senator, District No. 7

same town, although during his long and active career, his business connections have called him into nearly every section of the country. He is a mechanic by trade and is regarded as an expert in the management of mining machinery.

Politically, Senator Roys has always been Republican, and has served in a number of political positions previous to his election to the Senate. In 1899, he was a member of the House, and being re-elected in 1901, was made chairman of the committee

on military affairs. During the present session he has served as chairman of the committee on Soldiers' Home, and is a member of the committees on military affairs, on claims, on manufactures, and on public improvements. He is a prominent Mason, being a Knight Templar in the York rite and a member of Edward A. Raymond Consistory in the Scottish rite, as well as belonging to Mt. Sinai Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S.

Charles J. O'Neil.
Member of Committee on Revision of Statutes

The Democratic party not only had the largest number of members for a number of years in the present session, but the personnel of that membership was far above the average. Among their number was Charles J. O'Neil and no man exerted a wider or stronger influence that he in shaping the policy of the party. Nor was his influence confined to the Democratic members. The Republicans followed him as well as the members from his own party. In the debates upon all classes of questions he took a very prominent part. His clear, concise and common sense presentation of his views was not excelled by that of any of his associates. He was particularly interested in labor legislation, standing for the best interests of the laboring classes in every case. Any matter affecting in the least his town, or section of the state, also received his closest attention. He served as a member of the important committee on revision of statutes, which had before it some of the most important measures introduced.

Mr. O'Neil was born in Keene, in 1861, and received a common school education in that city. He is now and has been for a long time a resi-

dent of the town of Walpole, where he is extensively engaged in the breeding of high class horses.

Although a Democrat in a town which is usually Republican, he has gained the confidence of his fellow citizens to such an extent that he has repeatedly been elected to public office. He has served on the board of education, on the board of health and has twice before, in 1891 and 1901, been a member of the House, and at each session made an enviable record. He has for a number of years been a member of the Democratic state committee. He is a Catholic and an Elk.

Harry T. Lord.
Member Judiciary Committee

Harry True Lord, representative from ward 4, Manchester, was born in that city, May 7, 1863. He was educated in its public schools, and upon graduation entered Dartmouth College, receiving his degree with the class of 1887. He soon after entered the office of Hon. David A. Taggart, where he read law and was admitted to practice in July, 1894. Since that time he has been in the practice of law in the Queen City. He was soon after elected to the lower branch of the Legislature and served throughout the session of 1895. He has been deeply interested in the welfare of his native city, as attested by the fact that in 1899, during his first term in the city council, he was elected president of the board and served for four years, retiring in 1902. During the same year, he was a member of the convention to revise the state constitution. At the last election he was again chosen to the Legislature, and has served as a member of the committee on judiciary and as

chairman of the Hillsborough County delegation.

During Mr. Lord's college course, he became a member of the famous Tri Kappa Society, and in his senior year was honored by an election to the Sphinx. In Masonry, he is a member of the Blue lodge, chapter, council, and of Trinity Commandery. He is also a Red Man and has been for some years secretary of the Calumet Club. He attends the Episcopal Church; is married, and has one daughter.

George H. Rolfe.
Chairman of the Merrimack County Delegation

Among the most efficient members of the lower House during the present session was George H. Rolfe, representative from ward 5, Concord, and chairman of the Merrimack County delegation. Mr. Rolfe is a native of the Capital City, having been born there December 24, 1866. His early education was obtained in the city schools and at the Holderness School for Boys, from which he was graduated in the class of 1886.

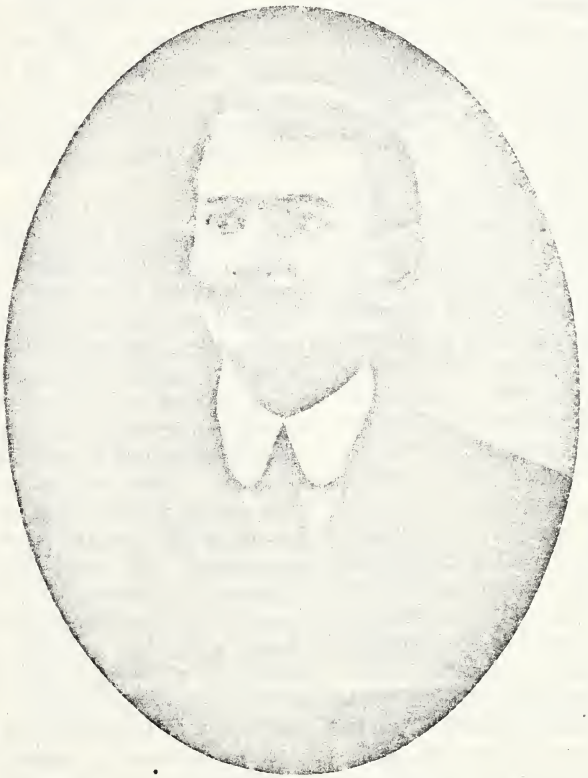
For a number of years Mr. Rolfe was employed in the freight department of the Boston & Maine Railroad as cashier. Later, wishing to embark in business for himself, he purchased an interest in one of the largest plumbing and heating establishments in the state, the firm being Orr & Rolfe at the present time. Since he entered this line his firm has maintained a wide reputation for excellent work and square dealing, second to none, and has handled some of the largest contracts in its line in the state.

In politics Mr. Rolfe is a staunch

Republican and has been successful at the polls whenever he has allowed his name to be used as a candidate for public office. In 1903 he was chosen a member of the city council and two years later was promoted to the board of aldermen, in both of which places he served with eminent satisfaction to his constituents.

In secret society circles Mr. Rolfe is a Mason, being a member of Eureka Lodge, No. 70, Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council, Mt. Horeb Commandery, all of Concord, and Edward A. Raymond Consistory of Nashua, as well as of Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S. At the present time he is senior warden in his lodge and alchemist in the Shrine. He is also a member of the Wonolancet and Passaconaway clubs of Concord.

No other among the younger members of the House can point to a better record of achievement during the session than can Representative Fred Joe Pease of Holderness. Mr. Pease was a member of and clerk of the committee on fisheries and game. This committee has always been burdened with a large amount of work, and this is true of the present session to a greater extent, perhaps, than of any other session in recent years, as the entire fish and game laws were practically revised. But it will be on account of Mr. Pease's connection with the bill to provide for a tax upon the business of express companies that he will be most prominently remembered by his associates.



Fred Joe Pease

Member of Committee on Fisheries and Game

Mr. Pease is a thorough believer in the idea that the corporate interests of the state are not at the present

time paying their just proportion of the public taxes, and early in the session presented a bill for the consideration of his associates to assess the first excise tax ever levied in the state. So carefully was the bill prepared that the committee on ways and means, after due consideration and consultation with the state board of equalization, unanimously recommended it to the House, where it passed. It was later unanimously adopted in the Senate and received the signature of the governor. The law will add a substantial sum to the public revenues and will be borne by those who can most easily afford to bear it.

Mr. Pease was born in Rumney, March 11, 1876, and received a common school education. For some years he was engaged in various lines of work, teaching school for a short time, and later engaging in business both at Rumney and Ashland. During the past five years, he has been manager of the Mr. Livermore House at Holderness, one of the largest summer hostelries in the state. In politics Mr. Pease is a staunch Democrat, and it has been largely through his instrumentality that the Democrats in his town have gained the ascendency. He has previously held various public offices, including moderator of the town meeting for four years.

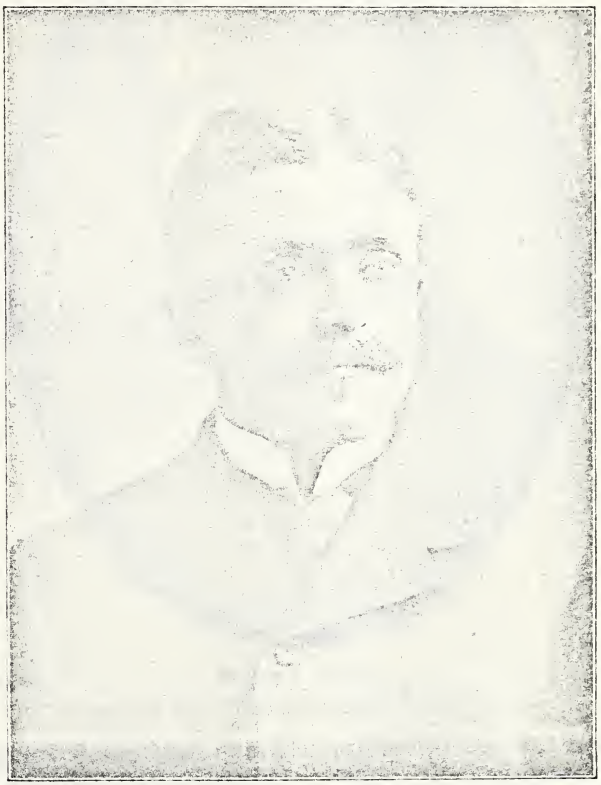
Mr. Pease is prominent in secret organizations, being a member of Mt. Livermore Grange at Holderness, Mt. Prospect Lodge No. 62, F. and A. M., Ashland, Passaconway Lodge No. 49, Knights of Pythias, Ashland, Enos Huckins Company No. 19, U. R., Plymouth, and of the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester. He has been master of his grange, and is at the present time captain of Enos Huckins Company. Mr. Pease was married, October 20, 1897, to Miss Abby Jewell of Holderness, daughter of B. F. Jewell, for many years proprietor of the Mt. Livermore House.

Among the new members of the House the present session who exerted a wide influence and made a commendable effort in behalf of reform legislation was Frank A. Musgrove, representative from Hanover. Mr. Musgrove is comparatively new in politics, having made his entry into the political arena in the early stages of the last campaign. At that time he became convinced that radical changes were necessary in the management of public affairs. With the accomplishment of this in view he became one of the original thirteen Republicans who signed the request that Winston Churchill become a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination. During the ante-convention contest he took the stump and delivered a number of speeches in the interest of the reform cause and was a member of the Republican state convention which followed. His connections with the Churchill movement brought to him the nomination for member of the House and he was elected by the largest vote given any candidate on the ticket. During the session Mr. Musgrove championed a number of reform measures by introducing bills covering the subject and defending them in committee and in debate. He was a member of the railroad committee.

Mr. Musgrove was born in Bristol, July 19, 1872, being the son of former Senator Richard W. Musgrove, editor of the *Bristol Enterprise*. He was educated in the graded schools of that town, at the New Hampton Literary Institution, from which he was graduated in 1892, and at Dartmouth College, from which he received his degree in the class of 1897. During his school and college courses he was much interested in athletics and in newspaper work, the foundation of the latter having been laid in his father's printing office at Bristol. He was, during his senior year at college, editor-in-chief of *The Dartmouth*, and upon graduation immedi-

ately succeeded to the management of the *Hanover Gazette*. He has since built up the plant so it is now one of the best in New England outside of Boston.

The work of investigation into the conduct of state affairs conducted by the committee on retrenchment and reform has already proven to be a valuable acquisition in state affairs. Prominent upon this committee was Wilbur E. Webster, representative from Jaffrey. As a member of the sub-committee which did the active work of gathering information, writing the report, and presenting recommendations for reform in these departments, Mr. Webster showed a keen insight into everything pertaining to the business of the state, and although a new member in the halls of legislation, he took prominent part in defending upon the floor the propositions presented by the committee. He also did effective work as a member of the committee on fisheries and game, being called upon a number of times to act as chairman of that committee during the absence of the regular presiding officer.



Frank A. Musgrove.
Member of Committee on Railroads

Mr. Webster is a native of the town in which he now resides, having been born there March 21, 1877. He is now one of the youngest yet most prosperous business men of the town. He carries on an extensive retail coal business and is engaged in the manufacture and marketing of tacks and nails.

He was educated in the local schools of his native town, at the Murdock School at Winchendon, Mass., and at Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College in Boston.

list and assistant engineer in the fire department. He is a trustee and auditor of the Monadnock Savings Bank. In secret society circles, Mr. Webster is also prominent, being a

Wilbur E. Webster.

Member of Committee on Retrenchment and Reform

Mr. Webster is a Republican in politics and has contributed extensively to the success of his party in the town. He has been previously honored by election to various offices, including auditor, supervisor of the check

member of Charity Lodge No. 18, F. and A. M., Monadnock Lodge No. 90, I. O. O. F., of Union Encampment of Peterborough, and Jaffrey Grange, P. of H. He is unmarried and attends the Congregational Church.

April

By Samuel Hoyt

Now April, smiling through her tears,
Trips, radiant, down the Spring's highway
To herald with a loyal pride
The coming of her sister, May.

The Ancient Township of Monson

By Charles S. Spaulding

[Read before the Hollis Woman's Club at the annual field day, August 31, 1906]

In the settlement of Monson, New Hampshire, the same conditions were confronting the pioneer settlers as did those of other New England towns. A wilderness of boundless expanse, with only the Souhegan rolling its dark waters between them and that vast primitive and unbroken forest of southern New Hampshire; their first employments, erecting log huts, making paths, subduing the forest, fighting wild men and wild beasts. Many of the early landmarks have disappeared. It is not easy to reproduce the scenes in which they planted their habitations. There was no leisure and little disposition to make records of their doings. The agitation of the state line boundary question helped to promote the early settlements in the region west of the Merrimack River. A bitter contest was maintained for the space of ten years, from 1731 to 1741, between the Massachusetts Bay Colony and the Masonian proprietors of the New Hampshire grants in regard to establishing the state lines. This contention mainly grew out of the fact that the crowned heads of England were ignorant of the source and course of the Merrimack River, at the time these grants were made. They assumed the course of the river to be from east to west, because this was its course from Pawtucket Falls to the sea board, and thereby in accordance with this idea issued conflicting grants.

Each state in this strife wishing to obtain jurisdiction over as many townships as possible, having failed to agree upon a boundary line, employed counsel to lay the matter before his majesty's council, which was determined and settled by a decree of the king in council, bearing date August 5, 1740, the line westward from Pawtucket Falls being surveyed by Richard Hazen in March, 1741.

In the meantime every effort was made to induce people to migrate to the new country. Handbills were posted, setting forth the advantages of settling in this section. Some of these emigrants were of English descent, some were Irish, and some were descendants of those Scottish Presbyterians who fought at the siege of Londonderry and were the Lowlanders of Scotland, from whom sprang the Scotch-Irish of Ulster.

The ancient township of Monson was included within the boundary of Old Dunstable, embracing the northern portion of West Dunstable, and as chartered April 4, 1746, containing an area of about 17,000 acres, bounded on the north by Souhegan River, on the west by Dunstable old line, on the south by Hollis, and on the east by Muddy Brook, Pennechuck Pond and Merrimack, being about four miles wide and eight miles long.

Among the first permanent settlers of Monson was the Nevins family, whose emigrant ancestor, Thomas Nevins, a Scotchman by birth, sailed from the north of Ireland in 1711, and landing at some port in Nova Scotia, from there came to Massachusetts and later settled in Newton.

After a time Mr. Nevins took shipping to return to Ireland on business. The vessel in which he sailed was lost at sea and all on board perished. Subsequently his widow, Margaret Nevins, and her three sons, Thomas, David and William, came to West

Dunstable, or Monson, and settled on land purchased of Col. Joseph Blanchard, as by deed dated July 27, 1735. The widow, Margaret Nevins, was taxed here until 1743; after that her name disappears from the records.

Another and probably the first permanent settler in the northern portion of West Dunstable, was Samuel Leeman, Sr., of Reading, Mass., who was a descendant of Samuel Leeman of Beadle, England, who migrated to this country in 1633, and settled in Charlestown, Mass. Mr. Leeman, Sr., came to Souhegan West in 1735, and helped to build the first meeting-house in Amherst. He removed to West Dunstable in the spring of 1737 and settled at the north part of Monson village place, as seen by the records. His daughter, Sarah, was the first white child born in Monson, December 5, 1737.

His grandson, Samuel Leeman, born in Hollis, August 7, 1749, enlisted into the Continental army, April 19, 1775, in Capt. Reuben Dow's company, for Concord and Lexington. He was at the battle of Bunker Hill. On April 7, 1777, he enlisted into Capt. Isaac Fry's company, regiment of Col. Alexander Scammell, as ensign; was with his regiment and participated in all those battles known as the Northern campaign, which caused the surrender of the entire British army under Gen. John Burgoyne. Mr. Leeman was killed at the battle of Saratoga, October, 1777. He was said to be of the tenth succeeding generation of Leemans, in which the oldest son was named Samuel.

Some of the other residents of that portion of Monson that is now Hollis were Philip Woolerich, Daniel Bailey, James Wheeler, John Martin, William Colburn, Thomas Wooley, Israel Mead, Samuel Stearns, Joseph Gould, Samuel Hayden, and David Wallingford, who was a son of Jonathan Wallingford of Bradford, Mass., born September 15, 1744, came to Monson in 1765, enlisted into the Continental army April 19, 1775, was at the battle of Bunker Hill, reënlisted in 1777 into the company of Capt. Archelaus Towns as lieutenant, and was under the command of General Stark at Bennington and one of the first who gave orders to his men to fire on the British and Hessians at the commencement of that bloody battle. He was also in the battles of Stillwater, Bemis Heights and Saratoga. After the war he was paid off in worthless Continental money. Shortly after he had the misfortune to lose his house by fire. He died in Hollis, March 12, 1791.

There were many elements of discord confined within the chartered limits of Monson, whose people had little to do about obtaining their charter. This was mainly brought about through the influence of Gov. Benning Wentworth, who had a mania for granting town charters. Then, again, the non-resident landholders were induced to favor incorporation as a means of enhancing their property. These influences were potent factors in establishing this township as well as many others in New Hampshire during the colonial period. A belligerent spirit was manifest in the southern portion of Monson, whose people for various reasons were opposed to being included within its chartered limits Consequently, when an effort was made to build a meeting-house and establish preaching, or otherwise to promote the welfare of the town, the proposition was invariably voted down; although on one or two occasions, at a special meeting, they voted to build and locate a meeting-house and appointed a committee to accomplish the work, but at the next annual meeting the project would be reconsidered. When it became apparent they would fail to get an act passed by the Colonial Court, taxing the non-resident proprietors for the purpose of building a meeting-house and establishing preaching, they became dis

couraged and began to clamor for a division of the town, and after several years of strife and discord petitioned the General Court to have the town divided equally between Hollis and Amherst, these towns having previously signified their consent to this arrangement; and, on April 9, 1770, at a special meeting, it was voted to divide the town as stated above, the governor and council granting their request under date of July 4, 1770. Thus, after a corporate existence of twenty-four years and three months Monson ceased to exist only in history. In many respects this quaint old town was the peer of any of her sister republics during those old colonial days.

Perhaps nowhere in this section were there more fertile fields, and in no part of the state was there better farming land than was found in the Souhegan Valley. Probably no town in New Hampshire furnished more soldiers for the French and Indian wars according to its population than did Monson. Then, again, no other town in New Hampshire could claim to be the native place of a parent of a chief executive of the United States, as could Monson, in the person of Anna Kendrick, the mother of President Franklin Pierce.

Waters Seek the Sea

By C. C. Lord

Sweet one, Thine is a thriving thought,
Of something blissful, yet unwrought
In time, yet still to be—
A stream is but a tiny rill,
Yet hastes a river's banks to fill,
For waters seek the sea.

A theme exults within thy breast—
A dream—the soul's diviner rest,
Fulfilling e'er for thee—
And eke the stream more gladly flows.
The river teems and larger grows,
As waters seek the sea.

A sacred light illumes thy face,
With radiance adorns thy grace,
Thou comest, love, to me—
And lo! the stream is deep and wide,
With joy the river meets the tide,
When waters seek the sea.

An Historical Sketch from an Armchair

By Bert P. Doe

In about the year 1600, in England, a native of the country by the name of William Brewster, sits in an armchair with his home circle surrounding him. It is not a remarkable fact, for hundreds of men have done the same thing, nor is the chair one of striking appearance, or out of the ordinary appearance of the time. It is a good substantial chair, however, and when not in use, it sits in the best room of the house.

He sits, smokes and talks of the affairs of the day—of the king, of parliament and of his household affairs.

The years pass and affairs are such that he with a band of fellow men sail away from the coast of England for the unsettled land across the ocean. He leaves behind him the scenes and connections of his childhood, youth and manhood, but takes his household effects and his family. He is a devout worshipper of the Great Being, and in order that he may worship Him without being hampered by men, he joins the party and embarks for a land of freedom. He is, in the language of the time, a Pilgrim Father, a Puritan.

After the usual tossing and adverse winds on the ocean, the good ship, bearing the name of the *Mayflower,* sails into the sheltering part of what is now Massachusetts Bay. The Englishmen first touched the land on what they named Plymouth Rock, in the year 1620. History tells the rest —the hardship of a severe winter, the troublesome natives, the Indians, disease and death of many of the band, and the survival of only a few by the spring-time.

He spent many years in the new land and many a day of hardship, harassed by the natives of the land. Still the old armchair furnished him with many hours of pleasure and rest, and from its arms he often reflected upon his home land across the ocean. At last the time came for him to lay aside his earthly labors and pass to his reward.

The armchair at this time became the property of his son, who had grown to manhood in the new country. The younger Brewster cherished the chair, for it was the property of his father and there was always sentiment in it. Not a bit changed was the piece of furniture; perhaps somewhat scarred by changing about the home, still it was the same which rested the tired limbs of Elder Brewster. In those days of the sixteenth century, the chair was simply a part of the household effects, and not distinguished from the other pieces in any way. But the days of the dawning of the seventeenth century brought the chair past its century mark and made it quite a relic in the household of the Brewster family. Through the years of this century it still remained in possession of the same family, while change after change was wrought by the Old Man with the scythe. Children were born and grew to youth and manhood; the wedding bells pealed cheerily for many members of the family, while death crept in and took away at last its claim on the old. Changes in the country—the wars and the home affairs wrought never a change for the old chair.

By this time its history and sentiment was ever increasing, and its owner now was Daniel Brewster, a resident of Wolfeboro, N. H., and the chair rested in the happy homestead.

During these years the Brewsters were residents of the state where the chair now is owned. In 1843 it passed into another generation, when it became the property of George F. Brewster, the son of Daniel, a resident of Wolfeboro, among the New Hampshire lakes and mountains. In his peaceful homestead, a rare and fast aging relic it stood for three decades, and in 1874, it saw its good owner pass away from his earthly calling to join his kindred, its former owners who had lived when the country was in its infancy. Eli V. Brewster of Dover then cared for the old chair and told its history with pride. He at last was called away in 1903, and then it came by will into the happy homestead of I. S. Brewster of Dover to await the uncertain future, which is shrouded from man. There it stands, an ornament and part of the household goods. It is nothing but a curved armchair, but what thoughts and what sentiment it brings up if one but ponders a minute.

In antiquity it even surpasses historic Dover itself, for when the busy Cocheco city was nothing but a tract of woodland sheltering the roaming red men, the chair was probably resting the limbs of some brawny Anglo-Saxon in "Merry" England. Imagination alone can picture it on the other side of the Atlantic; its curving arms have embraced both young and old and rested arms of the feeble and aged. It has passed through many generations on this side and it takes but slight fancy to recall how the old have reclined before a glowing hearth clasped in its arms amid the blue wreaths from the pipe; how the good wife industriously plys the knitting needles to the noise and prattle of children at play; how, too, in its arms the young have dreamed of the future, of love, of fortune and fame. The youthful lover, the husbandman and the grandfather, the merry school girl, the housewife and grandmother have all reclined in its arms in reverie, in industry and pleasure.

It is certainly a rare old relic and deserves protection even for its sentiment alone. No modern maker can easily imitate it, for its material, which was nutured in the mother country, would be hard to find in our woodland tracts. The chair itself, though small, weighs almost like iron. Patience, too, can be traced from top to bottom in the handicraft, for there are few things which would lead to believe that the use of many tools were employed. Not the least trace of a nail can be found in the firm frame, while many an uneven cut about the arms would suggest the work of a jack-knife. Frescoed along the curving arms is the leaf of trees from England's forests, much in the likeness of the oak, but perhaps of the tree from which the material was hewed to shape it. It is not a high straight back chair, such as the style in the days of our grandparents, but small, with circling arms just sufficient for one to sit in a most comfortable position, much more so than the elegant chairs of modern days.

Although over three hundred years old, signs of age cannot be traced, nor is there a scar to suggest rough usage. Probably the best corner in the best room has always been preserved for it, and only on "state" occasions of late has it been in actual use. How highly it has been prized can be seen from the fact it was the only legacy left to its present owner, and he values it far more than a cash gift, and large must be the sum to take it from the Brewster line.

Now, as in the past days, it stands in the best room of a happy family homestead, where it will remain till it becomes the property of another, unless it comes to an untimely end. As an ornament it would not be out of place in any elegantly furnished home of the land. Its contrast with other furniture is not striking. At

first sight it would not be distinguished from the chairs framed in the busy days of the century; but, look the second time, or if by chance one happens to sit in it, there is no such ease in the other chairs and those arms to it seem to be curved especially to your ease; and then imagination takes you back—way back to England, the *Mayflower* and colonial days. May it last for many years in the same happy homestead and pass down again, from generation to generation, awakening sentiment and imagination along the vista of the coming years.

Backward

By L. J. H. Frost

Backward through long departed years
My lingering footsteps stray;
I hear the echo of the past
Along the moss-grown way.

I crush dead flowers beneath my feet,
Once they were sweet and fair,
But Time with his relentless hand
Plucked them and cast them there.

And forms of dear loved friends I see
And hear their voices too;
They call, they smile, they beckon me,
Then vanish from my view.

Backward I wander all alone
Through the deserted past;
And gloomy shadows cloud the way
While day is waning fast.

But now a voice is whispering me
"Think not of by-gone days—
But onward walk with patient step
Through all life's devious ways.

"Thy Father's hand that leadeth thee
Will guide thee unto rest,
Where peace that like a river flows
Shall calm each troubled breast."

New Hampshire Necrology

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, born in Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1836, died in Boston, Mass., March 18, 1907.

He was the son of Elias Taft Aldrich, a native of Bangor, Me., and Sara Abba Bailey of Portsmouth, and was educated largely in the private school of Samuel Demeritt in Portsmouth. His father, who was engaged in business in New Orleans, where the family passed the winter seasons, died in the fall of 1850, and the idea of a college education, which had been entertained for him was abandoned, and at the age of seventeen he entered the counting-room of an uncle engaged in commercial life in New York. About this time his first published poem appeared in the columns of the *Portsmouth Journal*. His "Baby Bell," long prominent among the best efforts of American poetical writers, was written the next year, and was successively rejected by several of the leading magazines of the country, and finally made its first appearance in the columns of the *Journal of Commerce*. It was widely copied, however, and its merit secured the young writer a position as an editorial writer for the *New York Mirror*, and soon after as assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, of which the late Nathaniel P. Willis was editor-in-chief. From this time his position and progress in the literary world were assured. In 1865, immediately after his marriage to Miss Lillian Woodman, he removed to Boston and became the editor of *Every Saturday*, a weekly literary publication issued by Ticknor & Fields. In 1881, he succeeded his intimate friend, William Dean Howells, as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, continuing till 1890, after which time he wrote only occasionally, "as the spirit moved." His last poem and last literary work of any kind was written for the Longfellow centennial, at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, February 27, last.

While Mr. Aldrich was undoubtedly the most famous poet of New Hampshire birth, his prose works hold a high place in American literature, "Marjorie Daw and Other Stories," and "The Story of a Bad Boy and the Little Violinist" being the more prominent among them. Mrs. Aldrich and one son, Talbot, survive.

WILLIAM A. PARSONS

William A. Parsons, born in Concord, N. H., February 4, 1822, died in Springfield, Mass., March 10, 1907.

He removed with his parents to Springfield when fourteen years of age, and at twenty-one commenced business for himself in the real estate line, to which he was devoted through his life, having done more, as is said by the press of that city, to build up and develop what is now one of the most beautiful cities in New England, than any other man.

September 20, 1848, Mr. Parsons united in marriage with Miss Sarah A. Wood of Northampton, Mass., who survives him, with a daughter and two sons, the latter having been for some time associated with him in the real estate business.

JOSEPH T. S. LIBBEY

Joseph T. S. Libbey, long a prominent resident of Dover, died in that city, March 18, 1907. He was a native of Rochester, born October 31, 1832, the son of Paul and Elizabeth (Sherburne) Libbey and of the eighth generation from John Libbey, the first of the family in America. He learned the printer's trade in youth in the office of the *Dover Gazette*, subsequently worked at the same in Boston, and later, for many years, was foreman of the *Morning Star* office in Dover. He served in the First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery in the War of the Rebellion, and was promoted to second lieutenant. In 1868 he became one of the proprietors of the *Dover Enquirer*, continuing till 1886, when ill health compelled his retirement. He was the first commander of Charles W. Sawyer Post, G. A. R., of Dover, and was also prominent in Masonry and the Knights of Pythias, being a past grand chancellor of the state organization of the latter. He is survived by three married daughters.

HON. BENJAMIN F. PERKINS

Benjamin F. Perkins, born in Center Harbor, January 7, 1831, died in Bristol, March 18, 1907.

His early education was obtained in Holderness, now Ashland, and at sixteen years of age he went to Boston to learn the brickmakers' trade. At the age of twenty-five he made his home in New Hampton, where he continued for ten years, where he was for six years one of the selectmen, agent during the Civil War for the enlistment of soldiers, and also served two years in the state Legislature. In 1866 he removed to Bristol, where he ever after resided and where he was engaged in the manufacture of paper, latterly as a member of the Mason-Perkins Paper Company, of which he was for many years manager and treasurer. He held many responsible positions and was a member of the state Senate for the fourth district in 1883.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

The fourteenth biennial session of the New Hampshire Legislature, which came to an end on Friday, April 5, was one of the longest held since the adoption of the biennial system; yet, while there may be a disposition in some quarters to condemn unduly the general outcome of the session's work, it is undoubtedly true that it hardly came up on the whole to the expectation of the people or the platform promises of the preceding political campaign. Whatever of real reform may have been accomplished as regards the matter of the legislative pass depends almost entirely upon the judgment or inclination of the governor, who, with the advice of the council, is authorized hereafter to contract with the railroads for the transportation of members of the Legislature during the time of its sessions. The nature of such contract is to determine whether or not any improvement is to be made upon the conditions that have heretofore prevailed. As a matter of fact, the Legislature seems to have evaded its duty in this regard and to have devolved the same upon the executive. One act of the Legislature, however, and by far the most important of the session, cannot fail to be productive of most beneficent results, and should command the hearty approbation of the people regardless of party. Reference is had to the measure regulating the election of delegates, and the organization and control of political conventions, which, by compelling the holding of caucuses for the choice of delegates and alternates by all parties simultaneously throughout the state, and by prohibiting the participation in conventions of any but duly elected delegates or alternates, prevents, in large measure, the packing of such caucuses in particular interests, and does away absolutely with the corrupt trading in "proxies," which has so frequently been resorted to in the past, greatly to the discredit of New Hampshire politics.

Reference has recently been made in these notes to a valuable contribution to the biographical history of the state in Dr. Granville P. Conn's "History of the New Hampshire Surgeons in the War of the Rebellion." Mention should not be omitted of another work of similar nature, appearing almost simultaneously, even more extended and comprehensive in its character, also from the pen of a Concord author. "The Native Ministry of New Hampshire," by Rev. N. F. Carter, is a large octavo volume of 1017 pages, embracing personal sketches of over twenty-five hundred New Hampshire born clergymen of different denominations, who have pursued their calling in this and other states and foreign lands. It is the result of more than thirty years of patient and careful labor, and is at once a monument to the industry and devotion of the author, and a tribute to a noble army of laborers in "the Master's vineyard," who have honored alike their native state and their high and chosen calling. No one interested in the history and biography of the state and in the work of New Hampshire men in all lines of worthy effort should be without a copy of this book. Especially should it be found in every public library in the state, since there is scarcely a town within its borders, some of whose sons are not included among its subjects.

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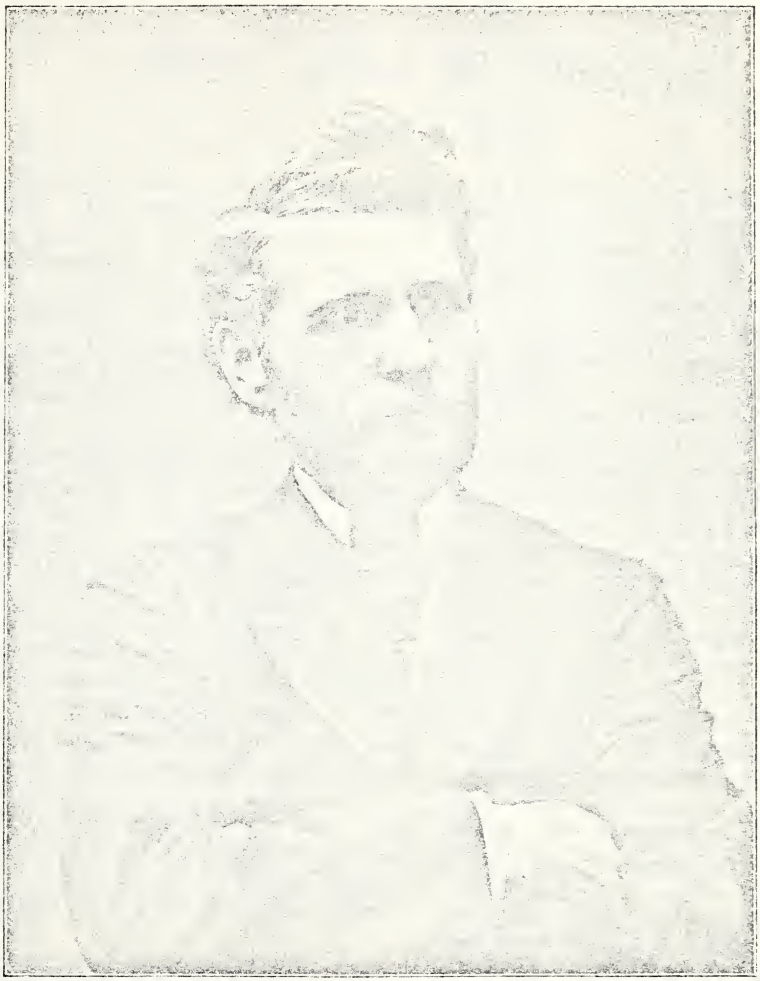


HON. JOHN M. MITCHELL.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIX, No. 5 MAY, 1907 NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, No. 5

Hon. John M. Mitchell

By H. H. Metcalf

While we hear much in these days about "the decadence of the bar," and while it is undoubtedly true that the legal profession, as such, exerts a smaller comparative influence in directing public affairs than was the case two or three generations ago, it is true, nevertheless, that the men most prominent in shaping our legislation, both state and national, and in directing public policy, from the municipal to the international field, are trained lawyers, as a rule. While it is undoubtedly true, moreover, that there were more lawyers of eminent ability, in proportion to the total number in practice in New Hampshire, half a century ago than is the case today, it is also true that the New Hampshire bar, on the whole, compares most favorably with that of other states, and that its representatives are able to hold their own when pitted against the best legal talent of any of our neighboring commonwealths, much of which, indeed, originally went out from the Granite State.

Prominent among the best known lawyers, and most respected and influential citizens of New Hampshire today, is Hon. John M. Mitchell, the subject of this sketch. Mr. Mitchell is the oldest survivor of eleven children born to John and Honora (Doherty) Mitchell, the former a native of County Cork and the latter of Kerry, Ireland, who came to this country in the spring of 1848, landing in Boston, but soon finding their way into New Hampshire and locating in the town of Plymouth, where John M. was born, July 6, 1849, his father being engaged in the employ of the contractor for the construction of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad.

The elder Mitchell was a man of native good sense, rare intelligence and education far better than that of the average Irish emigrant, seeking in this country improved material and political conditions for himself, and superior opportunities for his children, along all lines, and it was his ambition from the start to become a landowner and a farmer, to establish himself and family in that close contact with mother earth which is the surest basis of independence and prosperity among men in any country. His residence in Plymouth was brief. He removed to Barnet, Vt., where he remained for a short time, going thence, in 1851, to the northern part of the state, on to a farm in the town of Salem. Two years later, in 1853, he removed to the neighboring town of Wheelock, where he had purchased a large farm, which was the family home for nine years, and where several children were born. In 1862, he sold out in Wheelock and returned to Salem (now a part of the town of Derby), where he located on a large farm of some 400 or 500 acres, which ever after remained the family home, and whereon the chil-

dren, of whom there were eleven in all, and of whom six are now living, were reared to habits of industry, and had instilled into their minds and hearts that love of liberty which no man possesses more fully than the intelligent Irish emigrant who has made his home in America, and that regard for the sanctions of morality and religion which the devout and consistent Catholic never fails to impress upon his children.

In 1864, having made the most of his opportunities in the district school up to this time, John M. commenced attending Derby Academy,* one of the popular academies of the state, which still maintains a high standing among the educational institutions of its class, where he continued his studies for one or two terms a year for several years, working at home upon the farm in summer and teaching in the winter, commencing with 1865, which was the winter he was sixteen years of age. His first school, which was in the town of Holland, was what was known as a hard one to manage, and the committee who had come over to the academy to secure a teacher, had grave doubts about the ability of young Mitchell, who had been recommended by the principal, to carry it through successfully, but was finally persuaded to let him try the experiment, which was attended with eminent success. He taught school for six successive winters, and meanwhile, in March, 1869, was elected superintendent of schools in the town of Salem, although then only nineteen years of age, which office he held for two years.

*This Academy, in whose welfare Mr. Mitchell still takes a deep interest, and to which he has substantially contributed, has been attended by many men afterwards conspicuous in different walks of life, among whom may be named: U. S. Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont; Right Rev. William W. Niles, D. D., bishop of the Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire, and the late ex-congressmen, Ossian Ray of Lancaster and Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia.

In boyhood and early youth, both in general bearing and his school-day habits, Mr. Mitchell gave ample promise of the sterling character, strong application and substantial success which have characterized him in later years. Hon. Charles Rogers, now of Lyndonville, a prominent citizen, state senator and former judge of the Caledonia County court, writing of him, says: "As a boy he was far beyond his years in knowledge and conversation. He visited me often, his father's family being near neighbors from 1853 to 1862, and I remember well his interest in and discussion of the affairs and questions of the day, which were many during the rebellion. As a student, he was industrious and showed those qualities of mind which afterward placed him in the front rank of his profession. As a young man his character was unquestioned, and in bearing he was always a gentleman."

Hon. Charles A. Prouty of Newport, Vt., a member of the present Interstate Commerce Commission, himself a lawyer of high standing, in a recent letter to the writer says: "Many years ago I attended the Derby Academy at Derby Center, Vermont. My second term there was the first term in the new building, and there was an attendance of over two hundred. In those days rhetorical exercises were held once a week in the large hall, in the presence of the entire school. These occasions were not usually impressive, but the third or fourth week of the term a young gentleman mounted the platform who, by his striking appearance and the forceful manner of his declamation riveted the attention of the entire school. I did not know him, but the boy at my side said he was John Mitchell from Salem. That effort established his reputation as the finest "speaker" in the school. It must have had some merit, for I remember it vividly today, althought I have

not the slightest recollection of the rhetorical performance of any other boy. John was a good student as well as a good declaimer and above all a resolute fellow. He had even then determined to make much of himself if hard work would do it, and he never faltered for a moment until he had won out."

The interest and solicitude of his parents regarding his progress and welfare during his schooldays was constantly manifest, no less than in his earlier years of home training. His father's interest and advice in his studies continued, and was of material advantage throughout, while the firm but kindly guidance of his mother along moral and religious lines was most effective in shaping his character and exalting his purpose in life.

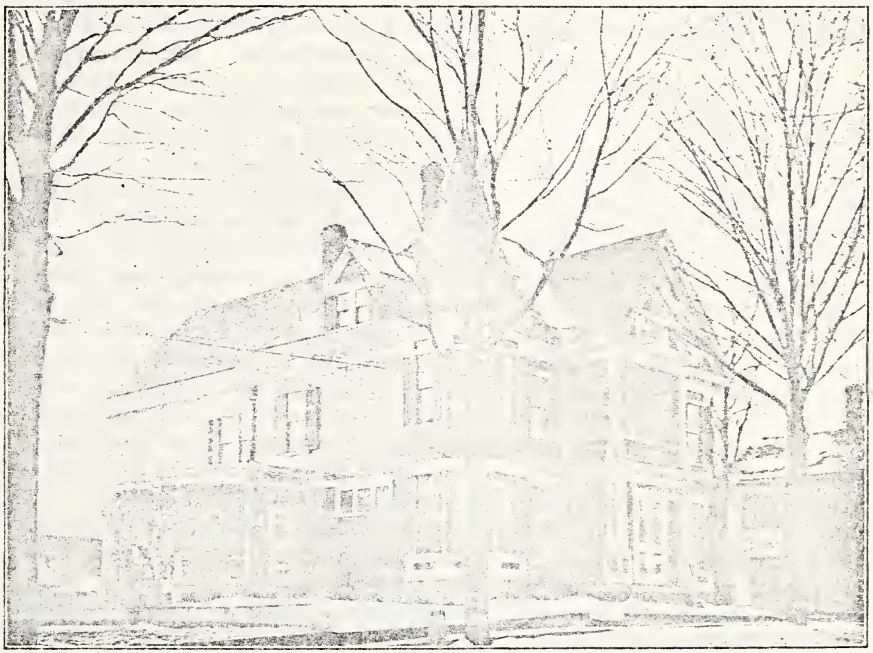
In the autumn of 1870, September 6, having determined to enter upon the legal profession and having already been for some months a registered student with Edwards & Dickerman, a prominent firm at Derby, young Mitchell went to Littleton, N. H., and entered the office of Harry and George A Bingham, long known as the leading law firm of northern New Hampshire, where he continued his studies until his admission to the bar in March, 1872, returning home, however, the first winter to teach and to conclude his term of service as superintendent of schools in Salem.

Upon entering practice, he was at once received in partnership by Harry Bingham, the firm of H. and G. A. Bingham being then dissolved. It was the senior partner of that firm, indeed, with whom Mr. Mitchell had been most closely associated in his student days, and through which association continued in partnership relation his professional aspirations and standard and his code of legal ethics were established. And no man who in any substantial sense lived up to the professional standard set by Harry Bingham, if himself naturally well endowed, could fail to win high place in the ranks of his profession. Few indeed are they who have been favored with the tutelage and companionship of such a master mind, such a commanding genius not only in the domain of law, but in the entire field of human knowledge and the philosophy of life in its broadest and highest sense.

Continuing in this partnership, Mr. Mitchell was a resident of Littleton until June, 1881, when, seeking broader opportunities for professional service, he removed to Concord. Meantime Albert S. Batchellor, who entered the office as a student in 1872, had been admitted to the firm and later William H. Mitchell, a younger brother of John M., also came in, first as a student and afterward as a partner, the firm name being successively changed to Bingham, Mitchell and Batchellor, and Bingham, Mitchells and Batchellor. While a citizen of Littleton, Mr. Mitchell was thoroughly alive to all the duties and obligations of citizenship, taking an active interest in public affairs and commanding the confidence of his townsmen in the highest degree. He served two terms as a member of the board of education, and was one of the selectmen from 1877 to 1879. While serving on the board of selectmen he secured the refunding of the town's bonded indebtedness, then drawing 7 per cent., at the then remarkably low rate of 4 per cent., a task pronounced impossible of accomplishment by the most sagacious financiers of the town. In the year 1879 he was elected solicitor for Grafton County, and appointed to fill the vacancy in that office occasioned by the election of Maj. Evarts W. Farr, the then incumbent, to Congress from the Third District, for the balance of the term preceding his own regular incumbency, which office he held, discharg-

ing its duties with rigid impartiality, and conscientious devotion until his removal to Concord in 1881.

For the past twenty-six years Mr. Mitchell has been a resident of the Capital City, establishing his home at 57 Rumford Street, Ward Four, and his office at first in the National State Capital Bank building and later in Sanborn's Block, corner of Capital and North Main, where he has remained throughout. The old partnership of Bingham & Mitchell was continued during the lifetime of Mr. Bingham, who spent considerable time in the city and gave large attention to the business of the firm for several years, until his waning bodily powers, in the years immediately preceding his death in 1900, compelled a gradual relinquishment of professional labor.* The enlarged opportunities which he sought in removal to Concord came in abundant measure. It is safe to say that the services of no lawyer in the state have been in greater demand than those of Mr. Mitchell in the last quarter of a century, and few, if any, have been engaged in more important litigation. While largely engaged in railroad cases, in which his success has been marked, his general practice has been extensive and has demanded his appearance at the bar in every county in the state, and often beyond its borders. As a member of the firm of Bingham & Mitchell, he was actively engaged in the important series of suits, all vigorously contested, which established the railroad policy of New Hampshire, so far as the courts were concerned, viz.: Pearson *v.* the Concord Railroad, pending from 1878 till 1884, the determination of which broke up the combination by which the Northern and B. C. & M. controlled the Concord; Burke *v.* the Concord Railroad, to break the



Residence of Hon. John M. Mitchell, Rumford Street, Concord, N. H.

*Mr. Bingham gave Mr. Mitchell, by his will, the gold-headed cane presented him by the Democratic members of the Legislature in 1863, and also his law library. He also made him the executor of his will, without bond, and one of his literary executors.

contract of August, 1881, by which a co-partnership had been formed between the Concord and Lowell roads, through whose operation the offices of the former were all removed to Boston, which suit was effective, the contract voided, and the offices brought back to Concord within six months; also Dow *v.* the Northern Railroad, to break the lease to the Lowell, instituted in 1884 and finally determined for the plaintiff in March, 1887. He was also counsel for plaintiffs in B. C. & M., to break up the lease of the former to the Lowell, begun in 1884. In all these cases Mr. Mitchell was of counsel for the plaintiffs, performing the hard legal work, making all the briefs, and arranging the important details of preparation for every issue involved. As indicative of the clearness and force of argument displayed in his briefs and papers in these cases, as in his arguments in all important cases with which he is connected, the following reference to his brief in the case of Burke against the railroad, from the pen of Senator Chandler, appearing in the Concord *Monitor* of December 3, 1881, may be cited:

"The brief of Messrs. Bingham and Mitchell against the Boston, Lowell & Concord Railroad contract of August 19 is one of the ablest arguments ever written — systematic, logical, cogent. It clearly shows (1) that the joint partnership contract between the two roads is beyond the powers of the Concord Railroad; (2) that it is in violation of express statutes; and (3) that any stockholder is entitled to prohibit it by bill in equity. A more complete and conclusive statement and demonstrative of the anti-consolidation side cannot be put upon paper."

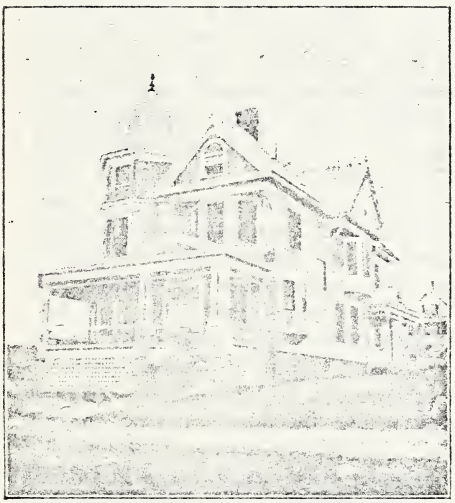
Mr. Mitchell was attorney for the Concord Railroad from 1884 till 1888, and for the Concord & Montreal from 1891 till the lease of the same to the Boston & Maine, June 29, 1895, since when he has been counsel for the latter corporation.

The late Chief Justice Charles Doe presided at the term of court at which Mr. Mitchell was admitted to the bar, and took a strong interest in his professional career. He frequently complimented him upon his law term work, and on different occasions when a vacancy occurred upon the bench, to be filled by a Democrat, urged him to consent to a recommendation for appointment. This, however, he has thus far declined to do, preferring to remain in practice.

Although often spoken of, from the fact of his railroad association, as a "corporation lawyer," Mr. Mitchell is a friend of organized labor and all its legitimate aims and aspirations. He was general counsel for the Granite Cutters' National Union during the entire period while the central office of that organization was in New Hampshire, and was frequently called to different parts of the country to adjust controversies and advise the local counsel and officers of the union.

While thoroughly devoted to his profession, and never allowing his attention to be diverted therefrom, to the neglect of its legitimate demands or the interests of his clients, Mr. Mitchell has always been mindful of the just claims of the public upon the individual, and has always had at heart the welfare of the community, the state and the country at large. Politically a Democrat, from early training and later conviction, he has been associated from youth with the Democratic party, standing firmly by its principles in all emergencies; but has never sought the direction of party affairs or promotion for himself at its hands. He was appointed as the minority representative on the State Board of Railroad Commissioners in October, 1888, serving until his resignation in April, 1891. He

was elected to the legislature from Ward 4, Concord, in November, 1892, although the ward was decidedly Republican, his colleagues from the ward being Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, Hon. James O. Lyford and Capt. Frank H. George, his popularity being demonstrated by the fact that he received a larger vote than either of his Republican colleagues, and larger than was cast in the ward for the Republican candidate for governor. Such was his recognized ability and standing as a lawyer, that he was assigned to service on the Judiciary Committee in the legislature following, notwithstanding the fact that



Mr. Mitchell's York Beach Cottage

his colleagues, Eastman and Lyford, on account of their party prominence, had to be given places upon the same committee, thus presenting the unparalleled spectacle of three members of this important committee from a single city ward. In 1902 he also represented his ward in the Constitutional Convention, along with Mr. Lyford and Gen. F. S. Streeter, serving upon the legislative committee in that convention. His strength before the people was again demonstrated by the vote cast for delegates, at the polls, Mr. Mitchell receiving a higher vote than either of his colleagues.

He has frequently served as a member of the Democratic State Committee, and was president of the state convention of his party, for the election of delegates to the national convention, in May, 1888. He was the nominee of the Democrats in the state legislature for United States senator in 1903, and was a delegate-at-large from New Hampshire in the national Democratic convention at St. Louis in 1904, serving on the platform committee in that body. He was strongly urged to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in the state convention of his party in September, 1902, but refused. Even then he was given a very considerable vote in the convention.

Mr. Mitchell is now serving his third successive three years' term as a member of the Board of Education in Union School District of Concord, in the work of which board he has all along taken an active and valuable part. He was actively instrumental in the organization of the State Board of Charities and Correction and was the first president of such board, appointed in 1895. He has been a trustee of the New Hampshire Hospital for the Insane since 1900, and was recently elected secretary of the board to relieve the Hon. Joseph B. Walker after his remarkably extended term of service. He is also a trustee of the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital in Concord. He has been for many years a trustee of the Loan & Trust Savings Bank of Concord, and president of the same since 1905, succeeding the late John F. Jones. In 1900 he succeeded the late John H. Pearson as a director of the National State Capital Bank. He has been for a long time one of the directors of the Mount

Washington Railway, and was recently elected clerk of the Concord & Montreal, succeeding Gen. F. S. Streeter. In 1886 he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Dartmouth College.

While catholic in the broad sense as well, in that he is devoid of all bigotry, Mr. Mitchell has been from boyhood a consistent adherent of the Roman Catholic faith, and is among the most prominent laymen of that church in New England. He was actively instrumental in the establishment of the Catholic church of St. Rose of Lima at Littleton during his residence in that town, and of The Star of the Sea at York Beach, Me., where he has a fine cottage, and has had his summer home for several years. He has been the legal adviser of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Manchester since the creation of the diocese in 1883, and, for some time previous of the Bishop of Portland, as to civil matters in this state. He drew and procured the enactment of the law which made the Bishop of Manchester a corporation sole. His aid in legislative matters has also been frequently and freely extended to other religious denominations and bodies, seeking proper aid and recognition at the hands of the General Court, or for their protection when their interests have been threatened. He has always been interested in the charitable and benevolent work of the state, and drew and procured the passage of the act providing for the removal of dependent children from the vicious surroundings of county almshouses, as well as that creating the State Board of Charities, and defining its duties, to which reference has previously been made; and at various sessions of the legislature, when these laws have been assailed and threatened, he has conducted the campaign for their defence. He was appointed by Governor McLane a delegate from New Hampshire to the National Immigration Convention in New York, in December, 1905.

As a public speaker Mr. Mitchell is not often heard, but whenever he speaks his remarks are always lucid, cogent, forceful and convincing. His formal addresses, which have been far fewer than pressing invitation and insistent demand have called for, have given evidence of deep thought, earnest conviction and high purpose. His Memorial Day address before E. E. Sturtevant Post, No. 2, G. A. R., of Concord, in May last, commanded marked attention, and elicited the highest commendation of thoughtful and patriotic minds. It is to be hoped that in time to come he will be able to respond more frequently to calls for public service in this direction.

Mr. Mitchell was united in marriage November 19, 1874, with Julia C. Lonergan of St. Johnsbury, Vt. They have had four children—three daughters and a son, of whom two daughters, Agnes and Marion, only survive, one daughter dying in infancy and a son, Leo, at the age of three years.

Kindness

By George Warren Parker.

It was only a smile of sympathy
And a word from a friend held dear,
But, amid the grief of after life,
It was these that brought great cheer.

The Landgravine's Roses

A LEGEND OF THE WARTBURG.

By Fred Myron Colby

Within the bright Thuringian land a castle of renown
High crowns a hill-top where it stands a warder o'er the town.
Through war and peace a thousand years it's kept its vigil there;
Its gray old walls are mantled o'er with moss and ivy rare.
Throughout the Middle Ages with their feudal pomp and state
The Wartburg's ruling magnates were magnificent and great.
Before the Landgrave's stately board a hundred minstrels played;
Within its rooms, safe from his foes the great Reformer stayed.
They show a dash of ink upon the richly dadoed wall,
Which Luther at the Devil threw to oust him from the hall.
Of all the old-time stories that enshrine the ancient pile,
The roses of the Landgravine the most our hearts beguile.

* * * * * * *

O grand was the Wartburg's glory when Landgrave Ludwig reigned;
The minstrels played from morn till night, their music never waned;
A hundred nobles feasted high within his stately hall.
Where like a star his Landgravine in splendor shamed them all.
A generous bounty she dispensed with proud and queenly grace;
In every peasant's cottage they adored her fair, sweet face.
She was a gracious lady she, queenly and good and fair;
With eyes of heaven's own azure and shining golden hair.
From Danube to the Elbe was nowhere held such princely state,
And nowhere did the humble yield such service to the great.

One year the harvests failed them all and famine stalked the land;
In lowly cabins there was want and want in castles grand.
Before the Wartburg's gateway tall thronged starving boys and girls,
And rose the beggars' clamor and the voice of whining churls.
The Landgravine, with pity touched, sent from her well-filled board
In generous measure food to quell the hunger of the horde.
So day by day she fed them, robbing still the castle's store,
And day by day they gathered there and feasted at her door.
But harder waxed the famine and the wailing fiercer grew;
The castle's store grew thinner yet before that famished crew.

The Landgravine's cheeks grew hollow and her face was sad and wan;
But still she saved to feed her starving people, one by one.
The Landgrave harshly chided her and bade her never more
To share her food with beggars, and he drove them from the door.
But oft her heart misgave her and she still her peasants fed,
And shared with them her bounties and her daily dole of bread.
She lightened all their sufferings and tried to calm their fears;
She spun and plied her needle, and her face was wet with tears.
For of her husband's anger silently she stood in dread.
And so she worked in secret and her starving peasants fed.

One afternoon at sunset when the castle was asleep,
Her lord had gone a-hunting, forth she went with halting feet,
To bear a basket heaped with food to share with loving care
Among her famished tenantry, the subjects of her prayer.
When suddenly a tramp of horse and bugle's cheery blow,
And lo! the Landgrave's hunting train swept through the sunset's glow.
He looked with lowering visage on his trembling wife's pale face,
As she her mantle o'er the hamper drew with air of grace.
"Seek ye your starving peasants? Speak! What does your mantle hide?"
The Landgrave questioned sternly, spurring closely to her side.

She could not speak from terror then, but inwardly she prayed
As he dismounted from his horse and on the basket laid
His strong right hand of iron, as he roughly pushed aside
The Landgravine's gay mantle and the basket opened wide.
A wondrous miracle had passed; the Landgrave stood amazed,
Then humbly bent before his wife who on its contents gazed.
A mass of blooming roses clustered there in white and red;
No earthly flowers e'er before such potent incense shed.
The Landgravine selected then the fairest rose in view,
And with her trembling white hands decked her husband's cap anew.
The Landgrave's eyes with light of wondrous softness on her shone.
"Sweet wife, my angel," murmured he; "the Lord protects His own."

* * * * * * *

Still upon its castled height stands the Wartburg, old and grand,
Its hoary turrets watching o'er the green Thuringian land.
Within its chapel's stately walls, beside her Landgrave bold,
Now sleeps the saintly Landgravine, while centuries have rolled
Their weight of war and woe upon their monuments of stone.
The chiefest of their legends stands this miracle alone;
The tourist hears with sympathy the ancient legend told,
And dries a reminiscent tear above their storied mold.

O Spring, I Love Thee Best

By Hevey Lucius Woodward

O Spring, thou comest—welcome guest—
Of all the year I love thee best!
Thy promises do not withhold,
Bring gifts to me, yea, manifold,
My pulses quicken,—break the spell
That holds my soul, my citadel.

Thy laughter and thy lightsome mood
From cares of earth my thoughts have wooed;
Thy whispered words of love intense
Have won me in their innocence,
As from thy throat bright beads of dew
Flash back those forms my fancy drew.

The Parade Ground

By Lelia Weekes-Wilson

In the centre of the pretty village of Barnstead, New Hampshire, there is a wide, open square known in that locality as the "Parade."

The well-preserved church on one side, and the attractive post-office on the other stand sentinel for this old-time level stretch of close-cut green, where the soldiers of three wars have camped and drilled, and then gone marching away to battle.

The deed setting aside this open space of land for the use of the town is interesting.

"This is to certify that I, the subscriber, promise to give Charles Hodgdon, Rufus Evans, Jonathan Young and Joseph Bunker, a committee chosen by a body of men for the purpose of erecting a meeting-house in the north part of Barnstead, as committee-men for said proprietors, a deed of a piece of land for the use of the said meeting-house, any time when said meeting-house is built, and a parade 27 rods by Doctor Jewett's and running back from said road so far as 25 rods toward the river. Which is to be left as a square for said Parade; on which is not to be erected any building excepting for the use of said church or meeting-house any time when said committee shall demand it. Which is to be free as their property as long as there is a meeting-house to stand there.

"As witness my hand, Barnstead May 1, 1796.

ELI BUNKER.

"BENJAMIN NUTTER
"BENJAMIN HODGDON
"Recorded 1821
"ENOS GEORGE,
"Town Clerk."

Think of the tears shed over this hallowed place, tears of heartbreak at parting, tears of joy with the glad return of tattered and broken ranks. Think of the good-byes and the glad welcomes!

If the very stones and the grass

could only speak of the scenes enacted on this level bosom! The days and the uniforms of '75 and '61 and the Spanish War are passed.

May the years to come bring peace.

"Like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest,
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
But (today we) long for rest."

May the passing centuries see no more the white camps of soldiers spread over this honored parade-ground. May the drills and the clarion calls be only those of playful boys and childish laughter.

(May the nights) "be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away."

Logs

By Laura Garland Carr

Rising and dipping in rhymithical motion,
On the bright water serenely they ride.
Bound for the market or bound for the ocean,
Of fate impending they've not the least notion—
Only that now down the river they glide.

Thin clouds above them, as aimless are drifting,
Shadows stretch lazily all down the way;
Boughs in the light wind are nodding and lifting,
Sunbeams, through leaf rifts, are fitfully sifting;
All the world seems just as idle as they.

Warm, lapping waters about them are clinging,
Little waves laughingly run up each side;
Through sedgy borders now plunging and singing,
Now, from the boulders, in long curves outswinging,
Over dark pools where the finny folk hide.

Ah, if life's river would float us thus lightly!
No hint of duty the conscience to jog!
No doubtful past to be thought of contritely!
No weary watch to hold daily and nightly!
What greater happiness? None—for a log!

Dover Landing from 1792 to 1842

[Read before the Northam Colonist Society]

By Lydia A. Stevens

During the fifty years ending about 1842, the Landing was the hot coal of Dover, N. H., enterprise. A glance at the Whitehouse map tells why. Nothing was done in local trade elsewhere in town. The river afforded a channel to Portsmouth, and so on out to sea, and the outer world. Dover was shut up to this water-way.

So the Landing outpaced other sections of the town. There came to live within its borders the bold and energetic, as well as the possessors of ready money, and, if a forceful man lived elsewhere, he spent his busiest hours near the water-front

In a neglected locality, where the town lots remained unsold, and where still existed some traces of the ancient forest, there grew up a thriving business with the north country, and paying relations with distant coast towns. Portland, Boston, New York, and even the West Indies, knew of this tide-water trading place.

The selectmen were empowered to sell the town river lots in 1785. Many remained unsold for years. To prevent illegal use, leases were issued. The more desirable lots were those between Main Street and the river, and in the rear of Nahum French's dram-shop. These had good wharf facilities. The leases ran for three years. Generally the lots were used for storing lumber. The lessees wharfed up the lots and took the expense out of the rents. I have not been able to learn the names of the early occupants. However, the following sales were made at auction in June, 1841: Nat. W. Ela, $351; Moses Place, $385; Nahum French, $1,320; J. Savell and Tom Stackpole, $780; A. Pierce & Co., deed to Bartlett and Brock, $270; "Flagg lot" to Cocheco Mfg. Co., $155; one lot near Young's slaughter house, bidder's name now unknown, $150; J. Richardson, $500; C. W. Woodman, $319; I. A. Porter, $301; J. Richardson, $360.

Many years before the date of this story—certainly as early as 1770—quite an interest had grown up, through navigation and in other ways, on the Landing. For a time it languished because of the war. But with the advent of the nineteenth century, interest revived. Straightway, dwelling houses, an in, large schoolhouse, shops, storing sheds, and warehouses were erected, and the hiring, buying and building of vessels was begun anew.

Of course, the river had been a highway of travel from the earliest times. Even at a date anterior to 1770, West India trading vessels of a hundred tons burthen came up the river to the junction of the Cocheco and Berwick rivers, about three miles below the Landing. There they were reached by boats and rafts. But as before stated, the Revolutionary War brought a long interruption. In the old troubled days, men paddled to and from Portsmouth in canoes, and later both men and women made the trip in row-boats. The market was better at the down-river town. After the war of 1812, it was a common matter for women living on the banks of the Cocheco to go down and back alone, both by day and night. They pulled cross-handed, and asked odds of no one. But what with the building of the Portsmouth bridge, the passing up and down of so many crafts, and the

increasing opportunities for procuring supplies at home, the practice declined.

Before the building of a bridge over the Pascataqua between the towns of Portsmouth and Kittery, in 1822, the river was navigable at all seasons of the year to Dover Point for all classes of vessels. Those drawing seventeen feet of water could come up the Cocheco four miles above the Point, and to within two and one-half miles of the Landing, and such as drew eleven feet could come at full tide to within a mile. During the second war with Great Britain, the frigate *Congress* and several large merchant vessels were moored in the Pascataqua or its branches higher up.

The Portsmouth bridge was a serious obstruction to the navigation of the river. Before it was built it never was considered difficult to pass up and down in gondolas, either by day or night. Afterward this class of boats had to start from Dover at about high water, and being rowed down the Cocheco to the Pascataqua River, and then being permitted to float with the tide, they would reach the bridge at about slack water. Sometimes they got through without much delay, but not infrequently they were detained in waiting for the right time of the tide, and thereby lost a favorable wind and had to lay by for a day or two. It was not considered safe to pass the draw by night. It took about four and a half hours to row a loaded gondola from Dover Landing to Portsmouth bridge. The master of a large vessel also had trouble with the bridge. He used to consider that when he had effected a passage, half of the voyage was made to Boston, about ninety miles the way he went.

Vessels, in river talk, were called coasters, gondolas, and small boats, but the term packet was also applied to all except gondolas.

Previous to 1807, Captain Clement sailed a schooner from Dover to Boston and other ports. In 1815 Clement owned and commanded a sloop in the same business, and a small pink-stern schooner in charge of Captain Pierce made similar trips. Pierce afterward ran a large coaster for two years. He and Capt. James Wentworth built a sea-going schooner of about seventy tons. After two seasons they sold out, and built two small schooners, using them for four years, when one was lost. Then some one built a vessel of sixty tons, and called her *Cordelier*. This craft turned out remarkably seaworthy, and sailed from Dover to Boston, Newburyport, Cape Ann, Thomaston, Portland, and to other places, and back to Dover. The schooner *Laurel* was built and owned in Dover. She was engaged in the southern trade. Another boat, called *Marion*, was a Landing product and owned by Dover people. In 1826, a sloop called *The Satellite*, was bought out of town by Landing people and the Great Falls Manufacturing Co. She was of sixty tons burthen, and was used in a sort of partnership with the two schooners built by Pierce and Wentworth as above. Then a schooner called *William Tell* was put on the course between Dover and Boston. It was of about seventy tons, and owned principally by the Great Falls Manufacturing Co., though the Landing had an interest. Shortly after, possibly a year, another schooner of thirty tons, called the *Young Tell*, was bought by Moses P. Perkins of Dover, and employed for several seasons. The Landing and people from South Berwick built a schooner on what is now the city farm, calling it *Volusia*. Dover men controlled a sloop called the *Flash* and put it on the river. Another sloop, called *Sally*, of about thirty tons, was very profitable to her Landing owners. As many as six vessels were built on the Landing in a single year. The largest was built by Captain Rogers. It measured above six hundred tons. All these vessels were in the coasting

trade, and frequently made extended voyages. Without exception, they were commanded by Dover men. Andrew Pierce, Jr., built a brig named *The Ellen and Clara.*

Then the shrewder factors and owners in other interests on the Landing banded themselves together, and the first business combination in Dover was formed. With the collective capital, nearly all the sound and fast-sailing sea-boats were bought. The syndicate styled itself "The Despatch Line of Packets." Among the early directors were Moses Paul, Andrew Pierce, Nathaniel Young, Andrew Pierce, Jr. In a few years, the new business power had things about its own way, lasting till the railroad in turn put it out of commission.

The syndicate constantly operated seven vessels, four from fifty to sixty tons, and cleared annually something over $20,000 from freights. To this was added the profit of its own ventures and the income from its small boats.

The general government made appropriations for improving the navigation of the Cocheco River in 1835 and 1837, five thousand dollars each year. The money was all laid out below the Landing by John T. Gibbs. Maj. Thomas Lee of South Berwick expended nearly as much in deepening the Berwick branch about 1832.

It is possible to mention a number of men who commanded the schooners of the Despatch line. *William Tell,* Daniel Trefethen, master; *William Penn,* Archelaus Trefethen, master; *The Pierce,* John Card, master; *The December,* Clark Paul, master; *Lafayette,* James Sterling, master; *Cocheco,* Daniel Card, master. Charles Young, Paul Burley and Henry Card were occasionally employed.

There were certain schooners owned only in part by the stockholders of the Despatch line. Schooner *Charles Henry,* John Smith, 2d, master, owned by A. Pierce 3d and Co.; schooner *Dover Packet,* Tristram Griffin, master, owned by A. Pierce 3d and Co.; schooner *Robert Rantoul, Jr.* T. N. Porter master, owned by Joseph Merrill Nathaniel Demeritt, William F. Estes, Josiah Hall and William S. McCollister. The *Washington,* J. B. Guppey master, owned by A. Pierce, Jr., A. Pierce 3d, and Co., James Wentworth and J. B. Guppey.

The gondolas were useful and carried a class of freight unsuited to other crafts. The Despatch Line did not meddle much with the gondola traffic. Among the Dover men reckoned expert in the management of such craft were: Moses Young, John Sayles, Joseph Dame, Benjamin A. Ford, Stephen Twombly and Enoch Dunn. In 1815, and after, there were as many as ten gondolas owned constantly in Dover, whose business it was to ply on the river. There were two classes of gondolas; the larger could carry from thirty-two to thirty-six tons or eighteen cords of dry, hard wood. They could come from Portsmouth up to the Landing or South Berwick, with a fair breeze at half tide.

The gondolas and schooners moved annually about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods for the Cocheco Mfg. Co. One-half of the cotton used came to Portsmouth Harbor, and the gondolas took it up the river. All the coal was freighted in the same way. The other half of the cotton, and other bulky material, came in coasters right up to the wharves. The finished goods of the company were shipped in coasters to Boston.

In 1842 the value of all goods transported up and down the river, to and from Dover to Portsmouth and by Portsmouth, was estimated by Andrew Pierce, Jr., at two millions, four hundred thousand dollars annually. As showing in part the business activity on the Landing at this date, it

may be stated that the Despatch Line of coasters was in the habit of bringing goods from Boston to Dover by the river for the section of country beginning at Durham, thence to Northwood, to Pittsfield, Gilmanton, Gilford, Meredith, New Hampton, Plymouth, Campton, Sandwich, Tamworth, Ossipee, Effingham, Newfield, Acton, Shapleigh North Berwick, and South Berwick, Me., including said towns and all the country by said towns included. But this was not enough. The directors had many plans for establishing boat navigation on Winnipesaukee Lake. That secured, they would import goods for that section of the country for a distance of twenty or thirty miles around Plymouth, and even reach up into Vermont.

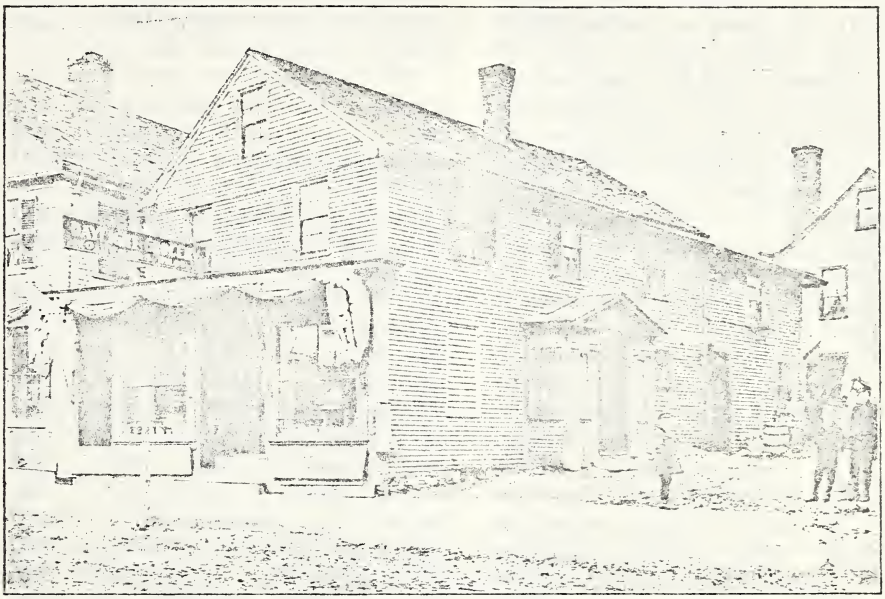
When it is understood that this Dover Despatch Line of coasters controlled only part of the crafts engaged in this trade, and did little of the gondola work, some idea of the volume of the Landing activity can be formed. Certainly this little section of Dover asserted itself. It came very near being Dover. Schooner captains and gondola skippers improved their conditions, many establishing homes, and a few laid by money. At least two factors became rich and betook themselves to Boston.

Boats especially made to carry small loads and a few passengers to and from Portsmouth were in use from an early date. In process of time, the river packet that some of us remember was evolved. The earliest were of about 10 tons measurement. But by 1834, keel boats of larger tonnage were employed. The larger ones were about 30 feet long and 10 feet beam, drawing 3 feet of water when light, and 5½ when loaded. This packet was rigged with a large lateen sail, bent to a long spruce yard which was slung to a short oak stump by a chain. A rope and block-tackle, attached to the lower end of the long yard and the stern of the boat, served to hold the triangular sail at proper angle when the boat was in motion, and to lower and hoist the same when passing under and beyond a bridge.

The boats carrying freight and passengers plied between Dover and Portsmouth, Durham and Newmarket. The earliest boat I can name was called *The Fox,* owned and operated by Capt. Stephen Twombly in 1834. A few years later John Saville and his brother, George, moved from Scituate, Mass., and built the *Greyhound* on the wharf near Lyman's Yard. This packet was beautifully modelled and very fast. The Pierces owned this boat. It was sailed by Capt. Samuel Twombly, son of Stephen. The *Greyhound* took the place of *The Fox,* which was sold to Henry Coleman of Dover Neck. Captain Coleman rigged her with two masts, and took a pleasure party to Boston, Gloucester and Marblehead, then worked her on the river and eventually sold her to outside people. Then came the *Zimri S. Wallingford,* built by Toby and Littlefield on Noble's Island, Portsmouth. This was the largest keel packet that ever ran between Portsmouth and the up-river towns. James Rand was owner and skipper. He was very popular and was liberally patronized. Meanwhile, the Drew brothers, William and George, had a packet built at Essex, Mass., and named her *The Factory Girl.* At first they sailed from Newmarket, eventually settling down to trips from the Landing. George Dunn bought the old packet *Mentor,* which formerly ran between Durham and Portsmouth, made repairs and changed the name to *Eagle.*

That business was good is evidenced by the fact that the entire fleet of gondolas had all the coal they could carry, and the river packets on pleasant days were loaded with light freight and passengers. In the summer months there was one, and a considerable part of the season two daily.

packets between Dover and Portsmouth. On a promising day, with favoring wind, these graceful boats made a pretty picture in going out. Following each other closely, rigged alike and leaning at exactly the same angle to the breeze, they swept swiftly behind the first curve of the winding shore, and so out of sight. On their return, each one shed its great triangular sail, as a tree casts its leaves, and came to moorage by the wharf. There has come down through the years, a story concerning the Landing packet to the effect that this American modification of the Mediterranean felucca never was popular on our coast, except on the Pascataqua and branches and one of the rivers of North Carolina. But the new prosperity in this little territory was not confined to shippers, skippers, sailors and river men. Col. Stephen Evans, who saw much active service at the capture of Louisbourg and in the Revolution, lived in this quarter and shared in the trading and ship-building bustle. Standing in a group of dingy buildings that steal each other's light and air may be seen what is left of his dignified dwelling house. It is the fourth building on Main Street north of School Street, and a little northwest of the late Daniel H. Wendell's brick residence. It squats at an angle to the road. A good many years ago, the rear became uninhabitable and was shorn away. Its age is shown by the style and contrast with close-upon neighbors. It is probably one hundred and eighty-four years old. His store, long ago pulled down, was on the south corner of Main and School Streets. Colonel Evans was the aristocrat of the Landing. Nathaniel Ela opened a tavern on Main Street, and Hosea Sawyer, brother of Thomas E., recognized the trend of things, and in 1825 completed the brick building now known as the Platts Block. When General Lafayette rode by, the workmen dropped their tools and cheered.



The Old Colonel Evans House

Joseph Smith did not build or sail vessels. He became an enterprising

trader, and operated stores in Farmington, Wolfeboro and Alton Bay. To these country centers his great ox-teams hauled leather, cloth, shipbread, salt, fish, tobacco and rum, and brought back hoops, staves, bark, hay and other products. He accumulated money and in 1825 built the brick house on the Turnpike, owned by the late Benjamin Collins. Billy Palmer laid the brick, and he and all the workmen were paid by the day. A good story is extant about Billy. He was an expert workman and a good citizen, but was always ready to talk about public affairs. In the days we are concerned with, it was the practice to have a screaming oration on Independence Day. Robert Rantoul, a Massachusetts lawyer and politician of note, delivered the address. Everybody seemed satisfied, and no jarring note was heard till John P. Hale asked Billy how he liked it. "Well, Squire," said Billy, "I suppose it cost a good deal of money." "Oh, only seventy-five dollars," replied Hale. Whereupon Billy pushed out his lean chest and declared he would have done it for five. "Yes," said the rising advocate, "but would it have been so good?" "Ah, Squire, I warrant there wouldn't have been seventy dollars' difference." All told, Smith spent five thousand dollars on his house. To do this, he hired twelve hundred dollars. Only the interest was paid until his creditors took possession. This proceedure has been many times repeated in Dover. Smith's plank safe is still in existence. He added baking to his regular business. Mr. Collins tore out two large ovens upon taking possession in 1868. In the end, Smith became involved through transactions with richer men, and for the rest of his days lived on his "wife's thirds."

John Burns, father of Postmaster Patrick Burns, came from Ireland in 1816 and worked in the mills at Meredith, Upper Factory and Dover proper. Then he shrewdly turned to the Landing. He neither risked life on river or sea, but traded his way into comparative opulence. About 1825 he, too, built a dwelling house. It was the third brick house in Dover and still stands on Chapel Street. He married Polly Stark, niece of General Stark.

Near this time, the upper part of the brick block on the easterly side of Main Street—opposite the Ela Tavern—was built. There were two stores, one occupied by Andrews Brothers for dry goods and the other by John Burns, owner, for West India goods. Later, another block was added, and in it Andrew Pierce 3d conducted a great country trade and extensive shipping business.

The old tannery adjusted itself to the new conditions. The proprietors were Messrs. Young & Young, brothers. When Nat was a representative in 1833, he receipted for his salary as Nat and Jerry Young. Jerry was esteemed soft, but his son became a collegian and sat in Congress.

Blacksmiths, ship-carpenters and riggers abounded. William Hale set up a hardware shop. One Freeman came from Cape Cod and opened an oyster saloon. Enoch H. Nutter started a jewelry store. One Caldwell established a distillery. Brickmaking was carried on. *The Dover Sun*, the third Dover newspaper, made its maiden bow from the Landing in 1795. In 1806, a new school house was built, and in the year following Edward Sise sat in the teacher's chair. The building is now called the Sherman school house. The Dover Landing aqueduct was established in 1824.

Everybody on the Landing was at work. Ponderous two-wheel drays trundled about. Anvils rang from light till dark. There were many visitors from the North Country. The new brick school house, largest in town, was full of pupils. The fire companies held their annual meetings

at Ela's. At one time there were five practising lawyers on Main Street. Long credits and ample banking facilities followed. Slowly, but surely, incipient interest was nursed into productiveness. At all times there was an air of boldness and inspiration about Main Street and the wharves.

Whether one or the other political party succeeded, the Landing was Democratic. Some impatience was manifested during the second war with Great Britain, but the peace party gained few recruits among the hardy river-men. On election days the Landing voters marched to the polls in long, irregular lines—big, frolicsome, unabashed.

A few of the old inhabitants lived on. I remember Enoch S. Sherman, the great master of my husband's school days. He came to Dover as the ungraded teaching system was tottering to its close. Michael Reed walked in the middle of the road when I was a little girl. Hulky Nahum French, he of the malevolent eye and flaming beard, still swung along the sidewalk, taller than ancient Saul. Amasa Roberts, hunchback, scholar and scold, was town clerk in Nutter's block and a frequent visitor in my school rooms. Pat Burns, the handsomest postmaster that ever turned over a love-letter in Dover was a familiar personage. Andrew Pierce 3d lived near in a stately house.

But this little bit of Dover was tied up to the boats on the river. Its dream was short. Its prosperity was in the way of the town's advancement. From the beginning it was doomed. It gave way to the railroads, and nothing of its former influence survives. No power can restore its past. Even the names of the people I have mentioned have long ceased to be syllabled by living men. They exist only in musty ledgers and saffron-colored business letters.

Trailing Arbutus

By Emily E. Cole

I know a glade where wild-flowers grow
Near drifts of chill, belated snow,
Where hemlocks cast a somber shade,
And joyous Daylight goes afraid.

Where first the phœbe pipes his note,
And blue-bird swells his tuneful throat,
When ice-fringed brooks so softly go
To tinkling music, sweet and low.

When strong the sap leaps in the trees,
And briny odors freight the breeze;
Before the maple's buds are red,
They shyly hasten from their bed.

Touched by the Spring's awak'ning kiss
Each flowret blushes in its bliss,
And all its wealth of perfume rare
Pours in libation on the air.

Chicago, Ill., April, 1907.

Robert Calef, "Merchant, of Boston, in New England"

By William S. Harris

The Calef and Calfe families in this country are nearly all descended from Robert Calef, the famous "Merchant of Boston in New England," who was a hero in the memorable controversy over the strange and horrible "Salem witchcraft delusion" of two hundred years ago.

Branches of the Calef family have been prominent in Portsmouth, Exeter, Kingston, Hampstead, Chester, Sanbornton, Salisbury, and other towns in New Hampshire, and multitudes of descendants of Calefs in that and other names are scattered over New Hampshire and the other states of our Union.

It is believed that Robert Calef was of English origin, and that he came to Boston from England before 1688, accompanied by his wife, Mary, and six children. He was born about 1648. He became a clothier, or woolen merchant, in Boston, where he resided until the antipathy aroused by his advanced and bold stand on the witchcraft question drove him to seek a residence in Roxbury about 1708. Here he lived on the corner of Washington and Eustis streets, and he was buried in the old Roxbury burying ground on the opposite corner of the same streets. The inscription on his gravestone is still distinct, and reads as follows:

Here Lyef Buried
The Body of Mr
ROBERT CALEF
Aged Seventy one
Years. Died April
The Thirteenth
1719.

He lies in good company, the two governors Dudley, Chief Justice Paul Dudley, John Eliot, apostle to the Indians, and others scarcely less distinguished, being buried in the same yard.

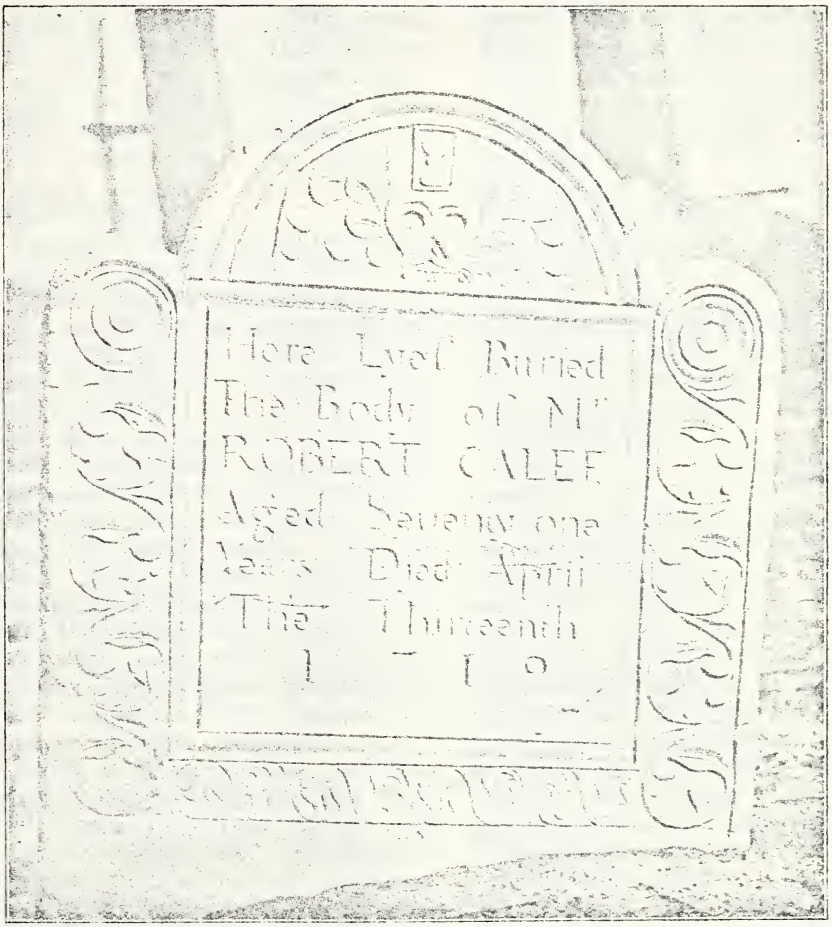
Of Robert Calef's life but little is known aside from his connection with the witchcraft delusion, but his little book, entitled "More Wonders of the Invisible World," bears unmistakable testimony to his progressive spirit, sincerity of purpose, courage, and level-headedness, as well as his more than ordinary literary ability.

In the year 1692 there raged that strange and terrible craze called the witchcraft delusion, having its seat chiefly at Salem, Mass. The best and most intelligent of the citizens seemed to lose their wits with the ignorant and superstitious, until twenty persons were put to death as witches, often on the most absurd and whimsical testimony, and about 150 others had been accused and imprisoned before the public mind awoke from the horrible nightmare.

The Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, the influential pastor of the North Church in Boston, wrote a book recounting with full credulity some of these witchcraft cases, entitled "The Wonders of the Invisible World." Robert Calef was not only sufficiently advanced beyond his times to disbelieve in these "heathenish notions," as he calls them, but bold enough to write in opposition to the influential Mather and other leading men of the times. His book was entitled "More Wonders of the Invisible World, or The Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed. In Five Parts. Collected by Robert Calef, Merchant of Boston, in New England." It was

originally printed in London, England, by N. Hillar, in 1700, as a small quarto of 168 pages. Copies of this first edition are now rare and valuable. It was reprinted in Salem, Mass., in 1796, and again in 1823, and in Boston in 1828. There have also been later editions.

prepared several able papers in different forms, in which he discussed the subject with great ability, and treated Cotton Mather and all others whom he regarded as intsrumental in precipitating the community into the fatal tragedy, with the greatest severity of language and force of logic,



Robert Calef's Gravestone, Old Roxbury Burying Ground

Charles W. Upham, in his "Salem Witchcraft," thus speaks of Calef and his work:

"His strong faculties and moral courage enabled him to become the most efficient opponent, in his day, of the system of false reasoning upon which the prosecutions rested. He holding up the whole procedure to merited condemnation. They were first printed at London in 1700, in a small quarto volume, under the title of 'More Wonders of the Invisible World.' This publication burst like a bomb-shell upon all who had been concerned in promoting the witch-

craft prosecutions. Cotton Mather was exasperated to the highest pitch. He says in his diary: 'He sent this vile volume to London to be published, and the book is printed; and the impression is, this day week, arrived here. The books that I have sent over into England, with a design to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ, are not published, but strangely delayed; and the books that are sent over to vilify me, and render me incapable to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ,—these are published.' Calef's writings gave a shock to Mather's influence, from which it never recovered."

Francis S. Drake says in his "Dictionary of American Biography":

"Such was the prevalence of the belief which he so powerfully attacked that, unable to publish his defense in Boston, it was printed in London in 1700. * * * Its plain facts and common sense arguments contributed, notwithstanding the learned and powerful were its opponents, most essentially to a change of public opinion. Dr. Increase Mather (father of Cotton), president of Harvard College, ordered the wicked book to be burnt in the college yard. The members of the Old North Church published in 1701 a defense of their pastors, the Mathers, entitled 'Remarks upon a Scandalous Book Against the Government and Ministry of New England,' with the motto 'Truth will come off Conqueror.' The complete triumph of Calef turned the satire upon them: judges and jurors confessed their errors, and the people were astonished and ashamed of their follies. Justice was, however, withheld from him in his day, and traces of his unpopularity are discoverable in several proceedings of the town."

No bookseller in Boston had the courage to offer Calef's book for sale, or dared to give it shop-room. (S. G. Drake's "Witchcraft Delusion in New England.") Indeed, Calef was at one time caused to be arrested by the Mathers for scandalous libel, but was not brought to trial.

The author above quoted, Francis S. Drake, says in another publication (Winsor's "Memorial History of Boston"):

"Another name that deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by posterity is that of Robert Calef, a native of England; by occupation a clothier and husbandman, and who at the time of his death, April 13, 1719, at the age of seventy-one, was one of the selectmen of Roxbury. At a time when all were carried away by the witchcraft delusion, and when the excited multitude verily believed that Satan had been let loose among them, this clear-headed, courageous citizen almost single-handed opposed the popular madness and let in the pure rays of truth and common sense upon the dark shadows of superstition around him."

Savage in his "Genealogical Dictionary" says that Calef's book "served to prevent a renewal of the horrid tragedies that the patrons of delusion, unsatisfied with their sad experience, would surely have attempted. When President Mather ordered the modest work to be burned in the college yard, he failed in true policy almost as deeply as if he had prevailed to obtain similar treatment of the body of the author, as of his volume, and his own power in the institution that had long suffered as by nightmare ceased in a few weeks."

Rev. Samuel Mather, a son of Cotton, wrote in 1728, referring to Calef: "There was a certain disbeliever of witchcraft, who wrote against my father's book, 'The Wonders of the Invisible World,' but the man is dead; his book died long before him." If the book died, it had a resurrection, and is now to be found in at least two editions reprinted together with the companion volume of Mather.

The quotations already given are

amply sufficient to show that Robert Calef was a hero from whom all his posterity may well be proud to claim descent. But let us turn for a moment to the realm of poetry. The poet Whittier, so well versed in the history and traditions of New England, and so quick to appreciate any reformer or hero whose ideas were in advance of his age, or who suffered persecution in any form for conscience's sake, has devoted a fine poem to the memory of Robert Calef. The opening stanzas of "Calef in Boston, 1692" are as follows:

In the solemn days of old,
  Two men met in Boston town.
One a tradesman frank and bold,
  One a preacher of renown.

Cried the last, in bitter tone,
  "Poisoner of the wells of truth!
Satan's hireling, thou hast sown
  With his tares the heart of youth!"

Spake the simple tradesman then,
  "God be judge twixt thou and I;
All thou knowest of truth hath been
  Unto men like thee a lie.

"Falsehoods which we spurn today
  Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
  Fresher shall the living grow."

The poem further declares:

In the ancient burying ground,
  Side by side the twain now lie,
One with humble grassy mound,
  One with marbles pale and high.

This statement is not to be taken too literally, for the Mathers are buried in Copp's Hill burying-ground, and Robert Calef in Roxbury. The poem finally closes thus:

But the Lord hath blessed the seed
  Which the tradesman scattered then,
And the preacher's spectral creed
  Chills no more the blood of men.

Let us trust, to one is known
  Perfect love which casts out fear,
While the other's joys atone
  For the wrong he suffered here.

Whittier elsewhere (in "The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury") characterizes Mather as follows:

Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town.
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvelous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek;
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold! are they not in his Wonder-Book?

A few quotations from Calef's book will now be in order, giving, in his own language, some of his ideas on the subject that at the time was of so vital interest to all. In the preface, or "Epistle to the Reader," which is dated August 11, 1697, he says, respecting his purpose in writing the book: "Truly I take this to be just as the devil would have it, so much to fear disobliging men, as not to endeavor to detect his wiles, that so he may the sooner, and with the greater advantages, set the same on foot again (either here or elsewhere) so dragging us through the pond twice by the same cat (cord or rope). And, if reports do not herein deceive us, much the same has been acting this present year in Scotland. And what kingdom or country is it that has not had their bloody fits and turns at it? And if this is such a catching disease, and so universal, I presume I need make no apology for my endeavors to prevent, as far

as in my power, any more such bloody victims or sacrifices: though indeed I had rather any other would have undertaken so offensive, though necessary, a task; yet, all things weighed, I had rather thus expose myself to censure than that it should be wholly omitted."

The prevalent belief he characterized as "that hobgoblin monster, witchcraft, whereby this country was nightmared and harassed, at such a rate as is not easily imagined."

As to the "doctrinals" of his own belief concerning the subject of witchcraft, he sums up some of them in brief in a letter to Cotton Mather in 1693, referring to a previous letter: "In which I again prayed that if I erred I might be shown it by scripture, viz. in believing that the devil's bounds are set, which he cannot pass—that the devils are so full of malice that it can't be added to by mankind—that where he hath power, he neither can nor will omit executing it—that it is only the Almighty that sets bounds to his rage, and who only can commission him to hurt or destroy any; and consequently to detest, as erroneous and dangerous, the belief that a witch can commission devils to afflict mortals—that he can at his or the witch's pleasure assume any shape—that the hanging or drowning of witches can lessen his power of afflicting, and restore those that were at a distance tormented by him."

Although the author of "More Wonders" was so conspicuous a character at the time, yet a strange error regarding his identity has prevailed for many years and until recently. This error was in supposing that the author of the book was Robert Calef, Jr., the son of the first Robert. Savage made the statement (1860), and later writers followed him, even Justin Winsor in his "Memorial History of Boston," inclining to accept this view. But investigations within a few years have shown conclusively that the father was the author. Indeed, it is remarkable that a controversy of this character and writings which were so evidently the product of a mature mind, should ever have been credited to one who could have been but a mere youth. Samuel G. Drake in "The Witchcraft Delusion in New England" calls Robert, junior, the author, and at the same time says that he died about the end of the year 1722, aged about forty-five. This would make him but a lad of sixteen in 1693, when the first writings composing the "More Wonders" were dated, and but twenty when the whole book was ready for the printer—a preposterous supposition.

Moreover, the name on the title page is not Robert Calef, Jr., as it should have been if it were the work of the son, as the father was yet living. It is worth mentioning as collateral testimony that in the sermon preached by Rev. John Kelly at the funeral of Justice John Calfe of Hampstead, N. H., in 1808, it is stated that it was an ancestor of his who wrote the book, which would not be the case if Robert, junior, were the author. A family tradition put in print so long ago should have great weight.

But there is absolutely indisputable evidence on this point. In the Lenox Library in New York City there is a copy of the "More Wonders" containing the following written inscription: "Presented to the Earl of Bellamont, from the author, Robert Calef." The signature of the author in this inscription has been compared with the known autograph of Robert, senior, and found to be identical with it, while it is totally unlike that of Robert, junior.

As the identity of this famous hero and author of "More Wonders of the Invisible World" is of some importance to his posterity, reference may be made to the following among the authorities which give the matter cor-

rectly: Francis S. Drake's "History of Roxbury," 1878., p. 149; "New England Historic and Genealogical Register," vol. XXX. p. 461; Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors"; Thomas' "Dictionary of Biography."

In regard to the spelling of the name, it appears that Robert, senior, always spelled it Calef, but that his descendants for the next three or four generations commonly followed the spelling Calfe, which doubtless represented the popular pronunciation; all seem now to have returned to the original orthography. On the early records the name frequently appears as "Calf," and on one Ipswich document of 1699 appears the name of "Mr. Joseph Califfe."

Robert Calef, Sr., died April 13, 1719, aged seventy-one. His widow, Mary, survived him only till November 12 following. His will was proved June 3, 1720, and his grandson, Joseph Calef, of Ipswich, was the executor, and in 1726 divided the estate.

Robert and Mary Calef had four sons and two daughters, who came with them to this country and lived to adult age. Boston records show that two more sons were born to them there, but died before reaching maturity.

CHILDREN.

I. JOSEPH, the oldest son, was a clothier and physician and settled in Ipswich Mass. He was born about 1671 and died December 28, 1707, aged thirty-six. He married, May 2, 1693, Mary Ayer. Of their six children, Ebenezer was a judge in Nantucket; Peter was a physician in Charlestown, Mass; Joseph, the executor of his grandfather's will, was a tanner in Boston, his tan-yards being on the site of the present post-office; and Robert, a clothier in Ipswich, who married Margaret Staniford, was the father of Dr. John Calef, the famous Tory in the Revolution, who became surgeon-general and chaplain in the British army, and died in St. Andrews, N. B., in 1812.

II. ROBERT, JUNIOR, was a clothier and lived in Boston. He was born about 1677, and died at Chatham, Mass., December 4, 1722. He married, December 23, 1699, Margaret Barton of Boston, and had eight children. James, his only son living when his will was made in 1720, was to receive £100 more than the daughters when he became of age, and also £200 "for defraying the charges of bringing him up to the Collig, if he inclines to Larning."

III. JOHN of Chester, N. H., will be treated more fully below.

IV. JEREMIAH was a clothier and settled in Portsmouth, N. H., and in 1722 removed to Exeter, where he died in the spring of 1763. He married, December 2, 1708, Lucy Chadbourne of Kittery, Me. They had four children: (1) Jeremiah, Jr., of Exeter; (2) Daniel, buried in the Granary burying ground, Boston, the ancestor of William Wallace Lunt of Hingham, Mass., the Calef family historian: (3) Lucy, who married William French, Jr., of Stratham; (4) James, who married Ruth, daughter of Oliver Smith of Exeter, and was the ancestor of the Calef family of Sanbornton, in which town he died in 1801. Among his descendants was the late Judge Arthur Benjamin Calef of Middletown, Conn., state treasurer of Connecticut in 1855–'56, a distinguished son of Sanbornton.

V. MARTHA, married, September 28, 1700, Solomon Hewes, lived in Portsmouth, N. H., and Wrentham, Mass., dying in the latter place at a great age, March 4, 1759. She was the grandmother of George R. T. Hewes, one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor, December 16, 1773.

VI. MARY, married, October 9, 1712, Dr. Samuel Stevens of Roxbury, Mass. Their daughter, Mary, married, May 29, 1740, Joseph Warren,

and became the mother of Gen. Joseph Warren, who was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

VII. EDWARD, born in Boston, January 30, 1689.

VIII. DANIEL, born in Boston, December 27, 1691; died young.

JOHN, mentioned above, was the ancestor of the Calef or Calfe families of Chester, Kingston, Hampstead and Salisbury, N. H. He was a clothier, settled in Newbury, Mass., and about 1734 removed to Chester (the part now Auburn), of which town he was one of the original grantees, and where he died in the spring of 1748. He married, June 10, 1702, Deborah, daughter of William and Deborah King of Boston. They had nine children, the births of the first seven being on Newbury records. (1) John of Newbury, a school-teacher, called "Master John." His son, Justice John, settled in Hampstead, and was a very prominent citizen, being an officer in the Revolution, secretary of the convention for forming the state constitution and of the convention for ratifying the Federal constitution, clerk of the New Hampshire House of Representatives twenty-five years, justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Rockingham County for an equal time and deacon of the church thirty-five years. The late Judge William Wallace Poor of Derry was among his descendants. (2) Deborah died young (3) Deacon William removed from Newbury to Kingston 1740. Two of his sons, William, Jr., and Joseph, were early settlers of Salisbury, N. H., and were the progenitors of the numerous Calef family of that town, while the oldest, Colonel John, remained in Kingston, and was an officer in the Revolution and a deacon in the church. The latter's oldest son, Joseph, married Miriam, daughter of Gov. Josiah Bartlett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and among their descendants was the late Dr. Josiah Calef Eastman of Hampstead. Colonel John's daughter, Mary, married Rev. Zaccheus Colby of Pembroke and Auburn, and another daughter, Hannah, married Rev. Elisha Thayer, D. D., of Kingston.

(4.) Mary married Nathaniel Ethridge.

(5.) James settled in Auburn and removed to Haverhill, Mass. He and his son, Samuel, were taken prisoners by the French and Indians at Fort William and Henry, August 9, 1757.

(6.) King settled in Auburn and removed to Massachusetts.

(7.) Joseph settled in Auburn. One of his sons was Rev. Jonathan Calef of Bloomfield and Lyman, Me., who married Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. Moses Hemmenway, D. D., of Wells, Me. Other descendants of Joseph have lived in Manchester, Auburn, and Hampstead, and among the number is Miss Harriette Eliza Noyes, the historian of Hampstead.

(8.) Daniel had a son, Moses; little is known of them.

(9.) Robert settled with his father in Auburn, where they had a sawmill and fulling-mill. They had cloth brought 200 miles to be dressed, there being no fulling mill between there and Canada. Robert's daughter, Sarah, married Hon. Joseph Blanchard, a prominent citizen of Auburn, a state senator six terms and member of the governor's council two years, delegate to the convention which ratified the Federal constitution, and to that which formulated the state constitution, a Presbyterian ruling elder thirty-nine years. Their descendants are widely scattered, east and west.

NOTE.—The writer acknowledges his indebtedness, for many of the facts stated in this article, to William W. Lunt of Hingham, Mass., and Miss Helen W. Poor of Derry.

Prehistoric America

By Edward J. Gallagher

All researches made with the intent of gaining more knowledge of the prehistoric America—its topography, people and animals—never lack in interest to students, but the handicap under which such valuable work is accomplished ever remains a strongly-fortified barrier, and the attempts to assail and surmount it often cause our student ardor to wane.

Unlike our cousins in Europe, we have no ruins of kingdoms and castles and cathedrals and monasteries, nor ancient manuscripts laboriously scrawled by painstaking historians, to assist us in the search. But simply because there are no ruins, no one can prove his claim that large and thriving communities did not exist in our country and were subsequently wiped away, before the discovery, even though it is regarded as highly improbable on nearly all sides. And as for the manuscripts, the fathers of the new nation were far too busy clearing the land and tilling the soil of America and battling with various of its two-legged and four-legged inhabitants for the right of eminent domain to find time to "take their pens in hand." But should they have done so, they could have told us little, for what we desire is a chronicle of the conditions existing centuries before their day. This comprises our barrier. The long period of years from the formation to the landing of Columbus is a blank which we cannot well fill. We have a multitude of deductions and much of scientific guess-work, but there are no positive facts. All are probabilities which cannot be verified, for we have nothing to verify by. In the Middle Western States, and even in our own Carroll County, there are to be found yet curious structures of earth wrought by those mystic people, called Mound Builders for the want of a better name. Whence they came and where they went no mortal knows. And all else pertaining to the Dark Period is equally indefinite.

Our only resource is in tradition, and for this we must accept the wildly exaggerated tradition of the imaginative red man chronicled by even more imaginative writers of the school of Cotton Mather. Indian tradition is a study in itself, and while it is replete with gross exaggeration, the student may glean much of value from it. There is so much to be taken with a "grain of salt," however, that one is puzzled always as to what to believe and what not to believe. The writer finds an excellent example of it in an excerpt from a tattered issue of the *Concord Herald,* the first newspaper published in Concord, dated March 30, 1791. It is a tradition, we are told, which exists among the natives and "is given in the very terms of a Shawnese Indian, who related it, to shew that the impression had been more forcible."

"Ten thousand moons ago, when naught but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping sun—long before the pale men, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind to ruin this garden of nature; when naught but the untamed wanderers of the woods, and men as unrestrained as they, were lords of the soil; a race of animals were in being, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody panther, swift as the descending eagle, terrible as the angel of night. The pines crashed beneath their feet, and the lake shrunk when they slaked their thirst; the forceful javelin in vain was hurled, and the

barbed arrow fell harmless from their sides. Forests were laid waste at a meal—the groans of expiring animals were everywhere heard; and whole villages, inhabited by men, were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the good spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the cruel destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the bellowing of death. All were killed except one male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit which shades the source of the Monogahala, and, roaring aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning scathed the lofty firs, and rived the knotty oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length, maddened with fury, he leaped over the waves at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness, in despite of even Omnipotence itself."

This quaint tradition is in perfect accord with the views of the people of a century ago, as we judge it from the press of the time. They were principally interested in the size and mightiness and wondrous doings of their predecessors, particularly the animals, upon the soil. Consequently nearly all tradition deals with this phase. And this treatment, unfortunately, does not prove satisfactory. We study it, and then sum up and find that we have gotten little but an appetite for more knowledge of the Dark Period, which cannot be appeased, for the knowledge is not forthcoming. The people who inhabited our country then lived in a dim age, their origin, their nature, their fate we cannot learn, and their story today remains untold.

Kearsarge

By Cyrus A. Stone

Grand mountain of my native land,
  Rising in peerless majesty,
And gazing toward the far-off strand,
  Where rolls the sad and solemn sea!
While earth's lost tribes forgotten sleep,
  While kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
Through the long centuries thou dost keep
  Thy ceaseless watch above them all.

New London from her classic heights
  Goes forth to greet thee with the morn
And marks the shifting shades and lights
  With which another day is born,
And gathers from thy cliffs sublime,
  Thy hoary brow thy honored name,
New strength and vigilance to climb
  The steeps of learning and of fame.

I've seen thee in thy varying moods,
  In rain of tears or wreath of smiles,
And through the sombre solitudes
  Forth issuing from thy dark defiles,
I've seen the storm's black legions fly,
  Armed with the thunder and the rain,
The embattled warriors of the sky
  In swift foray o'er Salisbury plain.

The torrent and the avalanche
  Have ploughed deep furrows on thy brow
When rending crag and shivering branch
  Went crashing to the vale below;
When to the quiet homes of yore
  Death flew along thy forest path
And fear and terror fled before
  The unchanied whirlwind's reckless wrath.

But oftener in thy peaceful day
  When summer skies were clear and bright
I've seen thy forehead old and gray
  Decked with its coronal of light.
No envious foe could seize thy crown.
  No warring power that earth has known
Could wrench thy rocky ramparts down
  Or tear thee from thy kindly throne.

The bastioned wall, the tower of rock,
  All that frail human hands have made,
Shall reel and crumble 'neath the shock
  Of time's resistless cannonande,
But thou, unmoved by doubts and fears
  Unscathed by accident or crime,
Above the wrongs and wrecks of years
  Must stand eternal and sublime.

And men shall own thy sovereign power,
  Sole monarch of the hill and plain,
To rule through every passing hour
  By right of eminent domain.
Long shalt thou hold thy regal sway
  O'er paths by erring mortals trod
And point our wandering souls the way
  To faith, to freedom, and to God.

Necrology

REV. NATHAN J. MORRISON

Nathan Jackson Morrison, D. D., LL. D., a prominent educator at the West, a native of that section of the present City of Franklin known as the "Morrison District," died at his home in Wichita, Kansas, April 12, 1907.

Doctor Morrison was a son of Nathan and Susannah (Chase) Morrison, born November 25, 1828. He graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of 1853, and from the theological school of Oberlin College (Ohio) in 1857. He was for a time pastor of the Congregational Church at Rochester, Mich., whence he went to Olivet College, in that state, as a professor, soon becoming president of that institution, which position he held from 1860 to 1872, when he resigned, and the following year took charge of the new Drury College at Springfield, Mo. In 1888 he resigned and accepted a professorship at Marietta College, at Marietta, O., which he held till 1895, when he went to Wichita to take charge of Fairmount College, to which institution he gave unremitting service up to the time of his death. He had received the degrees of D. D. and LL. D. from Dartmouth in recognition of his distinguished merits. He married in 1863, Minnie C. Dimond of Brooklyn, N. Y., who survives him, with two sons, Theodore H. and Douglas P.

JOHN BURGUM

John Burgum, an old and highly esteemed resident of Concord, died April 16, aged eighty years. He was born in Birmingham, England, May 14, 1826, emigrating to America and settling in Concord when twenty-four years of age. He was a painter by occupation, endowed with great artistic taste and talent, and his designs and their faithful execution contributed much to the popularity of the Concord coaches and other vehicles sent out from the Abbot-Downing factory, in whose service he was engaged for a long series of years. October 30, 1852, he married Emma Gannell, an adopted daughter of the Countess of Rumford, by whom he is survived, with several children and grandchildren.

IRVINE A. WHITCOMB

Irvine A. Whitcomb, founder, president and treasurer of the celebrated firm of Raymond & Whitcomb, excursion managers, died at his home on Broadway, Somerville, Mass., April 15, at the age of sixty-eight years, having been born in the town of Swanzey, in this state, April 11, 1839. In his early life he was engaged in the stationery business in Lawrence, but left this to become traveling passenger agent of the Boston, Concord & Montreal Railroad, which position he left after a time to engage in the tourist business, which, in company with Walter Raymond, he built up to vast proportions, with offices in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago. He is survived by a widow and three sons.

VAN NESS BASS

Van Ness Bass, born in Lyman, July 14, 1830, died at Plymouth, April 29, 1907.

He was a son of Capt. Joseph Bass, who at one time commanded a vessel in the government service on Lake Erie. He was educated in the academy at Bath and Newbury (Vt.) Seminary. He learned the printer's trade in youth in the office of the *Spirit of the Age*, at Woodstock, Vt., and went West, where he published the *Observer* at St. Clair, Mich., for a time. Returning East, he published the *White Mountain Banner* at Littleton for several years. In 1864 he removed to Plymouth, where he did the printing for the B., C. & M. Railroad for some time, and, later established the *Grafton County Democrat* and published it for a number of years. Of late he had been an agent and collector for the *Plymouth Record*. He was a life-long Democrat, and one of the last of the old-time printers of the state. He married, in 1857, Susan T. Lindsey of Newbury, Vt., who died in July, 1897.

CAPT. ERVIN H. SMITH

Capt. Ervin H. Smith, commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, died suddenly at the Home, April 20, 1907.

Captain Smith was a native of the town of Langdon, born February 2, 1840. He removed to Peterborough in youth, where he engaged in business. In March, 1864, he enlisted in the 1st N. H. Cavalry, and participated in eighteen battles before the close of the Civil War, and was captured and confined for several months in Confederate prisons, sixty-one out of a squad of one hundred of his associates at Salisbury dying from exposure and starvation. He served for several years, after his return home, in the state National Guard, as a member of Troop A, Cavalry, of which he was captain from 1882 to 1890, when he entered upon his duties as commandant at Tilton. He is survived by a widow and one daughter, Emma R. Smith.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

Very general interest, and considerable anxiety in some quarters, throughout the state, has been aroused by recent report of the acquisition of large blocks of Boston & Maine Railroad stock by persons allied with the New York, New Haven and Hartford management, and the probable transfer of the control of the former road to the latter management at an early date. While there is no positive assurance, as yet, that any such change of management is to occur, it is by no means improbable. In point of fact it has for years been regarded as only a question of time when the Boston & Maine shall pass under the control of one of the great trans-continental systems, in which the New York Central on the one hand and the Pennsylvania with which the N. Y., N. H. & H. is allied, on the other, are leading factors. With one or the other of these, or with the Canadian Pacific—a foreign corporation—it must ultimately be identified, in view of the undeviating tendency in the modern railway world; and it will doubtless be more satisfactory to the people of New Hampshire, and of New England generally, that the alliance or absorption be in the direction which these reports indicate than in either of the others mentioned.

The twelfth annual convention of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs was held in Portsmouth on Wednesday and Thursday, May 15 and 16, with an unusually large attendance, and every indication of continued and increasing interest. Among the subjects considered were education, art, forestry, household economics and pure food, civil service reform and literature and library extension, showing that the intelligent and progressive women of the state are giving thought and attention to matters of primary importance to the people. The newly elected board of officers is headed by Mrs. Jennie J. Webster of Plymouth, succeeding Mrs. Ella H. J. Hill of Concord, the efficient president of the last two years.

New Hampshire is coming more and more to the front as a summer abiding place for public, professional and business men, seeking rest, recreation and health. More New Hampshire farms have been sold for summer homes to people outside the state, within the last few months, than in any corresponding period in its history, and it is, of course, a gratifying fact to our landholders that prices are constantly on the increase, such is the demand for eligible farms for summer homes. It is a fact of no little interest that two of the leading foreign embassies will have headquarters in this state during the coming summer, Ambassador James Bryce of Great Britain having engaged a summer residence at North Conway and Baron Speck Von Sternberg, the German ambassador, one at Dublin.

The passage of an anti-bucket shop bill by the Massachusetts Legislature vividly recalls the inexcusable action of our own state Senate in refusing passage to the act passed by the House of Representatives for the suppression of bucket-shops in this state. These establishments are plague spots whose existence ought not to be tolerated in any community.

ROCKLAND MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST LEBANON, N. H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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At the Meeting of the Valleys

West Lebanon on the Connecticut

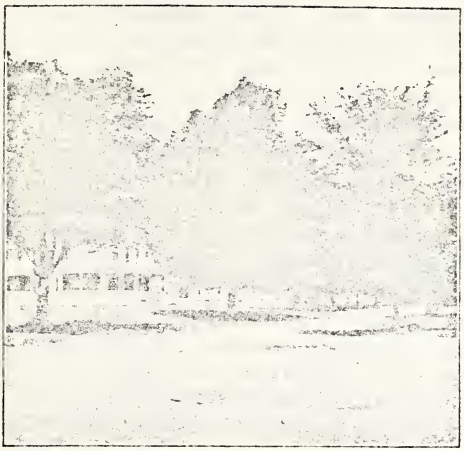
By G. A. Cheney

New Hampshire abounds in prosperous villages and contented homes, and where such conditions prevail there is constant progress. Today the East is a competitor of the West in the effort for material development. While the great West was a building, it was but natural that the East should have felt the drain of humanity and money, for there was opportunity in the new realm which the young and ambitious home-seekers failed to perceive in the East. However, this is changed and now the East, and especially New England, is keeping her sons and daughters at home, more generally than for decades or generations past. New England has taken a lesson from the energetic, if bumptious, West in the art of state and community building, and is now moving along lines that will speedily have a telling effect.

A Sweep of the Connecticut

In this work of rehabilitation New Hampshire has set a pace that her sister New England states are taking note of, and each, if one possible exception is made, is rubbing its eyes in an awakening to the wisdom of New Hampshire's effort toward state development. That New Hampshire's life is quickening in every section of her territory is seen and known of men, and one of the most

manifest instances of this new order of things material is seen in West Lebanon, a village in the town of Lebanon.



View on No. Main Street

West Lebanon skirts the shore of the Connecticut River, extending for some mile and a half along the river bank, with streets parallel to its main highway and these connected by others running at right angles. Where the village lies, there the three valleys of the Connecticut and Mascoma rivers in New Hampshire, and of the White River in Vermont come together. It is a meeting of the valleys, happy and serene in all its characteristics. Here the valleys of the second and last named lose their identity in that of the major river, as though they had wended their respective ways from the interior for no other purpose.

The situation of West Lebanon is attractive in whatever direction one turns. Across the Connecticut one looks into the White River valley and toward the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, and when sunset comes, one beholds from the streets of West Lebanon a sight of surpassing beauty and charm. To the immediate north is the ever lengthening valley of the Connecticut, with its towns and villages, teeming with the life that betokens progress and prosperity.

Coursing the way southward along the river road, one soon comes to the Mascoma River, just at its junction with the Connecticut. Arriving in that hamlet, known locally as Butmanville, one is upon the ground where the first settlers, the founders of Lebanon, erected the first grist-mill in the town and built their pioneer homes. They built a dam across the Mascoma, turning the entire current of the river into a long canal, which

Scene on Mascoma River

carried the water to the wheel pit of the grist-mill. At this day the query is prompted, why did those first settlers build their dam in such form? Was it to make it also serve the purpose of a fish weir? Most probable, for throughout early New England every settlement that had access to a considerable stream of water maintained its fish weir, and this manner of catching fish was continued in remoter places until well into the nineteenth century. The weir was laid diagonally across the stream, thus turning the current to a point and running it into a trap or tank, or into the mill flume. As fish, on their journey down stream, into deeper waters, followed the current, practically all were taken, if so desired. As eels were the particular fish that ran down stream on the approach of winter, the

B. & M. R. R. Station

lay in a stock of home-salted eels for winter and spring use. In this connection also, did those builders of earlier Lebanon know what dietary science today teaches, that eels are among the most nutritious of all fish? Be this as it may, it was possible for the dam to serve a double purpose, and it was built so thoroughly that

South Main Street

weirs were most commonly known as "eel weirs." In those earlier times it was the general practice of those living at a distance from the coast to

it lasted for many years, and even to this day remnants of it remain;

Catholic Church

present owner of the property, while the canal, for the most part, continues to serve the needs of man. The upper stretch of the canal was discontinued some years since by the Thomas P. Waterman, in an extended improvement of the privilege, and this stretch of the canal is seen today, just as it was built by the founders in 1764. The site of the grist-mill is still seen, it having stood only a short distance from the present site of Mr. Waterman's mills.

The entire Mascoma valley at West Lebanon is replete with attractions, combining as it does natural scenery in its most pleasing phases. On the surrounding hillsides are ancestral farms of the first settlers and stately farm buildings and well-kept fields speak of prosperity and contentment.

But a short time since the open, unimproved space between West Lebanon and the Mascoma River was considerable, yet this present year of 1907 sees much of this area built upon and the foundations in for other houses, and at the present rate of building it will not be long before there will be an unbroken line of homes in this section of the village.

But building operations in West Lebanon are not confined to any one locality. It is growing in all directions. In the seasons of 1905–'06 more than a score of new residences were completed and the homes of the

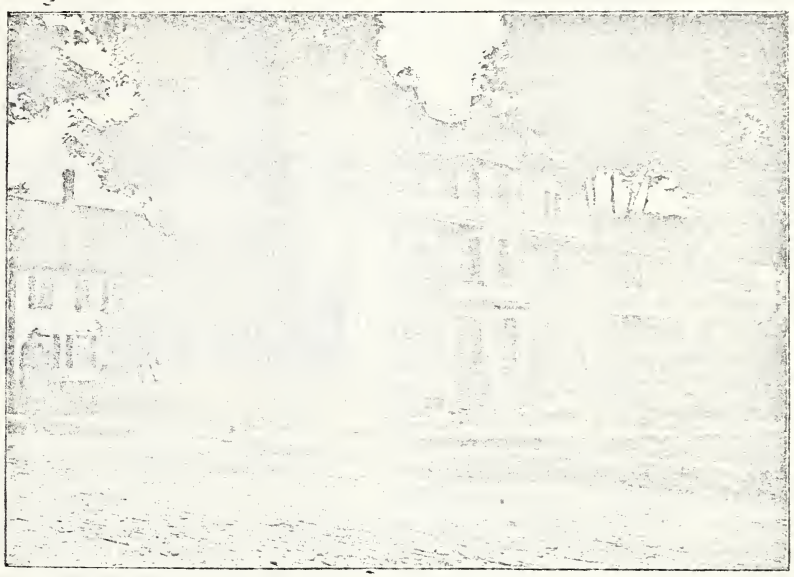
Congregational Church

village are almost entirely for one family use. The homes for rent are models of their kind, being also of one family size, with garden and ample grounds. The residences of West Lebanon are alike notable for their number and all-around excellence. There are no sharp contrasts, as is often the case in city and town. By this is meant that the $5,000 domicile is not met on one side of the street and the $100,000 mansion on the other, but all is in harmony because all are of excellent type and, as a whole, bespeak a uniform prosperity in the village..

Naturally where there is a marked increase of residential structures there is likewise growth of commercial building, and this is the fact in West Lebanon. The most notable structure of this class of recent construction is that of Nelson S. Johnson, which has for its site the hub of business West Lebanon. Connected with the building is a three-story annex devoted mainly to the carriage and harness trade of Mr. Johnson, and is in addition to his salesroom in the main building.

Still another business building of recent construction is that of D. H. Sargent, who occupies it as a furniture and house furnishing store, and which is thoroughly modern in all its features. E. H. Plummer is another merchant who has built an extensive addition to his hardware store.

The enterprise and public spirit of West Lebanon as a community finds pertinent illustration in its well built and well maintained streets, sidewalks and highways. In this respect, no community of its size in all New England can excel it. West Lebanon has a water and sewage system. Its water system on Main Street has a pressure of 135 pounds to the square inch. Its water system is that of the Hartford Water Company, which has its source of supply in the town of Hartford on the opposite shore of the Connecticut. The village is electric lighted by the Mascoma Electric Light and Gas Company, the power plant of which is in West Lebanon, and the same system lights White River Junction, the important village on the Vermont shore of the Connecticut. West Lebanon's public



Post-Office Building

utilities includes an efficient volunteer fire department, of which E H. Plummer is captain, James Hoskins first assistant and T. J. McNamara second assistant. The fire department headquarters is a new frame hose building containing every requisite for efficient service.

Of all those conveniences and advantages which contribute so much to

High School

the welfare of the city resident and are so much missed in the ordinary town and village life, West Lebanon is the fortunate possessor. As has been shown, she has her sidewalks, fire department, electric lights, water and sewer systems. She has not as yet an electric street railway, but that is coming in the not distant future. But if that be lacking she has at her doors railroad facilities the equal of any, for passage over the Connecticut River bridge will take her to the Union station in White River Junction, whence one can go direct to the four corners of the earth. West Lebanon itself is the terminus of the Northern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and practically every train over that road stops at its station.

The extent and importance of West Lebanon's business interests are seen in the fact that its post-office is of the presidential grade, and its present postmaster, Capt. Horace French, has secured for it every facility incident to the postal system of the country. West Lebanon also has free collection and delivery of express parcels.

West Lebanon may indeed congratulate itself and take every pride in its public school system. The village is itself a high school district, and its various grades meet in one and the same building. The school building is a modern structure and its equipment is complete in every detail. The present principal of the school is Louis DeWitt Record.

The exceptional educational advantages of West Lebanon are further accentuated in that it is the home of the country-famed Rockland Military Academy, now under the successful management of Prof. Elmer Ellsworth French, A. M., an educator of proven ability in a field of wide experience, entered upon only after the most careful training at Tufts College, the School of Pedagogy, New York University, and as teacher and principal in schools and academies of national repute. Associated with him in the direction of the academy is Mrs. Blanche Cate French, L. A., also a teacher of valued and diversified experience. The faculty of the academy consists of twelve teachers, each of whom is a specialist, and through the teaching force the student body is offered unsurpassed advantages, whether the graduate wishes to enter college, technical school, professional school or prepare for business, the government academies, or the civil service. In fact the scope of the school's curriculi are of the most varied character.

The academy buildings are located on a commanding site that overlooks West Lebanon and the entire stretch of country a dozen or more miles

away. The plant is assured of perfect natural drainage and all those natural agencies that work together for ideal sanitation. With Dartmouth College only four miles away that in itself is an inspiration for both Rockland and West Lebanon. The cadets at the academy wear a uniform that in material, style and color is the same as that of a West Point cadet. The presence on the streets of the cadets, individually or collectively, lends an added interest to the village life and routine. The academy plant includes a ten-acre athletic field, supplied with all the accessories desired for such a place. On the shore of beautiful Mascoma Lake, eleven miles away in Enfield, is Camp Rockland, the summer home of the school. At all seasons of the year the management of the academy seeks the three-fold welfare of its students, intellectual, moral and physical. Student life at the school it is aimed to make pleasant, profitable and successful, and this aim has been secured to a happy degree.

Craft Avenue

West Lebanon has a public library and that public spirit that dominates the place to so marked an extent is again made manifest in the combined efforts of all the people to erect a library building. Already a site has been secured and the nucleus of a library building fund.

A factor that contributes much to the social, intellectual and educational advantages of West Lebanon is that organization of its women called the Fortnightly Club. It has been in existence for fourteen years, a fact that speaks of neighborhood harmony and unity of purpose. Its present membership is sixty-two. The club has for its chief aim the good of the whole community. Annually it gives to the library building fund the snug sum of $100 as one of its benefactions. Its officers for 1907 are Mrs. George H. Kibling, president; Miss Jennie B. Hosley, vice-president; Mrs. George C. Whitcomb, secretary.

West Lebanon is preëminently a community of today, not of yesterday. It is a community of substantial men and women when measured by the standard of genuine manhood and

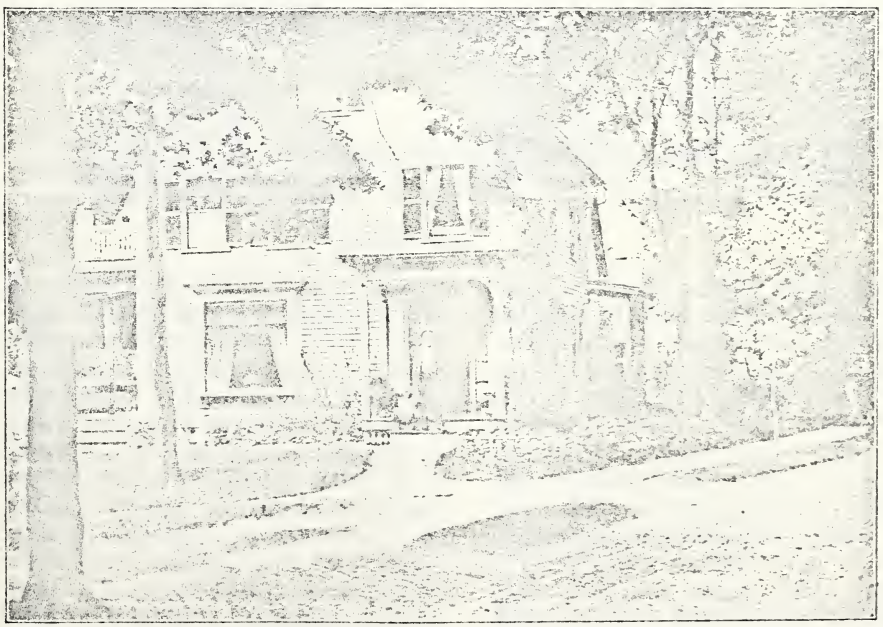
womanhood. There is not a shanty nor hovel within its confines, neither is there indifference to the public weal. It offers opportunities for homes and investments that are unsurpassed; for if growth of the kind that stays comes to any point in all northern New England, it will to West Lebanon.

Capt. Horace French

In Capt. Horace French, West Lebanon and the region round about, have a personality that is a power for good. Known of men in New Hampshire and Vermont, he has never been found lacking in those qualities that make the man of the hour; the kind of man needed in every walk of life, as well as in any emergency. His title of "captain" was won in the service of his country, and in those days when he and others offered their lives to save that country from destruction. A student at Kimball Union Academy, he closed his books upon the first call to arms, and, walking to Hartford, Vt., fifteen miles away, he enlisted in Co. F, third Vermont volunteers. Of this company Thomas

Capt. Horace French

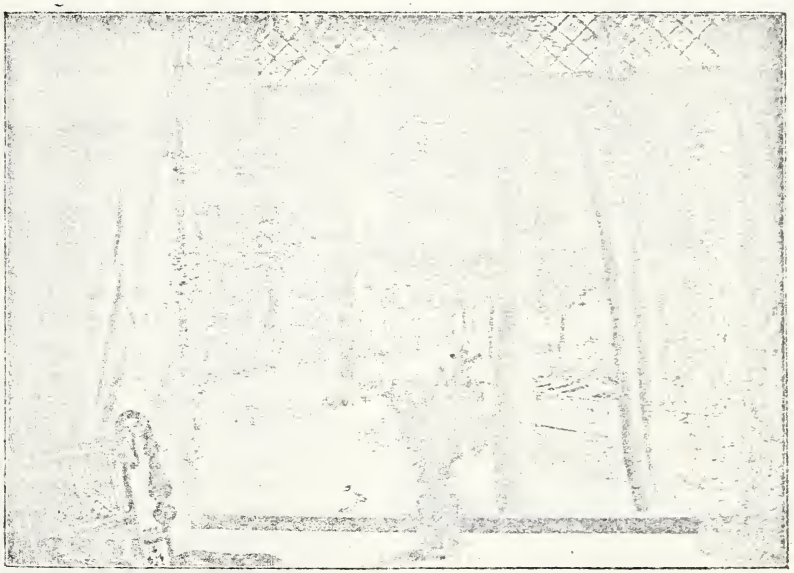
Seaver, for many years since Windsor County (Vt.) judge of probate,



"Homeacre", Residence of Capt. and Mrs. Horace French

became captain, and Samuel E. Pingree, later governor of Vermont, was a lieutenant. With the regiment, Private French went into camp at St. Johnsbury and when it reached the front he was first sergeant of his company. Subsequently he was commissioned a lieutenant and became an aide on the staff of Gen. L. A. Grant, continuing as such until the Battle of the Wilderness, when he was made a prisoner. While in the hands of the Confederate army, he was confined in no less than fifteen different prisons. Thrice he escaped, only to be recaptured. When once he was made free he found a captain's commission awaiting him. After the expiration of his enlistment, he at once re-enlisted. All told, he served four years and three months in the army. Histories of Vermont in the army of regiments and brigades refer to the valiant service of Captain French. A single instance of this nature will show the character of these references. It was on the occasion of a visit to Vermont of President Roosevelt, when at White River Junction Senator Redfield Proctor espied Captain French in the assembled multitude. At the close of the president's remarks, the senator called Captain French to the platform and, introducing him to the president, said: "Mr. President, I wish to introduce to you one of the bravest men in the army." "The senator has paid you a great compliment," said the president, "that statement in which he places you among the bravest men in the army means a good deal."

When the war ended, Captain French returned to Hartford and there married, in 1865, Miss Mary E. Gillette of that town. Upon their marriage the couple built for themselves a home in that part of Hartford now the village of Wilder, but then known as Olcutt Falls. Theirs was the first house built in the village and they the first family there to live. In 1870 they moved to West Lebanon, which has since been their home.



View from Parlor of "Homeacre"

It was but natural that an energetic, buoyant spirit like Captain French should have entered zealously into the life of his adopted home. He

identified himself with its affairs, ever showing that public spirit so beneficial to any community, and now, though he has reached the psalmist's limit of life, his days are an inspiration for all. Of strong domestic tastes, Captain and Mrs. French have long possessed an attractive residence, the distinctive name of which is "Home Acre," the grounds containing, as its name indicates, just an acre. "Home Acre" does not owe its present beauty and attraction to the lavish expenditure of wealth. On this single acre, less that occupied by the house, are many trees indigenous to the Connecticut valley. There are maples, birches, hemlocks, willows and others. There are the native ferns and vines and shrubs. From the first dawn of spring till winter comes again there is a constant succession of flowers.

Captain French was born in Bedford, N. H., February 16, 1837, the son of Phineas and Betsey (Foster) French. At thirteen he left home and worked successively in Milford, Clinton, Mass., and in Derry. He eventually entered Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, where the beginning of the Civil War found him. For more than a decade he has been the postmaster of West Lebanon, as is elsewhere mentioned.

Captain French is a member of the Masonic Order and has ever been active in G. A. R. circles. Seven sons and one daughter were born to Captain and Mrs. French, and they sent four of their sons through Dartmouth, a record of parental devotion of which they may be proud. Of the sons, Samuel Pingree is a professor in Oahu College, Honolulu; Frederic Reginald, a successful civil engineer, died in Mexico in 1905; Ernest Eugene is a lawyer at home; while a fourth, John McQuesten, died the past winter in California.

A daughter, Betsey Foster, died after living to womanhood, beloved and mourned by all who knew her.

George R. Beyerle.

West Lebanon's opportunities, and advantageous geographical position, are significantly exemplified in the career of George Relly Beyerle in the years since he made the community his home. He came to West Lebanon in 1883, an entire stranger, yet quick to see its possibilties and the success sure to come from well directed effort, and long since has the success of Mr. Beyerle fully justified his

George R. Beyerle

every conclusion. One coming to know him, to see the home that he has built and all that pertains thereto, cannot fail to admire and respect.

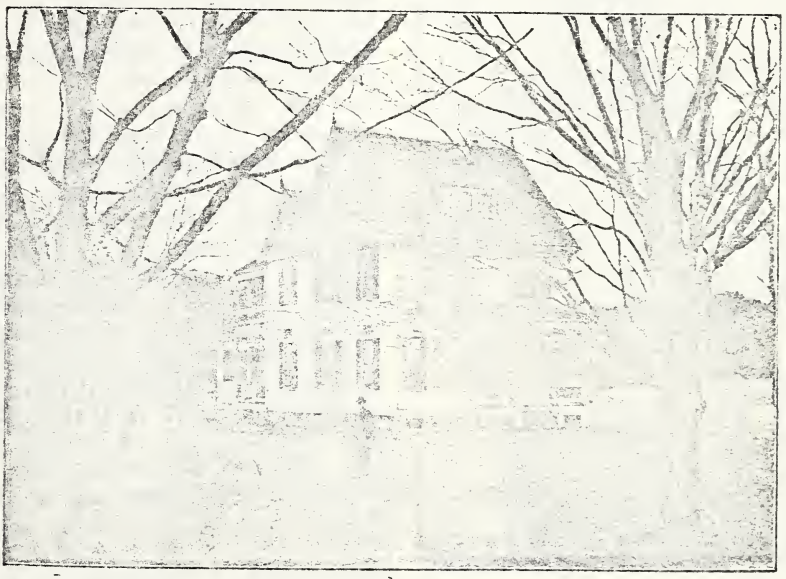
It was in Reading, Penn., that Mr. Beyerle was born, December 11, 1853. He was the son of Daniel and Mary (Strohecker) Beyerle, of Dutch ancestry, and a mere acquaintance shows that he possesses those traits that in past and present have distinguished the people from which he sprang.

Remaining in Reading until he was twenty-two, he went to Boston, there

intending to pursue an extended and comprehensive course in music. But upon investigation he concluded that he was too late to begin the course he contemplated, so at once began a most thorough apprenticeship in piano tuning. Upon the conclusion of his apprenticeship he one day set out from Boston upon a trip combining both pleasure and business. The objective point was the White Mountains, yet never for the instant did he entertain the thought of making any point in New Hampshire his permanent home. But throughout the journey he found the country so beautiful, the people so hospitable and urgent in their invitations to return that a second trip was made, then a third, his business of selling, renting and tuning of pianos all the while increasing to such extent that he finally decided to make West Lebanon his permanent home. Today his territory extends from Concord to Montpelier, Vt., and from Bellows Falls to the upper Connecticut valley.

Entering at once into the general life of the place, he was a leading spirit in that movement for the construction of a high school building. To this end he labored zealously and with a skill and conviction that led to the overcoming of all opposition.

Quickly perceiving the chance and demand for real estate development in West Lebanon, he bought a large section of the Craft farm, toward which the village was fast extending on the north, and at once set about its transference into house lots and upon which he erected many of the homes that now line that thoroughfare. His own residence, Glen View, fronts on Main Street, and this estate he built in the improvement of the Craft property.



Glen View, Residence of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Beyerle

In 1883 he married Miss Mary P. Giddings, a member of a widely known and thoroughly representative family of West Brookfield, Mass. Today Mr. and Mrs. Beyerle are the parents of three daughters and the happy, talented trio add much to the social and general life of West Lebanon.

Nelson S. Johnson

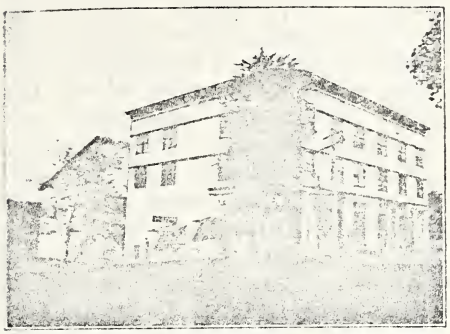
The opportunities for business enterprise of almost any nature which West Lebanon presents have been appreciated by the young men resident or native of other towns in the state, and to these adopted sons the village owes much for its growth and prosperity. Notable among men of this class is Nelson Sanborn Johnson, who is one of the first of West Lebanon's men of affairs and prominent throughout the Connecticut River Valley. As years count he is just in his prime, yet he has already accomplished a vast amount of work, and is most emphatically the architect and builder of his own business and the winner of his own success. He laid the foundation and built the superstructure of a business where none of the kind existed before. The story of his life is replete with interest and carries with it to the hesitating youth the lessons of courage, self reliance and preserverance. Yet Mr. Johnson sprang from a stock famous since New England began, for its vitality, energy, and tireless activity and, incidentally, for long life; for he is in direct descent on the maternal side from John Alden and Priscilla. He is also in the same line of descent as were John and John Quincy Adams.

Born in Claremont, N. H., October 16, 1853, he was the son of Reuben and Harriet (Adams) Johnson. His father was an extensive land owner and farmer near the Claremont and Newport lines. The son, following his natural bent of self-reliance, began at the early age of fourteen to work out and to "hoe his own row," and he has practically kept it up ever since. His first experience away from home was in St. Johnsbury, Vt. At sixteen he was back in Claremont and the owner of a farm, the lumber on which he engaged in cutting until he was about eighteen. His success from the start was not owing to fortuitous circumstances, but to economy and sound sense. He never waited for an easier job, but took the thing that came along. When only eighteen he owned and conducted a livery stable, selling it after a year and a half. His next move was to go to Springfield, Mass., where circumstances gave him an insight and introduction to the business

Nelson S. Johnson

of buying and selling horses on an extensive scale. From Springfield he returned to Claremont, where he embarked in the meat and provision trade. Soon disposing of this business, he engaged in teaming on the Connecticut River, above West Lebanon. On a return from this work, he happened to pass through West Lebanon, having at the time not the slightest thought of making it his home. He reached the lumber mills of Thomas P. Waterman and then and there entered with his team into

his employ. Step by step Mr. Johnson engaged in the business of buying and selling horses, eventually making that his sole business. His



The Johnson Building

trade was essentially in western horses, and for its accommodation he built on lower Main Street extensive stables, and in a few years came to have one of the largest horse markets in New England. Going to the West, mainly to trans-Mississippi points, as often as six times a year, he established monthly auction and commission sales which attracted buyers of horses from far and near. He has bought and sold as many as 2,000 horses in a single year.

In 1904 Mr. Johnson erected the new Johnson building and opened therein a wholesale and retail carriage and harness business. Quite recently he leased his horse mart and today passes much of his time looking after his financial investments and real estate improvements. He has from the first been a decided factor in the business life of the village, and is its largest individual taxpayer.

In 1889 he married Miss Elizabeth E. Peterson of Plainfield. Before her marriage Mrs. Johnson was a school teacher in her native town, teaching her first term at the early age of sixteen, and she made a success of the venture, even though some of her pupils were older than herself. A son, Nelson Peterson, is the life and joy of the beautiful and spacious family residence on Maple Street.

William P. Burton

Four miles above West Lebanon, on the Vermont side of the Connecticut River, is the town of Norwich, where, December 2, 1828, was born William Pierce Burton, one destined to act an important and lasting part in all that pertains to the welfare of West Lebanon. For half a century his has been a personality that has counted for good and for strength in every desirable village interest, and, now that this year of 1907 finds him an invalid, the deepest sympathy is expressed for him throughout the community.

His preparatory education was in the schools of his native town and at that widely known institution, Thetford Academy. He entered

William P. Burton

Dartmouth College in 1848, graduating with the class of 1852. Thus most of his life has been passed within the shadow of his alma mater and

Dartmouth's exceeding growth and prosperity must have been a source of continuous joy. After graduation, he began life as a teacher, pursuing the profession in the state of Maryland in *ante bellum* days. Returning North, he took up his residence in West Lebanon as a general merchant, and this he followed for many years. For twenty-one consecutive years, ending in 1887 he was postmaster. In 1885 he was a member of the New Hampshire state constitutional convention and represented Lebanon in the legislatures of 1891 and 1893. In 1893 he was also auditor of Grafton County. For twelve years he was a selectman of Lebanon, and in this office, as well as all others, he won the confidence of his townsmen for singleness of purpose and fidelity to every duty. Naturally he came to have an extended acquaintance in county and state aid in the Connecticut valley.

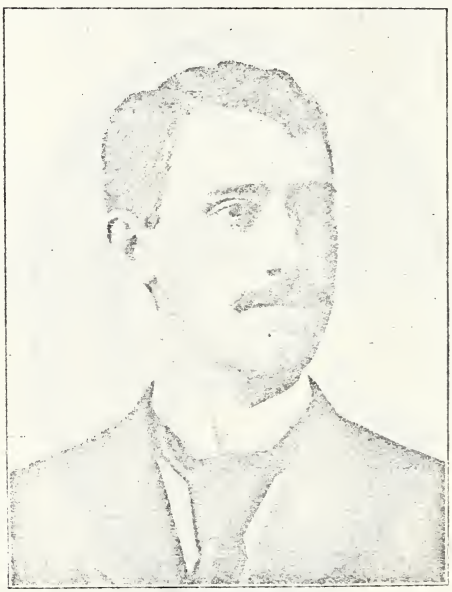
His parents were Harvey and Salome Burton. In 1854, he married Miss Rebecca Blood. A son, William H., now of Chicago, was born of this union. Mrs. Burton died in 1860. He married for his second wife Miss Emily E. Craft of West Lebanon. Two children were born of this union, a son and daughter. The son, Samuel Craft Burton, has been in business in the West but is now at home. The daughter, Miss Anna Maude Burton, lives at home. She is an accomplished musician, having studied in Germany and at home.

Frank Collins

All West Lebanon is agreed that in Frank Collins it has one of its most representative citizens, for his strong individuality is ever manifest in every measure, having for its end the public weal. His is an instance of a well trained man bringing to the work in hand that confidence, enthusiasm and discernment that proceed from thorough preparation and mastery of the situation.

Mr. Collins is furthermore an instance of a southern—or at least a border state man—come north, not so much to follow and learn, but to join with those on the firing line in the advancement of New Hampshire's interests. He has, from the start, instinctively adapted himself to his new environment, but he has done all this without abatement of loyalty and regard for his native state and its traditions.

Born in Blackbird Hundred



Frank Collins

("Hundred" corresponds to "town" in the South), New Castle County, Delaware, January 26, 1865, his days until early manhood, were passed in his native state, and there he imbibed that strength of purpose and intensity of principles so characteristic of the southern bred and reared.

His parents were John P. and Susan J. Collins. He attended the public schools of his native place and later took the classical course in Delaware College, Newark, graduating in 1889. During his senior college year he served as principal of the Newark

public schools. Following his graduation, he entered the advanced course in electricity in Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Penn. From Lehigh he went to Lynn, Mass., and there pursued a two years' course in electrical engineering with the General Electric Company. Leaving Lynn, in 1892, he entered the employ of the New England Engineering Company, Waterbury, Conn., and was employed there in electrical construction work. In 1893, he came to West Lebanon to become the general manager of the Mascoma Electric Light and Gas Company and the Hartford Water Company. Since his coming to West Lebanon the business of the electric light company has increased five fold. Of this company, Mr. Collins is also the secretary. The offices of both companies are in the new Baines building, White River Junction.

Mr. Collins has made West Lebanon his home from his first coming to the state. His business affairs take him over a large section of territory and he has an extended circle of acquaintances. It was almost as a matter of course that one of his public spirit and interest and all-around equipment should win the regard of his fellow men. As a result he is today a trustee of Rockland Military Academy, a member of the West Lebanon board of education and member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and in 1904 was the party candidate for state senator. He is a member of the Masonic body, belonging to the commandery and Mt. Sinai Temple.

He married in 1897 Miss Mary E. Sargent of Medford, Mass., and their union has been blessed with two boys and one girl.

Dr. Milton S. Woodman

The stranger in West Lebanon, if he be of an observant nature, does not fail to note that it is a community of an exceptionally large number of representative men and women; men and women, who, placed anywhere would be considered and esteemed for ability and solid worth of character. This prelude is prompted in a consideration of Milton Sawyer Woodman, who, professionally, is a successful West Lebanon physician, yet a citizen always ready to aid in the general welfare of the village. Born in Hartley, Province of Quebec, June 4, 1850, his is a lineage tracing back eight generations in the United States. His boyhood life was passed

Milton S. Woodman M. D.

in his native town and in Compton, P. Q. At nineteen he went to Waterbury, Vt., as a student in the Green Mountain Seminary, graduating in 1872. He entered Bates College, Lewiston, Me., but an impairment of his eyesight necessitated his leaving college at the end of his first year. He later took a special course in Bishop's College, P. Q., and at its close became a public school principal in Canada. He followed teaching four years, when he bought a half interest in a West Lebanon drug

store, coming to the village in 1876. He eventually became, with a silent partner, sole owner of the drug store and also entered the medical school at Dartmouth College. Upon his graduation therefrom, he began the practice of medicine in West Lebanon and rapidly built up a successful practice, he in time disposing of his drug store. Doctor Woodman has been a member of the village school board, was a member of the state Legislature in 1897–'98, and is at present the local Boston & Maine R. R. surgeon, and physician for Rockland Academy. August 18, 1875, he married Miss Mary E. Morey of West Lebanon, a graduate of Tilden Seminary, class of 1869. She has served as vice-president of the New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs and has ever been a most valued factor in West Lebanon's social life. Doctor and Mrs. Woodman have two children. A daughter is Miss Mary M. Woodman, A. B., a graduate of Mount Holyoke College. The son, James B. Woodman, A. B., M. D., is a graduate of both the classical and medical departments of Dartmouth, the first in 1900, the second in 1903.

Elmore H. Plummer

One of the most extensive mercantile interests of West Lebanon is the general hardware store of Elmore H. Plummer, and it is an interest that makes West Lebanon all the better and all the more desirable a place in which to live.

Mr. Plummer is an adopted son of West Lebanon, although a native of the state, born in Groton, December 6, 1856. His parents were William and Lucy (Smith) Plummer and his was an old-time and worthy New Hampshire family, for his forbears were among the first settlers of Groton. After leaving the schools of his native town, Mr. Plummer began an apprenticeship in the hardware trade, working at the same as apprentice and journeyman in Canaan, Laconia and Lebanon. It was in 1890 that he came to West Lebanon, and there has he lived ever since. At first he

Elmore H. Plummer

formed a partnership with E. G. Southworth, under the firm name of E. H. Plummer & Co. This partnership continued until 1900, since which time Mr. Plummer has carried on business alone, and, today, occupies one of the largest business structures in the village.

In 1880 he married Miss Melvina King of Dorchester. Two sons and two daughters have been born to them. William J. is with the Boston & Maine Railroad. Hugh A. is engaged in business with his father. Florence H. is the wife of Charles B. Drake, Jr., M. D., a physician in White River Junction, and Helen M. is a school girl at home.

Sidney B. Withington

Among the newcomers to West Lebanon, of a comparatively recent date, is Sidney Bartlett Withington, who, while still on the right side of forty,

operates the largest sales and commission horse mart in New England north of Boston. Though an adopted son of West Lebanon, Mr. Withington is New Hampshire born and bred, and, alone and unaided, has, thus early in life won a considerable fortune. In his business career there is a lesson to the young, for his success is very essentially due to his fidelity to the interests of his employer and his unremitting labors to advance by faithful service those who confided in him. He proved his worth while serving an apprenticeship, one may say, and now as a result is his own master.

Mr. Withington was born in Canaan, October 23, 1870, the son of Ephraim and Belinda L. Withington. When but four years old, his mother died, and when he was thirteen his

Sidney B. Withington

father also. As a mere boy he displayed notable skill in buying and handling horses, and as he grew in years his industry and economy secured for him a foothold in the world of business. As a boy in his teens he owned and drove horses that showed a better than a 2.25 and even a 2.20 mark, for at eighteen he was the fortunate owner of Dandy Boy, 2.18½.

In 1894, when only twenty-four years old, he was sent West by Nelson S. Johnson to buy horses, and the skill he showed in this work kept him in this position for years. Mr. Johnson trusted him implicitly, not only with capital, but his judgment and business detail. In 1901 Mr. Withington made West Lebanon his permanent home, and in 1905 he succeeded to the sales and commission horse mart of Mr. Johnson. Not only does Mr. Withington sell vast numbers of horses in West Lebanon, but also many in Boston and Providence. His business is continuously expanding each succeeding year, showing a gain over the one preceding. His auction sales in West Lebanon are held semi-monthly, and at times thousands of dollars worth of horses are to be seen in his stables.

In 1892 he married Miss Mary A. Story of Canaan. She died in 1906.

Thomas P. Waterman

Reference has been made in preceding pages to that section of West Lebanon sometimes called Butmanville. It is a spot not only full of attraction but an exceedingly busy place, for here are the lumber and grist-mills of Thomas Palmer Waterman, whom all Lebanon respects for his sterling qualities of manhood and one in whom the town of Lebanon has shown its confidence time and again by electing him to one office or another. Yet Mr. Waterman is never an office-seeker nor a politician, but whatever of political preferment has come to him has been the result of a desire on the part of his fellow citizens to give practical expression to their esteem and regard.

Mr. Waterman is to the manner

born, for among that sturdy, self-reliant, and resourceful company of pioneers who came up from Conecticut and founded Lebanon were his ancestors. The ancestral farm in Lebanon was scarcely more than a mile from the present residence of Mr. Waterman. On this farm was born the grandfather of Thomas P. Waterman, and he was the first male child born in Lebanon. It was he, also, who built the first two-story frame house in Lebanon, a fact that shows him to have been a man of enterprise and calculation. In all his life, the subject of this sketch, as boy and man, has demonstrated that those traits for which his ancestors were noted are found intact in his own personality

It having come to him to own the valuable water privilege on the Mascoma River first utilized by the first settlers, he has greatly improved this. His native resourcefulness is seen in the fact that years ago he built the present dam across the Mascoma, although he had never had training or experience in such undertakings. Annually there are manufactured in his mills from one to two million feet of lumber, in a variety of forms.

Thomas P. Waterman

Mr. Waterman is a present selectman of Lebanon. Since 1879 he has been elected to this office at intervals, for a dozen or more times. He also

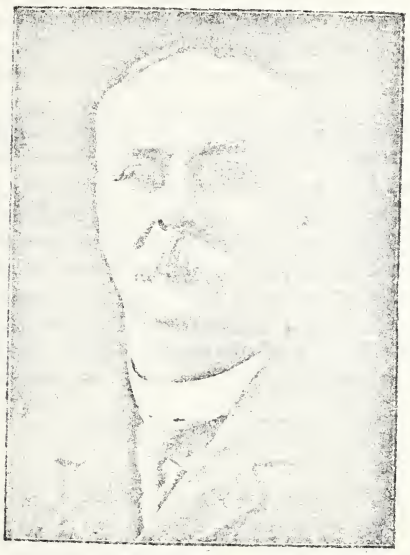
Thomas P. Waterman's Mill

has been for several terms a member of the state Legislature.

Mr. Waterman was born in 1844, the son of Silas and Sarah Waterman. He married Miss Rosamond Wood of Lebanon. One son, who died in infancy, was born to them.

George S. Edson

It is now more than one score years since the firm of Edson & Chadwick began business in West Lebanon, and naturally the name has become a familiar one in the community and adjacent territory. The firm was organized in White River Junction in 1885, dealing in meats and provisions. In 1886 the firm extended its business by the opening of a store in West Lebanon and both marts have been continued uninterruptedly to this day.



George S. Edson

The original partnership consisted of George S. Edson and Sherman W. Chadwick. Mr. Chadwick died in the 90's, since when Mr. Edson has continued the business alone, retaining, however, the firm name, doing in both stores a general grocery, meat and provision trade.

Mr. Edson was born in Bethel, Vt., February 22, 1852. After attendance at the Bethel schools, he entered Royalton (Vt.) Academy, and upon graduation engaged in farm work. Eventually he secured a contract for sawing wood for the Central Vermont Railroad locomotives. This work took him all along the line from Windsor to the Canadian border. After eight years, this work was discontinued, the railroad company having substituted coal for wood. Thereupon Mr. Edson engaged in a mercantile career. He early became a resident of West Lebanon and has long continued one of its representative citizens. His stores in West Lebanon and White River Junction are among the largest of their kind in their locality. At present Mr. Edson is the buyer for the Retail Grocers' Association of Hartford and West Lebanon. To this position he was elected at the formation of the association, and upon the expiration of his first term was unanimously re-elected.

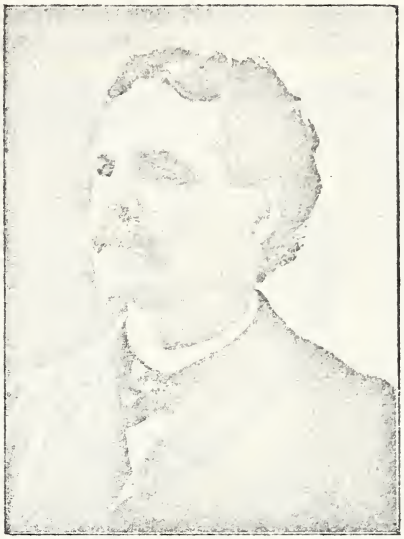
The parents of Mr. Edson were L. H. and Adeline A. (Paine) Edson. His father was for long a skilful and widely known jeweler in Bethel. Mr. Edson is a member of the Masonic fraternity and of the thirty-second degree. He is a member of the executive committee of the New Hampshire State Grocers' Association and takes an active part in the life of that organization. His church home is the West Lebanon Congregational.

He married Miss Kate Allen of Randolph, Vt. Their children are two daughters, and one son, all of whom are at the West Lebanon home, the son L. Henry, being associated with his father in business.

Dennis H. Sargent

A familiar landmark in West Lebanon for many years is what is called

today Sargent's Hotel, for upon its site was also a hotel in the old-time stage routes, and past its doors also passed the teams going to and from Boston. The present owner and manager of the hotel is Dennis H. Sargent, a man who since 1886 has been a leading factor in the business affairs of West Lebanon, and who all his life has been active, energetic and full of enterprise. He was born in Canaan, December 14, 1847, the son of Aaron and Mary J. Sargent. After passing his boyhood in his native Canaan, and reaching manhood, he became a general salesman for a sewing machine company. Later he received an appointment as guard in the state prison at Concord. Ten years were afterwards passed in Lebanon Centre as the successful owner of a restaurant. When an opportunity came to him to buy what was then Southwick's Hotel in West Lebanon, he secured the property and changed its title to the name it has since borne. Since he came into possession of the property, Mr. Sargent has built an hotel annex, three stories high, and almost as large as the original main structure. He built a stable 73 by 90 feet, and at one time was extensively engaged in buying and selling horses and all that pertained to the business. He at one time engaged extensively in farming in connection with his other interests, and



Dennis H. Sargent

Sargent's Hotel

has kept as many as one hundred herd of cattle at a time. In 1903-'04, he built the Sargent store building and occupies it entirely as a furniture and complete house furnishing store, it being one of the largest structures in its section of the Connecticut valley.

In 1874 Mr. Sargent married Miss Elizabeth E. Hoag of Keysville, N. Y. She died April 17, 1898, leaving, beside her husband, a son, Harry E., the present owner of the Lake View House, a summer hotel on Mascoma Lake, Enfield, and one of the best built and equipped hotels in its section of New Hampshire.

Ernest Eugene French

The legal profession in West Lebanon is ably represented by Ernest Eugene French, a son of the village, born May 3, 1878, and therefore just in his early manhood. He is the son of Capt. Horace and Mary E. (Gillette) French. His preparatory education was obtained in White River Junction and West Lebanon High School. Entering Dartmouth College in 1894, he was the youngest man in his class, being only sixteen, a fact that tells of intellectual strength and predisposition to learning. Graduating with the class of 1898, while still in his minority, he entered the law office of former Governor Samuel E. Pingree, White River Junction, Vt., serving at the same time as assistant postmaster at West Lebanon. In the autumn of 1901 he joined his brother, Frederic R., a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1894, in San Francisco, Cal., and entered Hastings College of Law, University of California, and pursued the full three years' course, when he was admitted to practice in all the courts of California. While a law student he passed his vacations as time keeper and pay master in the employ of railroad construction work in California and Nevada. While in San Francisco, he served as superintendent of the First Congregational Church Sunday school of that city. He returned to West Lebanon in 1904 and, taking the New Hampshire state bar examination, opened an office for general practice in 1905 in West Lebanon. He is chairman of the local board of education, treasurer of the West Lebanon Congregational Church and superintendent of its Sunday school. On June 21, 1905, he married Miss Florence E. Hillard, a daughter of Loren E. Hillard, then of West Lebanon, now of Franklin. A little son, Reginald Foster, has been born to them.

Ernest E. French

Delight

By Mary H. Wheeler

Open the window, for springtime is here!
Open the door! leave it wide, never fear!
Let us breathe deeply this life-waking air,
Bathe in clear sunshine and cast away care!

Joy! for the buds are beginning to swell,
Birds are returning their love-tales to tell;
Under the mosses the dainty ferns sprout,
Blooms of the trailing arbutus are out.

Violets budding, and all the glad train—
Spring's panorama is starting again.
Ho! for the forest, the seashore, the hills,
Deep rolling waters and swift running rills!

Joy goeth with us wherever we go.
Love is about us, above and below!
Think not of sorrow while nature is vernal!
Sadness is fleeting, delight is eternal!

When Night Comes Down

By Clara B. Heath

When Night comes down like some slow, moving bird
  That folds its dusky wings above its nest,
  The weary toilers cease their daily quest;
The sound of traffic is no longer heard;
The light grows dim, and in the folded rose
The bee and butterfly may find repose.

How still and sweet! Far on the wooded hill
  Deep silence broods until some wanton breeze
  Stirs with its breath the leaves upon the trees,
Or brings the cry of some lone whip-poor-will.
Sad night—glad night—which will our hearts receive?
New things—old things—in which do we believe?
Help us, O Father, that no fear or frown
May cloud our Heaven when the night comes down.

One of Her Sons

By Leslie G. Cameron

The letter fell from Sophy Wardwell's hands and fluttered to the floor. She hid her face in her apron and sobbed. After long years of faithful devotion, of patient hoping, this was the message, coming in the moment of her triumph and couched in coarse, if not brutal, terms:

"Dear Sis:—Time's up. I've got a cough, they thought I'd kick the bucket, so I got off a year early. I'm coming home. None of the fatted calf business, nor snivelling. I ain't no prodigal son, and I don't want you nor the parson gabbing repentance and forgiveness to me. You just remember I got a share in that house your're living in, and I've got a right to live in it. I'll be along by Wednesday.

Jim Wardwell."

The sun streamed cheerfully on the bowed figure, and the kettle sang with impertinent insistence, while Sophy said over and over, "Wednesday, and I was to read my address. Oh, I can't! I can't!"

Her thoughts went back to the long duration of misery which had preceded her brother's incarceration in the state prison for manslaughter; the day he had been expelled from the village school; the night he came home drunk and struck his widowed mother; his coarse and shiftless existence, until at sixteen he ran away from home. After this, they had heard from him occasionally, now from one place, now from another. He was ever a rolling stone, leaving wherever he went a track of evil intent. In her grieving, it seemed to Sophy she could again hear her mother's dying words.

"You'll have the home, Sophy, and probably you can always teach around here. Don't ever refuse to let Jim come home. Be good to him, and tell him mother died loving him."

In the first flush of sorrow, Sophy had written to his last address of his mother's death and dying request that he should share the home whenever he wished. There was no reply, but in a few weeks her cup of suffering was full, for daily papers reaching the little village were full of details of a quarrel in a gambling den in which not cards but a woman's name incited Jim to shoot, then to flee cowardly from city to city, helped here by this pal, betrayed there by another, until at last he was captured fifteen hundred miles from the scene of the quarrel.

Sophy had saved two hundred dollars from her teacher's salary. This she forwarded to Jim's lawyer. She consulted John Crawford, the village attorney, about selling the home in order to raise more money for her brother's defense. But he peremptorily advised her to hang on to her property, saying she must keep it to fulfill her mother's wish that Jim might have a home to which to return. "No amount of money can save him a long sentence, if he escapes death penalty," declared Crawford. "Hang on to your home as much for his sake as your own."

So she had kept the place, and when he was imprisoned for eighteen years had written him monthly, neat, prim, but withal sisterly letters. She had even sent him special remembrances on his birthdays and Christmas, nor would she confess, even to herself, that it was comfort to know her brother was safely confined where he could work no evil for years to come.

Time slipped away. People forgot

or ceased to gossip about Jim Wardwell's iniquitous career. Sophy taught gently on, growing a little primmer, a little more old maidenly with each succeeding year. No romance had disturbed the serenity of her way, but once a poem from her hand had appeared in the *Mountain Monthly*.

It was this poetical effort which had twined a laurel wreath around Sophy's brow, and had distinguished her as a litterateur in the eyes of the villagers, and it was owing to this that she had been requested to write the welcoming address for the opening exercises of Old Home Week.

For a month she had worried and worked, written and re-written, until twelve note-sheets of cramped, close sentences lay on the table. She had been re-reading them for last corrections, when little Molly Hall stopped at the kitchen door with a letter. Molly often brought her mail and it was not until she had seen the postmark that presentiment of coming evil drove the color from Sophy's face, and made her forget to offer the customary cooky to the child.

She read the letter when her fingers were steady enough to cut the envelope, and then re-read it, each sentence writing itself on her sensitive heart. Seventeen years imprisoned! Jim was now forty-two years old, and he was coming home tomorrow,—tomorrow, when she was to read her welcoming address, before her friends, her pupils old and new, strangers, and those who had forgotten that Jim Wardwell was in prison and had brought disgrace to the fair town she loved. If only he were coming broken in spirit and filled with desire for new living, ah, how she would help him! But his letter showed how little there was to hope for.

In a moment she gathered up the pages of her address, and throwing a shawl over her head, went swiftly down the street to the parsonage. Her pastor opened the door, and seeing her distressed face, led her without a word into his study. Here she threw the papers on the table with tearful intensity.

"I can't read it, Mr. Allison. I can't get up and tell all the successful men and women that are coming home how glad we are to see them. I'll remember most of them because they went to school to me, and they'll remember Jim, and he's coming home tomorrow. He'll have to come on the half past two train, just when I'm reading it, and I can't do it—I just can't!"

She broke down, tears streaming through her thin fingers.

Not in vain had John Allison loved the Lord and ministered to the hearts of the people for forty years; not in vain had some of his dearest ambitions budded and blighted before blossoming. He knew what a splendid privilege the writing and delivering her address had seemed to the lonely, faithful teacher; how like a crown of pleasure it would rest upon the monotonous and saddened years of her life. Yet he did not urge her to read it.

"Leave it with me, Sophy," he said gently. "I will read it for you and you shall have due credit for writing it."

She sobbed out her gratitude and left her precious manuscript in his care.

The half past two o'clock train pulled into the tiny gray station of Holville Wednesday afternoon. Several passengers alighted, for it was Old Home Week, and the town had sent an invitation to all her sons and daughters. They toiled uncomplainingly up the steep hill back of the station, where stood the white town hall blistering in the August heat and overflowing with eager audience. All the train passengers crowded into the hall, among them a pale-faced,

stoop-shouldered man, with closely cropped head, an ill-fitting suit, and an expression of intense curiosity.

The hall was very warm. On the platform sat several dignitaries: the governor of the state, once little Joe Hayward, nicknamed "Splinter" by his playmates; a red-headed senator, familiarly known as "Beety"; a college professor, and the selectmen.

Mr. Allison had just finished reading a handful of papers, and laying them on the desk decorated with a glass of water and a vase of golden-rod, he was addressing the audience.

"This, my friends, was the greeting Miss Wardwell prepared for you, most of you her old pupils, whose careers she has followed with loving pride. You know, nearly all of you, the shadow which has darkened her life for so many years, though some of you perhaps have forgotten, so patiently and with such dignified reserve has she borne her sorrow.

"Today will come from the prison door the only relative Miss Wardwell has in the world. He will come with a memory of reckless passions and the gloom of seventeen years in his face. She could not greet you, you who have brought fame and honor to your native town, when he, who has saddened all our hearts, is returning."

The pale-faced, head-shaven man cursed under his breath and turned toward the door, but the crowd hemmed him about, and he was forced to remain.

"In a cottage up the street sits the gentle woman who has given her best years to you. Patiently day after day she has taught you lessons which have helped you toward the success you have achieved. If there is no charity in your hearts for the brother, give him the glad hand for his sister's sake; she, who would leave no word unspoken, no prayer unprayed for the happiness of your lives."

Then the saintly face of the minister grew earnest, his voice rang with pleading, and he stretched out his arms to the men and women before him.

"My boys, my girls," he cried, "many of you received your first communion from me, many of your loved ones have been laid away and mine were the lips to speak the last words of blessing; even have I laid my hand in baptism on the heads of your little ones, and I glory with the town in the work you have done in the world, but my heart cries out for the sheep which has wandered bruised and suffering in stray pastures and by-ways. Do you remember the invitation your village sent out, to *all* her sons and daughters. With pride your mother town greets you and gathers you into fond embrace, but she is too true a mother to close her heart to the return of her son who has brought her grief, not joy. Let us, too, welcome him, for we, indeed, might have wandered far from home, so narrow is the dividing line between success and failure.

Let us pray.

"Our Father, we are all Thy children, though some of us have forgotten Thee and sold our birthright for a mess of pottage. Still through the dark Thou dost lead us home, where a welcome awaits the wanderer. Some of us have honored Thee in public, and betrayed Thee in secret; some of us have served Thee in the market-place and forgotten Thee in the closet, and some, oh Lord, have cursed Thee both openly and in secret. Have mercy upon us, all Thy children, and make us merciful. Amen."

There was a stir in the back of the hall. The pale-faced man was sobbing, terrible dry sobs, interrupted now and then by a fit of coughing. Before the standersby could more than stare curiously, he sank limply against the wall, a thin red stream trickling from his mouth.

So they carried him home to

Sophy; the governor, who had played with him as a boy and remitted a year of his sentence as a man, on one side, the senator on the other, and an escort of tender-faced men and women following to lend a hand or speak a word of helpfulness.

Only two days he lingered, the long years of confinement, the journey home, and the sudden strain of emotion being too much for him. Like a brother the villagers spoke of him and ministered to him, and like a weary child forgiven for naughtiness, he thanked them.

Holding fast to his sister's hand Friday afternoon, his cot pulled to the window, he sat watching the amethyst and golden sunset, then whispered softly, "Home at last." Then his tired eyes drooped. "Some of us have cursed Thee openly and in secret. Oh Lord, be merciful."

They laid him to rest in the bosom of the village which had nurtured him, grieved over him and forgiven his wanderings. And on the stone which marks his grave are these words: "This my son who was lost is found."

Serenade

By Emily E. Cole

Awake, beloved, dream no more;
  Afar the moon her radiance sheds;
The misty cobwebs on the grass
  Are dewdrops strung on silver threads.
    Awake, beloved, wake.

Awake, dear love, the night so fair
  Would from thine eyelids banish sleep,
It wooes thee with its languorous airs,
  Its fragrant breath, its silence deep.
    Awake, beloved, wake.

White lilies gleam within the shade,
  And snowy night-moths flutter by;
Red roses to thy casement climb—
  Far bolder wooers they than I.
    Awake, beloved, wake.

A New Field for Women—Alice Gertrude Harvie, D.D.S.

By an Occasional Contributor

While there are now nearly six millions of women in this country engaged in gainful occupations, according to careful estimate, of whom many thousands are included in the ranks of professional service, it was not until within comparatively recent years that woman ventured into the field of dental practice. This profession, indeed, was regarded as particularly unsuited to woman long after hundreds of the sex had won reputation and success in general medical practice. Nevertheless, there are today several hundred female dentists in the United States, including quite a number in and around Boston, but only two have as yet made a place for themselves in the professional life of the Granite State.

The first of these to enter the profession was Dr. C. Gertrude Locke of Nashua, a daughter of the late Dr. Luther F. Locke, himself a well known dental practitioner of the Second City, who also has three sisters in active professional life, one being a practising physician in New York City, another in the same profession in Nashua and a third engaged in a still more novel field for a woman—that of architecture—also in her home city. Doctor Locke was graduated from the Boston Dental College (now Tufts) in 1895, and immediately commenced practice in her native city, fitting up a finely appointed office in the family residence at 11 Amherst Street, where she has continued with great success, with only such interruptions as have come from absence for the purpose of postgraduate study in her profession.

The second woman to engage in dental practice in New Hampshire, and who has attained notable success in a comparatively short time, is

Alice Gertrude Harvie, D.D.S.

Alice Gertrude Harvie, a native of Crewe, near Chester, Cheshire County, England, a daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Watt) Harvie, born October 27, 1874. Her

parents were of Scotch ancestry, her mother being a relative of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine.

Coming to America in 1894, with her sister, Marion, now Mrs. Harry E. Barnard of Indianapolis (both young ladies being ambitious to avail themselves of the superior educational advantages and more promising field of effort presented in this country) she soon found a position in the office of that eminent dental practitioner, Dr. Charles A. Brackett of Newport, Rhode Island, where she worked and studied for several years, entering the Philadelphia Dental College in 1898, and graduating three years later. She subsequently pursued post-graduate study at Tufts and elsewhere, and finally located in practice in Concord, early in 1905, where she has remained to the present time, establishing a reputation as a thoroughly scientific and eminently successful practitioner.

The thoroughly educated dentist of the present day, like the thoroughly educated physician, understands and teaches that the essential thing is the prevention of disease. It is one thing to repair, as far as possible, the ravages of disease and decay, but far more important and desirable to prenow deals with the conditions that invent them. Progressive dentistry duce decay in teeth, instead of waiting until decay sets in; and Doctor Harvie is thoroughly conversant with all the modern ideas along this line, and familiar with all practical modern methods. She is a specialist, of already established reputation, in the treatment of Riggs' disease, and other diseases of the mouth and gums, resulting in loosened teeth, for which, until recently, no remedy has been known and her success in oral prophylaxis, or treatment for prevention of decay, has been so marked that she has been repeatedly called to give clinics in this line of practice, and has engagements for others in different parts of the country, including one at Jamestown, Va., in September.

Greatly to the regret of the people of Concord and of New Hampshire, so far as she has become known, either personally or professionally, Doctor Harvie is soon to leave the state to establish herself in a broader field, at Indianapolis, Ind., where her sister, Mrs. Barnard, who, by the way, graduated from Brown University, while Doctor Harvie was getting her professional training, and whose husband will be remembered as the former New Hampshire state chemist, is now located.

Doctor Harvie, while residing in Concord, has not confined her interest to her professional work. She has been prominently identified with the woman suffrage cause and is the present secretary of the N. H. Woman Suffrage Association. She was also actively instrumental in the organization of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It should also be noted that she is connected with various organizations incident to her profession, and is now vice president of the New England Dental Club.

Wisdom

By George W. Parker

There is a light in darkest night
Sheds lustre on our way;
The blinded wight receives his sight,
And hails a new-born day.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. ALONZO H. EVANS.

Alonzo H. Evans, leading citizen and first mayor of Everett, Mass., died at his home in that city, 584 Broadway, on Tuesday, May 27, aged 87 years.

Mr. Evans was a native of the town of Allenstown, a son of Robert and Sarah Evans, born, February 25, 1820. At the age of fifteen he went to Lowell, where he worked for a year in a factory, then going to Boston, and engaging in a produce store, serving so faithfully that he was able, at twenty-two, to go into a partnership business with George F. Brown, which was conducted for a number of years on Blackstone Street.

In 1854 he was actively instrumental in the establishment of the Boston Five Cent Savings Bank, of which he became the first treasurer, serving twenty years, when he was made president, which position he held until the third of April last, when he resigned on account of failing health, and his son, Wilmot R. Evans, was chosen in his place.

He became a resident of Everett, then South Malden, in 1849, and was a leader in the movement for its incorporation as a separate town, which was effected in 1872. He represented Everett in the legislature in 1874 and 1876; was a member of the State Senate in 1889 and 1890, and of the Governor's Council in 1892. In this year Everett was made a city, and Mr. Evans was chosen its first mayor.

Mr. Evans was married in 1844 to Miss Sarah R. Hawkes. She died in 1870. Of that union there were two children, Irving A. Evans, now deceased, and Wilmot R. Evans, president of the Winthrop National Bank, who succeeded his father as president of the Five Cent Savings Bank. In 1879 he married Miss Caroline Stovers of Boston who, with his son, survives him. His grandson, former Representative Wilmot R. Evans, Jr., is now making a tour of the world.

GEN. GEORGE W. BALLOCH.

Gen. George Williamson Balloch, a prominent Civil War veteran, and leading citizen of Washington, D. C., died in that city May 17, aged 81 years.

General Balloch was a son of George W. and Amanda (West) Balloch, of Scottish descent, born in the town of Claremont in this state, but removing with his parents in infancy to Cornish, where he grew to manhood. He was educated at Windsor (Vt.) Academy and Norwich University. He became an engineer on the Sullivan Railroad in 1847, continuing in the service till 1850, when he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine as station agent at Wakefield, Mass. At the outbreak of the Civil War he helped to recruit Company D, Fifth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was commissioned first lieutenant of that command. Soon after arrival at the front he was detailed by Gen. O. O. Howard as acting commissary of subsistence of his brigade. In 1862 he was appointed captain and commissary of subsistence of U. S. Volunteers, assigned to his old brigade, and was with it in all its campaigns until General Howard was assigned to the command of the Eleventh Army Corps, when Captain Balloch was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and chief commissary of subsistence of General Howard's corps. He served in this capacity in the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns and on the famous bloody march of General Sherman through Georgia to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to Savannah; and in the march from Savannah to Goldsboro, in 1865, he was chief commissary of subsistence of the Twentieth Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland. In 1866 he was promoted to brigadier-general of volunteers for meritorious service in the subsistence department during the war.

General Balloch at the close of the war was appointed inspector of the subsistence department with headquarters at Washington, and later disbursing officer. In 1871 he resigned the latter position to accept the office of superintendent of streets, under the board of public works of the District. Of late he had been conducting a claims, patent, and insurance business. For nearly a quarter of a century he had been the notary of the Second National Bank, of which he was one of the organizers. He was prominent in Masonic circles. He had taken all the degrees in the York and Scottish Rites, including the thirty-third, the Royal Order of Scotland, and Order of the Eastern Star.

General Balloch is survived by two sons, George S. Balloch and Dr. E. A. Balloch, and a daughter, Mrs. George H. Safford, all of Washington.

HON. THOMAS NELSON HASTINGS.

Hon. Thomas Nelson Hastings, a prominent citizen of Walpole, formerly active in Republican politics, died at the Parker House in Boston, May 15, aged nearly 49 years.

Mr. Hastings was born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1858, the son of T. Nelson and Mariette (Holland) Hastings. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother removed with her children

to Walpole, where he attended the public schools, and later, Warren Academy at Woburn, Mass., continuing his studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was in business in Boston from 1882 to 1888, building the Bijou Theatre, and conducting the same for a time with George Tyler. Taking up his residence in Walpole, Mr. Hastings entered into political life. In 1897 he was a member of the State Senate, and again in 1899, in which year he was also president of that body. In 1901 he was made commissary general on the staff of Governor Jordan.

In 1882 Mr. Hastings married the only daughter of Hudson E. Bridge, who was born on the site of the town library of Walpole, which was erected and given to the town in his honor. Mrs. Hastings died in 1895 and as a memorial to her Mr. Hastings erected a fine building known as the Hastings Memorial.

Mr. Hastings was a member of the Knickerbocker Club of New York, the Algonquin Club of Boston, and also a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. He was also active in Masonry.

REV. RICHARD HALL.

Rev. Richard Hall, son of Rev. Richard and Lucy (Farrar) Hall, born in Cornish, N. H., August 6, 1817, died at St. Paul, Minn., April 1, 1907.

Mr. Hall was a graduate of Dartmouth College of the class of 1847, and of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1850. He went immediately to Minnesota, as one of the first missionaries to the territory and continued there in the service of the Home Missionary Society through his active life.

PROF. DON CARLOS TAFT.

Don Carlos Taft, born in Swanzey, N. H., in 1827, died in Chicago, Ill., April 1, 1907.

He was a graduate of Amherst College, of the class of 1852. He was professor of geology in the University of Illinois from 1870 to 1880, when he went to Hanover, Kansas, where he established a bank, of which he was president until 1897, when he returned to Chicago.

DAVID B. KIMBALL.

David Brainard Kimball, born in Dunbarton, N. H., September 29, 1820, died in Salem, Mass., May 27, 1907.

Mr. Kimball was a lawyer by profession, and had served for several terms as assistant district attorney for Essex county. He was also greatly interested in music, was for forty years connected with the Salem Oratorio Society, and had charge of the music in the South Church for a long time, having previously served as chorister for the Congregational Church at Manchester, Mass.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

A small but highly interesting and valuable contribution to New Hampshire history has recently been given the public through the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, entitled "Holderness—An Account of the Beginnings of a New Hampshire Town, by George Hodges." It is embodied in a neat little duodecimo volume, which will be sent post paid to any address by the publishers, on receipt of the price ($1.25). The character of the work is indicated somewhat by the titles of the several chapters, including Introduction; The Endicott Rock; The Indian Trail; The Charter; The Name; The Settlement; Samuel Livermore, the Squire; Robert Towle, the Parson, and The Country Town, to which is added an Appendix descriptive of the Walks and Drives about Holderness, by Frederick Lewis Allen. It is a book which cannot fail to be of interest to natives and permanent residents of the town, as well as to the constantly increasing number of people who make their summer home in the beautiful Squam Lake region. It should be in every public library in the state.

It is understood that about $35,000 of the state fund will be available this year for expenditure upon the Merrimack Valley highway. This, with such amounts as the several cities and towns along the route appropriate in order to secure their respective shares of the general fund, will make a very respectable beginning for the highway in question, which will in due time, undoubtedly, prove of great advantage to the central section of the state.

It is manifest that no amount of effort in behalf of individual aspirants for gubernatorial, or even presidential honors, will impel the people of New Hampshire to devote their attention to politics this year. The state adopted the biennial election plan in order to enjoy a rest from political excitement every other year, and that rest the people are determined to have.

The Granite Monthly is under obligations to "Whitcomb's Prints" for photographic views for illustration of the article on West Lebanon, appearing in this issue.

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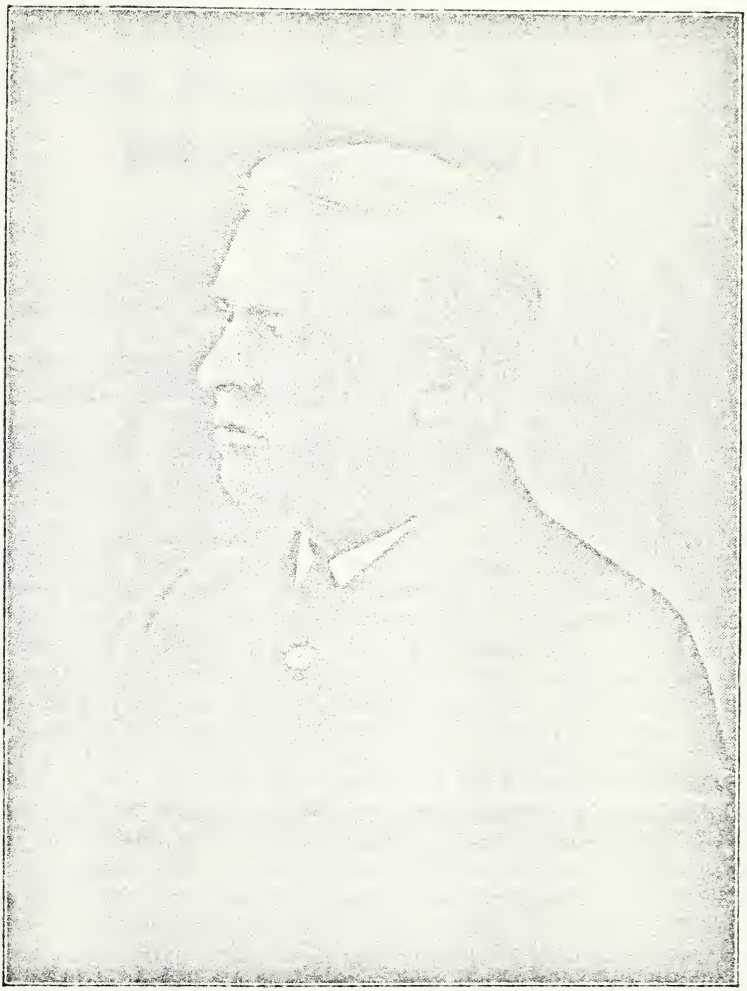

DR. JOHN H. NEAL

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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The New President of the N. H. Medical Society

By H. H. Metcalf

The influence of the medical profession upon the social, political and public life of the state has been strong and commanding in New Hampshire from the earliest days. While each has been dominant in his particular domain, the doctor, the lawyer and the minister have ranked together as leaders and counsellors of the people in the various communities, in all important emergencies; though the latter has been called less frequently than the others into active political life and important public station. In the trying days preceding and during the war of the Revolution, as ever since, physicians were as conspicuous, if not as numerous, as members of the legal profession in shaping legislation and in the general direction of affairs. They served with distinction in the provincial and state legislatures, in the continental congress, in both branches of the federal congress after independence was achieved, in the governor's chair, and even on the bench of the supreme court in the earlier days.

The New Hampshire Medical Society, the time-honored institution which observed its one hundred sixteenth anniversary a few weeks since, having been organized in 1791, had as its first president the governor of the state—the distinguished physician who headed the New Hampshire delegation in the Continental Congress at Philadelphia in 1776, and was the first man to vote for the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and the next after the presiding officer, John Hancock, to affix his name to that immortal document.

This man, Dr. Josiah Bartlett of Kingston, had been active for years in advocating resistance to British tyranny in his community and in the Provincial Legislature in which he was a conspicuous member. He served several years in the Continental Congress, was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the United States, was a judge of the Supreme Court for several years and for a short time chief justice, was elected to, but declined, the office of United States senator, and was governor of the state from 1790 to 1794. His name headed the charter list in the act incorporating the New Hampshire Medical Society, passed February 16, 1791, and he was made its first president. Many names eminent in the profession, and in the history of the state, appear in the long list of his successors in the leadership of this notable organization, to be a member of which is the first ambition of every aspiring young physician in New Hampshire, and to pre-

side over whose deliberations is an honor of which even the most ambitious may well be proud.

At the recent annual meeting of this society, held in Concord, May 15-17, 1907, Dr. John H. Neal of Rochester, who was the vice-president for the year previous, was unanimously elected president. Doctor Neal, who is a leading physician of Strafford County, is a native of Parsonsfield, Me., born March 20, 1862, a son of John and Sarah J. (Lord) Neal. His father was a farmer, and the activities of country life supplementing the fine constitution and vigorous bodily powers which he inherited, along with strong mental endowment, contributed to the development of the fully rounded manhood now illustrated in his personality. He was educated in the public schools and at the North Parsonsfield Seminary. Making choice of the medical profession for his life work, he pursued his studies under the instruction of Dr. J. M. Leavitt of Effingham, N. H., and attended lectures at the Bowdoin Medical School, Brunswick, Me., and subsequently at the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn, graduating from the latter in 1886. While securing his education, both at the seminary and at the medical college, he taught school a portion of the time each year, in different towns in Maine and New Hampshire, a custom more generally prevalent a half century earlier than in his time among self reliant young men making their own way in life, and one which brings a discipline and experience even more valuable than the financial return involved.

Immediately following graduation, Doctor Neal located in Sanford, Me., where he successfully pursued his profession for nine years, until 1895, when he removed to Rochester, where he has since resided, establishing a practice in general medicine and surgery unsurpassed by any practitioner of his age in his section of the state. While earnestly devoted to his profession, he has entered heartily into the social and public life of the community, and taken an interest in everything pertaining to its welfare. He was for several years an active member of the Rochester Board of Health, and is now serving his second term as a member of the school board.

Politically he is a Republican, and has been a zealous worker in his party's cause, both locally and as a member of the Republican state committee. He is a strong admirer of President Roosevelt, and a firm supporter of his policies. He represented his district in the state senate in the legislature of 1903 and was conspicuous in the work of the session, serving on the committees on railroads, public health, labor, rules, and as chairman of the committee on Soldiers' Home. He was the author and prime mover of the measure enacted at that session, establishing the office of medical refree and abolishing the old coroner system.

While in Maine, Doctor Neal was a member of the Maine State and York County Medical societies and president of the latter. He has also been president of the Strafford County Medical Society. He is a member of the American Medical Association and of its National Auxiliary Congressional Committee for New Hampshire. He has been prominent in the affairs of the New Hampshire Medical Society for some time, serving several years as a member of the council and having been elected vice-president last year. He has held the position of U. S. medical examiner since 1897, and that of medical referee for Strafford County since the enactment of the law establishing the office. He is a forceful speaker, and is heard to good effect whenever occasion demands. He was the orator at the last Memorial Day celebration of

Sampson Post, G. A. R., of Rochester, and his address on that occasion was highly commended. His fraternal connection is with the Masonic order. He is a member of Preble Lodge and White Rose Chapter of Sandford, Me., being a charter member of the latter. He is also a charter member of Palestine Commandery, K. T., of Rochester, and a noble of Kora Temple of the Mystic Shrine, of Lewiston, Me.

Doctor Neal married, Nov. 28, 1888, Lulu E., daughter of Daniel G. and Frances J. (Chase) Clark of Sanford, Maine. They have one son, Cecil M., sixteen years of age, now a student in the Rochester High School.

Via Humanis

By H. C. Leslie, M. D.

Give me my pipe and bowl and goodly book;
What more hath fleshly needs, save silent nook
In which we con thought's lessons o'er and o'er,
Sipping betimes the rich Metheglin store,
Watching the smoke wreaths idly float away,
Dreaming through all the silent hours of day.
What wats it, all this roily stir of wealth,
The struggle for the grimed and sordid pelf,
Smirching the soul in placid hours of dreams
As angry cloud-burst stirs the filth of streams.

Who cares for wily politician's cry,
Building straw men to catch the public eye,
Dangling cheap bells the foolish herd to please
And blatant blare that never seems to cease?
Pack them beneath some nauseous refuse heap,
Things all unworthy for a man to keep.
Bring me the nectar of some noble thought,
Deeds with glorious aspirations fraught,
The grander records that life's page has filled,
Songs that the heart of man has always thrilled.

These be the meat for contemplation's bower,
These, gems of worth beyond the passing hour.
Mingled with fragrance of the pipe and bowl,
They bring sweet comfort to the restive soul.
And in the glamour of yon boreal heights,
Give wings to fancy in her wayward flights.
How sweet and fair seem those Virgilian days
When shepherds sang or piped their rustic lays
Beneath the spreading beech tree's sheltering shade
And drank their toasts to low-browed Roman maid
In brimming horns of dark Falernian wine,
The rich red blood of the Italian vine.

Methinks I feel the throbbing of a soul
Reincarnated from this one or whole
That gives me a sweet latitude of thought,
An influence from some far ages brought,
Claiming my soul to sunshine and to ease
And the soft murmur of the passing breeze.

Beshrew thee, care, I cannot call thee friend.
Myrrh and wormwood ye in my winecup blend,
Ye give me thin pale water, mingling not
With the rich oil from yon gray olive plot.
Begone, ye have no place in festal hall
Where joy makes answer in the bead roll call,
Through yonder bough a ray of sunlight gleams,
A strangely peering eye, for such it seems.
Of gnome, or sprite, the servant of the hour
To do my bidding. slave of dreamland power.
Go, peon,, serf or servant of my will,
Bring me a beaker brimming to its fill
With honey stored on far Hymetian height,
Known only to the wild bee in its flight;
Mingle therewith the breath of lotus flowers
Stolen by night from Egypt's sensuous bowers.
This be the draught that gives the gods their breath,
And steals the tip from arrowed lance of death.
The wagging jaws of bearded goat-like age
Champ evil's bitter weed while o'er the page
I bend above the sweet Horacian lines
Where wisdom's thought with human folly twines..
The saint who scoffs at all our small delights,
And rests in penance through the long drawn nights
On frosty bed of tiles or rough hewn stone,
Seeking by this the soul's sins to atone.
Is brother to some black ill-omened bird
Within whose veins life's red blood never stirred.
A husk and shell for all faith's doubtful creeds,
A self-appointed guardian of man's needs.
What does he know of virtue's wiser choice,
Who never heard enticing Syren's voice?
Who never felt the hot blood ebb and flow
At sight of ruby lips and breasts of snow;
Who never kissed the wine glass' purpling red,
But with a soul to peace and quiet wed.
Seeks the calm hour of silence and repose
Where unrolled stream of life in stillness flows.
Unknown to him the pangs of martyred saint
When blushing sin made e'en his conscience faint,
With eyes that fain would look but dare not see
Temptation's forms with pose of naughty glee;
Beshrew such scenes, they taint the fragrant air
And lade the brute with added pack of care.

The setting sun shines fair athwart the plain;
A sweet lethargic lull obscures my brain
To all the baser, sordid dreams of life,
The rack and scurry of a ceaseless strife.
I fain would sleep; my eyelids drowsy close,
And lulling murmurs woo me to repose,
To cease to struggle in the webs that bind
All the frail efforts of the human mind.
To strive no more against the undertow,
To breast no more the chilly winds that blow
From off the coast line of the great unknown,
Bearing upon their breath earth's solemn moan.
The Upas tree exhales its poisonous breath,
The Simoon of that change that men call death;
We only pass where many feet have trod,
Our bed will be beneath the same green sod,
Where hosts unnumbered in the years have slept,
The dust and ashes by life's besom swept,
Or by the chilling blasts of fortune blown
Into the refuse heap of the unknown,
Like floating flotsam of the Carib Sea,
The mute reminder of a tragedy.

Back to that single source from whence we came,
Back to the Infinite's eternal flame
Goes the spark loaned in eons of the past,
The ingot that in earth's fair morn was cast.
We have been keepers only for a time,
Custodians simply of this gem divine.
Whene'er our bond is due we may not fail
To meet this valid claim, this just entrail.
Such is the law of the Creative Power
To have, to hold, to add to spirit dower.
The evening shadows fall in yonder vale,
The song is sung, thus ends the dreamer's tale.
Whate'er of truth may mingle in his dream
Is but one straw caught from the flowing stream,
Whose current glides to the Eternal Whole.

Man in his folly fills a shallow bowl,
And cries, "Behold the sea, behold the sea,
Its bounds, its depths were formed alone for me."
Poor fool an atom only in the plan,
An unused mote of stardust labeled Man.

Lydia Fowler Wadleigh

By Ella M. Powers

Who was she? One of New Hampshire's most noble, high-souled women who gave her life work to the cause of education. The first high school for girls in New York City, the Normal College and the largest high school for girls in the world today are memorials to the efforts of this remarkable woman.

These were my thoughts as I rested

Lydia Fowler Wadleigh

one day in an unusually inviting and attractive spot in the Normal College of New York City. I sat there for rest and quiet. I was in the Wadleigh Memorial Alcove, which is full of fascination and reverence. Surrounded by elegant fittings, and, best of all, with well-filled shelves of rare and valuable books, pedagogical and ethical, I again saw the face of Miss Wadleigh inspiring every girl who came under her influence. The richly stained glass panel of laurel and palm seem but emblematic of her wide influence, which extended over the land of the laurel in the North and the land of the palm in the South. I looked upon the door and read Miss Wadleigh's favorite motto from Virgil, *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.* Above this unique and handsome entrance door is a bust of Miss Wadleigh in alto-relievo. The kindly, intellectual, dignified countenance seems still to say to her girls, "Be pure, be good, be true women." This peaceful, gothic-styled alcove, with its restful, rich dark wood fittings is an exceptionally suitable tribute to her who was not only its college professor of ethics, but more,—its leader.

Twenty years ago I started forth from a little New England town to teach school in New York. It was Miss Wadleigh who had urged me to go, had made my plans, had dictated letters of application and acceptance, and had agreed to meet me at Worcester, and become my chaperone upon my first visit to New York City. Her brilliant face, strong mouth and finely-shaped head were an ideal of strength, enthusiam and unflinching courage. I am glad to remember that these impressions were much stronger and more lasting than the impression gained of the rich plum-colored suit with its darker velvet trimmings, and the dark plum-colored velvet bonnet which she wore. Yet I then and there decided that when I should be sixty-eight years old, I too, would have a plum-colored velvet suit and a velvet bonnet to match. She little knew,—or I hoped she little guessed—how fast my heart was beating. Her whole manner to me was as if she were say-

ing. "I know just how you feel; but you have nothing to fear." Once, when I ventured to remark that it would 'be a dreadful experience if I were to fail.' Miss Wadleigh turned her great black eyes upon me and in a firm, resolute voice, which one could never forget, she said, "Fail, FAIL, did you say? Why! you *cannot* fail." And I was only one of eighteen thousand girls who had heard her say just such words. For thirty-two years she had inspired and kept up the courage of many a girl like myself in the glorious and conspicuous part which she had taken as a pioneer of higher education for girls in New York City.

We lunched together; we chatted about subjects that were wonderfully wholesome and uplifting; she told me of the little town of Sutton, New Hampshire, up among the old granite hills, where she was born, February 8, 1817. And, as I listened, I thought that Sutton should be very proud of having given to the educational world such a superior woman. I wondered if I might do something in educational work, even though I were not born in Sutton. I was then but eighteen; but it was on that ride, by her side, that I decided I would try.

She told me of the old-fashioned farm house up in Sutton where she spent such free, happy days as a girl; of the wind-swept hills she used to climb; of the height and grandeur of the mountains. Undoubtedly those extensive views imparted a breadth to the young girl's mind and those grand mountains inspired her to high efforts. The firmness and solidity of the granite, too, seemed infused into her very nature. Her character was as strong and rock-ribbed as that of her native state. Her very stateliness seemed but a natural inheritance and reflection from the majestic mountains so near her home. Upon that ride I thought much and expressed little, but I felt that a welcome, long-looked for refreshing breeze was infusing new life into my thirsty soul.

Then she told me of that little red school-house, the sanctum of learnin, which overlooked a lovely sheet of water one mile and a half from her home. Those daily walks of over two miles and the frequent romps over the hills had helped, I knew, to build up that perfect physique which she had been blessed with to perform her

Birthplace of Lydia Fowler Wadleigh

life's work. Strong, just, healthy, ambitious girl! To say was to do; to plan was to accomplish. Even as a girl the power of a controlled will was apparent. Brought up amid such surroundings, the young girl grew self-reliant and courageous. Her fearlessness was unflinching.

One day she was left entirely alone in the farmhouse, when a rough-looking tramp entered the room.

"I want some cider to drink," he demanded in a determined manner.

"I have none for you," was the young girl's prompt, fearless answer.

"Yes you have, Miss;" he retorted, "gimme some right off; you go down cellar and get it."

Lydia sprang up, flashed her clear, defiant eyes at him, seized the long old-fashioned shovel, which in these days was a necessary adjunct to the big brick oven, and brandishing it aloft, commanded the tramp to "Go!" The tramp beat a hasty retreat and the girl chased him down the long hill, the shovel held in a threatening attitude above her and her black hair flying out behind her. No one dared to disobey Lydia Wadleigh.

Activity was a strong characteristic of her early as well as later days. The spinning wheel was conquered; the loom for weaving was mastered; and when nothing else claimed her attention her books were ever inviting her. While doing the homely duties she was always planning for higher work. Her dream of attending New Hampton Scientific and Literary Institution was at last realized. By giving instruction to members of the lower classes, she lessened her own expenses and in 1841 was graduated in a class consisting of nine girls. This class was the first to receive diplomas on parchment from that institution. Miss Wadleigh's salutatory in Latin ended her school life as a student.

Her exceptional scholarship was at once recognized, for immediately from her Alma Mater she received an appointment to teach Latin and Greek, a position which she accepted and filled for four years. Other positions followed in New England.

Fifteen years after her graduation at New Hampton she came to New York City. Believing that girls should have equal opportunities with boys, she assumed charge of a senior department then organized at the 12th Street High School for Girls. This was the first institution of its kind in New York. Would it succeed? She was willing to face opposition—and opposition came.

At this time how meagre was the education granted to girls! Miss Wadleigh's one aim was to save the girls from mental starvation. She was severely criticized because of her pleas for the advancement of young women. The few who did believe in her theories were too timid to acknowledge it.

The time seemed waiting for just such supreme courage, priceless determination and superlative strength as Miss Wadleigh possessed. This New Hampshire woman now stood out in bold relief. Public opinion said, "She will fail if she attempts to carry out her convictions." Doubting men and women placed obstacles in her pathway but every obstacle was overcome by her interpidity. Others said, "Customs long established should not thus be interfered with and changed. Girls do not require a higher education." But with this strong, progressive woman, duty and conscience were of far greater weight than public opinion or innumerable obstacles. When she unfolded her plan, she met with discouragements. When she attempted its realization, she met daily difficulties. With a determination that never faltered, she stood out against the storm of opposition.

But, Oh, that first day! On the morning of February 6, 1856, Miss Wadleigh, with her assistant teachers, sat waiting at her desk to receive girls in the upper department of the new Ward School No. 47 in East 12th Street. Not a pupil came. Miss Wadleigh, true to her convictions, came again the second day. Her confidence in her project was rewarded, for twenty-four pupils came and work was fairly begun. And such work, too. No one had dreamed that a high school girl could pursue such a course of study as was planned. Away the girls went to lectures, to libraries, and to halls of learning; they were soon in the midst of experiments, demonstrating truths for themselves; references and new methods of study had no terrors for the girls of the famous 12th Street School. They proved

that they could work as understandingly and continuously as their brothers. With those twenty-four girls, Miss Wadleigh built up a course of study far in advance of anything previously planned for the girls of New York City.

People looked on, doubted, smiled, jeered, commented, criticized, but at last became convinced, then appreciated, then applauded. They wished that they had been the originators of so wonderful a work. It grew.

From Miss Wadleigh's kind heart and generous purse came many a plan and many an additional dollar for the 'extra advantages.' Out to the bookstores she went through rain or sleet, wind or snow, and purchased with her own money additional text-books for which no appropriation had been made. Another day she would buy needed apparatus for further investigation in science. Again it would be the purchase of school supplies. She told no one of these excursions and their object, but almost daily her school was enriched by something bought and given freely and lovingly to her school.

Here, the girls of New York, for the first time took notes from lectures which were delivered by authorities upon various subjects educational and progressive. Many a doubting Thomas had said, "Whoever heard of a girl of High School age taking notes from lectures!" For the first time, a little band of girls would be seen wending their way into libraries searching out references. Yet many a sceptic had scornfully said, "The idea of a *girl* looking up references! It is masculine, very masculine." But still the girls continued to glean here and there for more knowledge with an energy and spirit hitherto unknown among New York High School girls. Their energy and spirit was but the reflection of Miss Wadleigh. In every action was seen purpose, obedience, achievement.

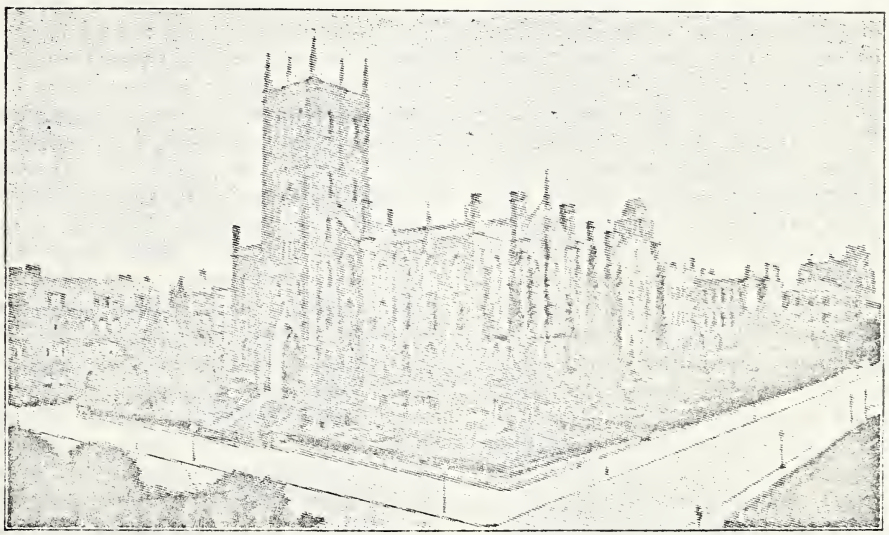
The conservative were compelled, at last, to acknowledge the marvelous work accomplished by the girls of the 12th Street School. Three years later, when the first commencement took place, Miss Wadleigh's victory was complete. It was the happiest day of her life when the eleven girls in the first graduating class received their diplomas. And how were those diplomas procured? They were prepared and paid for by Miss Wadleigh. This commencement was the first of its kind in any of the public schools of New York. It was a most notable event in the history of public education in New York City.

No one now doubted the wisdom of this New Hampshire woman's plan. The trustees of the school took especial pride and delight in bringing educators and eminent persons,—many from foreign countries,—to visit Miss Wadleigh's famous High School for Girls. They marvelled to see what this one woman had accomplished. From different parts of the world came educators to obtain at this school new ideas and to study the effect of new methods. John Bright of England was one of the early visitors; in 1866 members of the Russian legation visited Miss Wadleigh's school; later came prominent educators from European countries and from Calcutta, India. Among interested American visitors were Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett Hale, Admiral Farragut, and Susan B. Anthony.

The old Twelfth Street School was one of the first to make a patriotic demonstration during the Civil War. In the visitors' book, under the date of April 30, 1861, there is the following entry: "This day the flag of our country, a present from the pupils of this school and made by the girls of the senior department, was raised on the roof of the building. The whole school assembled in the street and sang national airs. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Chapin, the Rev. Dr. Osgood, the Hon. Frederick

A. Conkling and E. C. Benedict. A large crowd of people was present, and amid cheers and great enthusiasm the glorious Stars and Stripes waved out to the breeze significant of protection and blessing to all who will gather beneath its folds. God save the country!" So, in this school, patriotism was taught as well as Latin, higher mathematics, astronomy, English and Greek literature, French, logic and mental philosophy.

After fifteen years of success, a a greater institution was made possible. In 1870, three hundred of the



Normal College, New York City

12th Street girls went forth with Miss Wadleigh and formed the nucleus of the great Normal College. This wonderful woman had conquered all opposition and every obstacle. At the inauguration of this vast institution of learning, no one seemed so eminently fitted to be its lady superintendent as Miss Wadleigh. She it was who was chosen to be the leader of these hundreds of girls. She accepted the honor and for eighteen years gave her best work for the advancement of this college. During this period she refused many positions,—among the opportunities came one from Vassar College,—but her heart was with her girls and she longed to see the realization of her girlhood's dream. It was now accomplished, and far more fully than she had ever dared to hope.

Here in the Normal College her charity was unbounded. None knew the tenderness of her generous heart better than the weak or the girls whose limited incomes were inadequate. Many a time Miss Wadleigh, with girlish interest and enthusiasm, has gone to some store of the city and with her own money purchased not only the material for a graduating gown, but the entire outfit for some girl who could not afford the expense of graduating. This gift was bestowed in such a quiet way that the girl herself scarcely realized her indebtedness to the giver. No other girl knew of it.

It was Miss Wadleigh who would seek out a girl's home, acquaint herself with her surroundings, and learn of the demands upon her time, strength and purse. Often the little purse was flat and thin and the edu-

cational outlook very discouraging to the young girl. Then it was that Miss Wadleigh's great sympathetic heart would go out in all its wealth of tenderness to the family who were making daily sacrifices that their daughter migh reap the advantages offered at the Normal College. She generously came forward and, with substantial aid, helped the girl over the rough, hard places and enabled her to finish her course of study.

She rarely bought articles of clothing for herself that she did not think of her girls—the ones who were making sacrifices appealed to her above all others. It was no unusual occurrence for one of her pupils to receive a box of new fresh linen collars, or a pair of thick winter shoes, some warm stockings, a set of undergarments, mittens for winter days, a flannel undershirt, a hood or warm waist. Whatever her girls were actually in need of were supplied by her—and few real needs escaped her ever-watchful eye. Dresses from her own wardrobe, which were perfectly suitable to be worn by herself for some time to come, were often selected and given to some girl that she might have a more appropriate and comfortable school dress. These gifts were as great a happiness to Miss Wadleigh as to the girl whose heart she had gladdened.

Her methods of punishment were effectual, but usually quietly accomplished. At her school, on one occasion, when fashion dictated that young ladies should wear wide hoop skirts, some roguishly inclined girls marched into the school room with no hoop skirts. Their dress skirts hung conspicuously straight and the thin-draped young ladies presented a grotesque appearance, causing the other pupils to giggle and look and laugh, just as the perpetrators had hoped they would do. Miss Wadleigh resumed her class work as unconcernedly as if nothing unusual had happened; but she soon left the room. She went directly to the cloak room where she found those several wide hoop skirts hanging upon their owner's respective pegs. One after another, she took them down, and bundling them all together, she quietly locked them in a closet, the key of which she placed securely in her pocket. Classes were resumed and at last came the hour of dismissal. When the girls reached the cloak room they were aghast to find that not a hoop skirt was there. Ashamed to be seen outside the building upon the city street in their ludicrous, clinging gowns, they loitered about; they made errands into the school-room; they pretended to be doing extra work; they made every possible excuse for not leaving the building. At last Miss Wadleigh said, "Girls, why don't you go home?" When they at last replied, "We want our hoop skirts." Miss Wadleigh replied, "Since you choose to take off your hoop skirts for our edification, you can go home without them today and so edify every one whom you meet on the street." There was no alternative. The humiliated, pride-broken little ladies were compelled to wend their way up and down the crowded metropolis without their hoop skirts. The following day every hoop skirt was restored to its owner.

Miss Wadleigh spent a part of each summer among her New Hampshire friends. Once after making a visit in Milford, when she was about to leave, a little boy of three years threw his baby arms about her neck and said, "I love you."

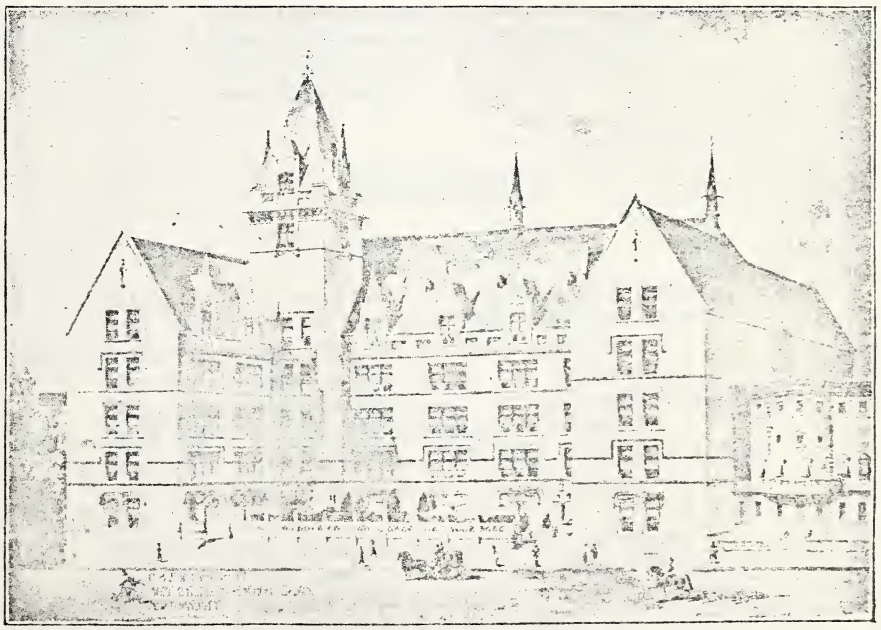
"Dear, dear little soul!" exclaimed Miss Wadleigh feelingly, and bending down she drew the child close to her heart and striving to keep back the tears, said, "How I hate to leave you." She pressed the child's cheek tightly against her own that he should not see the blinding tears that filled her eyes and were flowing down her own cheeks. The heart that many a girl felt in awe of was

warm and affectionate. Her wealth of love none guessed.

Miss Wadleigh has well been called the pioneer of higher education for girls in New York City. When the proposal was made to name the new massive high school building for girls "The Wadleigh," it met with approval. So today, when we look at that great edifice on 114th Street.—the dedication of which took place February 23, 1903,—we know no name more worthy of the structure could have been selected. One of the finest high school buildings in the world, representing over one million dollars with its eighty class rooms, is a fitting memorial to this woman and her work. Over one dozen laboratories are in the building, many executive officers, three gymnasiums, a vast auditorium, library and reading rooms, elevators, the first in any school in the state,—all make this building an imposing structure. Three thousand girls are here taught by ninety-five teachers. Each year, from one thousand to twelve hundred girls enter this wonderful high school from the grammar schools. "The Wadleigh High School" marked a new era in school life for girls. It is fitting that it should bear the name of a teacher and a leader who showed such a glorious record of thirty two years and who bore such a conspicuous part in the public educational work in the largest city of the New World.

Such teachers are this country's real women patriots. How magnificent is their service and their reward! To guide eighteen thousand pupils from the paths of learning to active pursuits of life is indeed to be a general.

The ninteenth century was the first to recognize women as college presidents, superintendents, professors and principals, and among the foremost names in the ever-growing list is that of Lydia Fowler Wadleigh.



The Wadleigh High School, New York City

The Great Stone Face

By Elizabeth Thomson Ordway

Strong and silent, grand and grave,
Dominant powers to lift and save;
Silent, holding power of speech,
Greater far than words can reach—
With a wisdom, aeons old,
Hidden sights those eyes behold,
As that searching gaze profound
Reads the future—Silence bound
To lesser gaze—'till the sun
Turns its pages one by one.
To great strength is ever lent
Gentleness, as complement,
And never doth it seem more clear,
Than in this Face, serene and sere.
Aught in our nature that is ill
Fades before that august will:
And all the good that in us lies,
Lifts its head beneath those eyes.
Noble purposes and aims
Reassert forgotten claims.
Much that seemed worth while before
Hath a charm for us no more.
Such the influence that is wrought
By a lofty spirit's thought.
And, far out-reaching time and place,
E'er shall live the Great Stone Face;
Great and gracious, firm and fine,
More than human, half divine.

Summer

By Stewart Everett Rowe.

When do you feel this world is good and grand,
And that you sure are glad that you were born;
When is it that you do not feel forlorn,
But feel, instead, you'll some day understand?
When does this world reach out and take your hand
And tell to you that it is naught but sweet:
When do life's paths seem flowers 'neath your feet
And this cold earth a dim and fairy land?

When do you feel that you will win the fight,
And that dark clouds will some day pass you by,
When do you feel that wrong bows down to right
And that 'tis only birth at last to die?
When 'round you earth by summer's sun is blest,
You feel—you know—that all is for the best.

Early Settlers of Conway

Personal Recollections of the Late Richard Eastman Merrill*

Not wishing to call the following a "Preface," perhaps an "Apology" would be more appropriate. Not long ago a much-esteemed relative made to me the following suggestion:

"I think you could occupy some of your leisure now in writing your recollections of the history of Conway, New Hampshire. You must remember a great deal of what your mother told about the early settlers. All this would be interesting and valuable. Then, too, you might describe the life of the people when you were a boy, how they lived, farmed, dressed and cooked; the schools, churches, social life; in fact, anything you can remember. No details would be too trivial to be recorded. Tell about wool-spinning, flax-raising, spinning, the making of linen and woolen cloths and other kinds of work; the life of the hardy New England people who founded families, churches and schools. All is now changed and the last vestiges are disappearing and I think the story of that life should be recorded."

Favorably impressed with the ideas expressed, the writer makes the attempt to embody the facts relating to the above suggestions. Being somewhat diffident about the frequent use of the personal pronoun, and expressing the same to a highly cultured and greatly esteemed friend, I was encouraged by the assertion, "Why, do not think of that; on the contrary I think it will add interest to a narrative that gives the personal recollections of one whose memory, in connection with your mother's, runs so far back." That was sufficient for me. That it is "a plain unvarnished tale" goes without saying.

A charter was granted by Gov. Benning Wentworth to an extensive tract of land of indefinite boundary, called "The Pequawket Country." "Pequawket," in the language of the Indians (who inhabited that section including what was afterwards called Conway, N. H., and Fryeburg, Me.) meant an open, sandy country of plains. The charter of the town of Conway, dated October 1, 1765, comprised 230,040 acres, with an addition of 1040 for roads, ponds, mountains, etc., and was six miles square. It took its name from Gen. Henry Seymore Conway, commander of the British army at the time of incorporation. Many of the original proprietors never set foot on the township land, but sold their rights to others. The shares of those who were delinquent in complying with the conditions of the grant were after due notice re-granted on petition of Col. Andrew McMillan, April 6, 1772, to those who became actual settlers. At

*Richard Eastman Merrill, whose personal reminiscenses of his early life in North Conway, New Hampshire, are herewith presented, was born in that village October 17, 1819, and died at the house of his son, William Stetson Merrill, at Chicago, May 20, 1903. His education was obtained in the country schools that he describes, and at 17 years of age he left home to take business positions in Portland, Concord and Boston successively,—always returning to his well-loved mountain home to spend his vacations, however. From 1872 to 1899—when the firm was dissolved—he was in the employ of the Boylston Insurance Company, of Boston. These reminiscenses were written by him in 1900-'01, but not for publication. They have been communicated to this magazine by his son on account of the interesting narrative of incidents of historical value, some of which are not recorded elsewhere. Mr. Merrill left a widow, two sons and one daughter. With the exception of the son mentioned above, his family live in Newtonville, Mass., where for many years he had made his home.

that time there were forty-three polls reported within the town. The only roads made were the broad, wild trails down the banks of the Saco River, and across to the Great Ossipee Lake.

Col. Andrew McMillan, of Scotch descent, was born in Ireland. He was an officer in the French war, and received, October 25, 1763, as a reward for services, a tract of land which included the whole intervale on the east side of Saco River as far as Bartlett, N. H. He purchased shares in Conway consisting of intervale and upland, which was subsequently known as the McMillan farm.

Here he established a permanent home in 1764. He was a man of hot temper, but soon became a prominent person and filled many offices. He was representative to the General Court and paid the highest taxes of any man in town. He supported a fine establishment with open hospitality and had colored servants. He died November 6, 1800, aged seventy years.

Colonel McMillan had three sons, Lewis, Jack—as he was called—and Gilbert. The first two were shipmasters, and when they came home from sea they were the lions of the town. Of the daughters—I am uncertain about the number—but one was married, to Preceptor Amos Cook of Fryeburg. Of his son Gilbert more will be said hereafter. The first tavern in Conway was kept by Col. Andrew McMillan, and was for many years kept by his son Gilbert.

In those days the farmers in northern New Hampshire and Vermont went to Portland, Me., with the products of their farms, transported in the winter by two-horse teams coming through Conway, thus giving liberal patronage to the public houses where they were always welcomed as jolly customers.

In early days the town was infested with rattlesnakes, and the inhabitants of the town voted on May 11, 1767, "that any person who should kill a rattlesnake should be paid three pence lawful money;" and also voted a bounty of twenty dollars on wolves' heads, twenty-three cents on crows, and six cents on grown blackbirds.

Among the first settlers of the town were Richard and Noah Eastman, brothers, Thomas Merrill, Thomas Chadbourne, Samuel Dinsmore, John Dolloff and Abiah Lovejoy.

Thomas Chadbourne built the first frame house in Conway. His land was granted to him in 1773. The first "meeting-house" was built in 1773, below Pine Hill—so called—on the road to Centre Conway near Saco River. There was a burial lot there which is now covered with a growth of large trees. This church was afterwards removed to Center Conway.

The first settlers in North Conway built their houses on the intervale lands near where they began clearing the land for their farms. They found that they were to be troubled by the floods of the Saco River, which, being fed by the mountain streams, would, after heavy rains, soon overflow its banks; and, as one of the rhymes of the time tells us:

"In seventeen hundred and eighty-five.
Well known to all that were alive."

my grandfather, Richard Eastman, finding his house was being surrounded by water in the night, took his numerous family of children to the high bluff near by, now covered with houses, one of which was for many years occupied by the Hanson family. There was great damage done by that flood, "seven dwellings and four barns swept away or badly damaged, many cows, oxen, horses, and sheep drowned, much corn unharvested was destroyed." This caused the inhabitants to build on higher lands.

The house where my grandfather, Richard Eastman, lived and died is now standing at the corner of the main street, on the road leading to

Artist's Falls. In the chimney can be seen a brick marked 1797.

As will be seen hereafter, Richard Eastman will be one of the prominent characters in this narrative. His family were so remarkable for their longevity that it appears proper that the record should appear here. Richard Eastman was born April 20, O. S. or May 1, N. S., 1747. He was twice married, and of his family of eighteen children, one died at two years, one at thirty-three, one, by an accident, at fifty-seven years, two at sixty-nine, one at eighty, two at eighty-seven, one at eighty-eight, one at eighty-nine, one at ninety, one at ninety-three, two at ninety-six, three at ninety-eight, one living in 1901, aged eighty-five years.——average seventy-eight years.

He was fourth in descent from Roger Eastman, who came from Wales, Eng., to Salisbury, Mass., in the year 1640. He was a useful townsman and lived to do good to men for a long term of years. When Christian services were established in 1778, his name with that of Abiah Lovejoy was one of eight signed to a covenant which required them "to walk with the Lord." From his seventeen children who lived to mature age, a numerous race sprung up, scattered over our broad land. He was a deacon in the Congregational Church for over half a century. For many years he was librarian of the Conway and Bartlett Library. He died December 26, 1826.

In this connection mention should be made of Noah Eastman, brother of Richard, born March 20, 1753, who raised up a family of twelve children. He was a holy man, and held in much esteem, well known as a miller for fifty years, in the well-known mill at North Conway. He was universally known as "Uncle Noah," and died August 26, 1823. Abiathar Eastman, brother of Richard, born in 1745, died January 10, 1815. It has been said that the descendants of the three above-named Eastmans are more numerous than those of any other three settlers in the Saco Valley. Among the early settlers were Thomas Merrill, Col. David Page, Samuel Dinsmore and Amos Barnes.

The last named was born in Groton, Mass., enlisted at the age of eighteen years, and served during the War of the Revolution. He was born January 9, 1757, and died December 6, 1840.

It is necessary, to a right understanding of this narrative, to state that Hannah, the mother of the writer and a daughter of Richard Eastman, was born February 25, 1778; was married to my father, Isaac Merrill, born April 19, 1775; and from her were received most of the incidents noted here prior to 1826. Since that date the writer's memory serves him. Hannah Merrill lived over thirty years after her husband's death, and died in her ninety-ninth year.

In the year 1793 a Congregational Church was erected a short distance south of the McMillan place, and about fifty years later, another by the same society was built about a quarter of a mile northerly.

The first minister settled in Conway was Rev. Nathaniel Porter, D. D. He was born in Topsfield, Mass., January 14, 1745, and graduated at Harvard College in 1768. He was called to the Congregational Church in Conway in 1778 on a salary of "£55 for each one year" and was installed October 11, 1778, the church having been organized August 18, 1778. Doctor Porter was a man of rare ability and the title conferred upon him was in those days considered a rare honor.

Probably very few of his sermons were ever published. There is one exception at least. When memorial services were held after the death of Washington, Doctor Porter preached the sermon, which was printed, and it was the privilege of the writer to read it with exceeding interest. It would

rank high even in these days. The text was "A great man has fallen this day in Israel." Among the singers in the choir on that occasion was my mother, Mrs. Hannah Merrill, and another of blessed memory, Mrs. Lydia Holt.

One of Doctor Porter's sermons gave considerable offense. He was a Federalist, and the sermon was preached when Thomas Jefferson was president. The text was, "The prophets prophecy falsely, and the priests bear rule, and my people love to have it so." It might have contained some hard hits at the then dominant party and caused considerable discussion among the "Republicans," so called, in those days.

There were in town at that time quite a number of men who were called "infidels"; they were quite free in making known their sentiments, and were rather offensive in so doing. Doctor Porter felt it to be his duty to rebuke them. He prepared a discourse, and as it was said at the time, he carried it to church in his pocket for a number of months before he found all the "offenders" at church. Finally he was successful and brought it forth. It was founded on the text, "There shall come scoffers in the latter days, walking after their own lusts and even denying the Lord that bought them." It was a powerful discourse, like everything that came from his brain, and as the old people often said, "Those men held down their heads"; at any rate it had its effect.

An attempt was made by an old Revolutionary soldier to draw the Reverend Doctor out on politics. The remark was made, "Doctor Porter, Mr. Jefferson is a great man." The doctor replied, "Lieutenant Barnes, I don't know but he is as big as old John Farrington," a monstrous man well known in the town. Doctor Porter lived to a great age, but for many years before his death he was not in possession of his faculties. His successor was Benjamin G. Willey, born in North Conway, February 12, 1796. He was not a great preacher like Doctor Porter, but was much beloved by every one, a very useful man in the town, and lived a truly heavenly life. Reverend Allen Gannett was the minister of the Congregational Society for a number of years.

Fryeburg, Me., a border town and adjoining Conway at Center Conway, so called, whose early settlers were considered neighbors in those times, should receive some notice. My grandfather, Nathaniel Merrill, was one of the early settlers in Fryeburg, and his farm included land where Fryeburg Academy now stands, and there was where my father, Isaac Merrill, was born, April 19, 1775, the day of the battle of Lexington. I have heard him tell of a number of those men: Squire Ames, Colonel Page, Colonel Webster, and a queer couple, Capt. Vere Royce and wife. A funny story is related of the last named. As was the fashion, Captain Royce and his wife went to ride on horseback, the captain in front and his good wife seated on a "pillion" behind. They were obliged to cross a river, probably the Saco, and as the horse entered the stream and the water grew deeper, Mrs. Royce began to get nervous, and tremblingly said, "Captain Royce, I *will* fall off." "No, you won't, sit still," says her liege lord. The water continued to grow deeper, and Mrs. Royce, growing more and more frightened, screamed, "I tell you, Captain Royce, I *will* fall off," and off she went into the river.

The people of Fryeburg never tire of telling visitors that Daniel Webster was once a school-teacher in that place. My mother had seen him there and heard him deliver a Fourth of July oration. Another claim to historical renown is that the famous fight between Capt. John Lovewell and his Massachusetts men, and Paugus, the Indian chief of the Pequawket tribe,

took place about a mile from Fryeburg village, on the shores of "Lovell's Pond," in 1725. The old song which I have heard my mother sing tells us,

"'Twas Paugus led the Pequawket tribe.
As runs the fox would Paugus run,
As howls the wolf would Paugus howl.
A huge bearskin had Paugus on."

It is difficult to reconcile the traditional accounts. We are told that during the fight Chamberlain, one of Lovewell's men, went to a brook, the outlet of the pond—where I have been many times—to wash out his gun, where he met Paugus on the opposite bank of the brook. They had known each other before, and Paugus called out. "Me kill you," and began loading his gun, Chamberlain doing likewise; but being quicker than the Indian, raised his gun and laid the chief low. The old song has it,

"They wounded Capt. Lovewell,
And likewise one man more.
And while the rogue was running
They laid him in his gore."

About two years since there were a number of long articles in the *Boston Transcript* for and against the old story, that Chamberlain killed Paugus. We are at liberty to believe either side.

In connection with Fryeburg, and to a certain extent with Conway, mention may be made of Paul Langdon, one of the preceptors of Fryeburg Academy, well known for his scholarship. He was a graduate of Harvard College, and to him Greek and Latin were almost as familiar as his own language. Like many brilliant men, he was addicted to strong drink. On "graduation days" the trustees of the academy were on their guard lest the preceptor might go astray. They were obliged, however, to give him a little latitude. "Give me a glass of brandy," he would say, "and if all those trees were men I would not fear them." He was sure to perform his duties with great ability, and with dignity unsurpassed. His descendants seemed to have inherited his scholarship.

Of school-teachers in my mother's early life, but little can be said; since, of course, the opportunities for learning were very limited. She told me of one man who taught a school that she attended. He was called "No-legged Snell," but woe betide the scholar who transgressed. He was a tyrant, and would order the unfortunate urchin to come to him—and no one dared disobey—and he would thrash him unmercifully.

A part of Conway east of Rattlesnake Mountain adjoining Fryeburg, and apparently belonging to that town, was called "The Fag End." One of the early settlers, before mentioned, was Colonel Webster, who lived in that locality. David Webster became a very prominent business man and was a leading figure in the eastern land speculation about 1835. He was a man of remarkably fine personal appearance, and without exception the handsomest man I ever saw. I was once very hospitably entertained at his house, where I had called on business for my father, being received as his "cousin Isaac Merrill's son." I had never been treated with so much attention, and certainly not by such a splendid specimen of manhood. Like hundreds of others engaged in that speculation, he "came to grief" and died in reduced circumstances.

Conway Corner, usually called Shatigee, properly "Chateaugay"—said to be so named by the soldiers of the War of 1812, who were stationed at or near a place of that name—was for many years the chief village of Conway. There were very enterprising men there, such as Thomas S. Abbott and Nathaniel Abbott, Samuel

Thorn, Col. John Hill, Jonathan T. Chase, and Hiram C. Abbott. Stage lines extending to Concord, Dover, Littleton and Portland, Me., all centered there, which for many years had the travel to the White Mountains. People came for miles around to trade at the "country stores," where a successful business was done. No railroad came nearer to Conway than Union Village, N. H., until the year 1872, when the Portland & Ogdensburg road was opened.

One individual should not be passed by, namely, John Smith, who for many years owned a stage line from Conway Corner to Portland, Me. For many years he was not only proprietor but driver of the stage-coach between the before-named places. He acquired quite a property and was the purchaser of the well-known Richard Odell property at Conway Center, paying $10,000 in cash, which was considered then a great purchase. He finally drifted into hotel-keeping and died in Fryeburg quite advanced in life. A story told of one of Conway Corner's prominent men is not out of place here. Capt. Nathaniel Abbott was well known as being a remarkably fine specimen of manhood. Wm. H. Hunt, the famous artist, was stopping at the "Conway House"; Captain Abbott was sitting on the piazza where Hunt was promenading and casting occasional glances at the sitter. Hunt suddenly stopped in front of Captain Abbott and exclaimed, "Sir, you are either George Washington or Jerry Abbott's uncle." Captain Abbott, somewhat taken aback, said, "I'm sure I am not George Washington, but I am an uncle to Jerry Abbott." Perhaps no one had ever before noticed the resemblance to Washington, which there certainly was.

My mother used to tell of an old Indian, named Sabattis—probably a remnant of the Pequawket tribe—who knew her father very well, and on his travels through that section would call for a night's lodging. He had an appetite for "fire-water," and he came one night considerably under its influence. In the course of the evening the "red man" by way of showing his regard for his friend, "took the floor" and began dancing to his own music and words of "Deacon Esa-man-er's a very good-a manner, Deacon E."; and so on for an hour or two without resting, the perspiration rolling down his swarthy face, and my grandfather bearing it as patiently as possible, not caring to affront Sabattis by stopping him.

One of the noted men of those days was Dr. Alexander Ramsay, a Scotchman, a graduate of a university, learned and skilful in his profession. He had medical students, I think had Bible classes also, and distributed Bibles among the people. He was interested in farming and offered prizes for the best crops raised by the farmers. There were a number of Revolutionary soldiers in Conway and vicinity. Eben Bean was one who lived on the west side of the Saco River, of whom it was told that in the battle of Bunker Hill he used up all his ammunition and then fought with the butt end of his musket. When he received the summons, "Lay down your arms, you rebel," he answered them in language "not suited for ears polite." Others were Eben Garland of Bartlett and Captain Chubbuck, Captain Hutchins of Center Conway, who commanded a company in the war; Amos Barnes, who was born in Groton, Mass., with whom I talked much when I was a boy and considered it a wonderful thing that I could hear about Washington from one who had seen him. He was in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Dr. William Chadbourne, a well-known physician in Conway, deserves attention. He was son of Thomas Chadbourne, one of the earliest settlers in Conway, honored and respected by all. He lived to a good old age. His son Thomas was born in Conway, and during his life passed a

number of years there, but removed to Concord, N. H., where he had an interesting family and spent his last days.

The farmers in those days kept large flocks of sheep. In early summer there was "sheep-washing," and soon after, "sheep-shearing." The wool was carded by hand, and then spun into yarn by the women, who had spinning-wheels on which the mothers and daughters would turn the wool rolls into yarn. This was afterwards dyed different colors for socks, or woven on hand looms into cloth, part of which was dyed, and the real genuine "home-spun clothing" was made up. It was necessary to manufacture bedding, and skilful weavers produced coverlets in marvelous figures of curious designs; also good warm blankets which were warranted to be "all wool." In later years mills were erected in which were carding machines, which were considered wonderful inventions. There was one at "Conway Corner," where Hon. Jonathan T. Chase worked for many years, became a prominent man in town affairs, and was chosen representative in the Legislature and state senator. Connected with these mills was cloth-dressing, thus furnishing the men of those days with clothing of very good quality. The people were obliged to live frugally. Pork and beans, salt fish and potatoes, and "pea-porridge" were considered the standard bills of fare. Fresh meats were a luxury by no means plentiful excepting in the cold freezing winter months.

Every person, male and female, worked hard. There was farming through the warm season, and in the winter the men went into the woods to do lumbering, or get wood for the year; and there were few places where large "wood-piles" could not be seen in the spring. There were no thermometers to tell people when they were hot or cold. The snow in the winter averaged four or five feet on the level, and snow-drifts were often six feet deep. There is no doubt that as the country has become cleared the snowfall and rainfall in each year have become lessened.

Flax was raised in large quantities by the farmers. When ripe it was pulled up and spread out on the ground "to rot." In the winter it was prepared by "flax-dressing" and put in condition for spinning. "Spinning linen," as it was called, was very pleasant work, as the spinners could sit at their wheels, talk and sing and often have some one to read to them. We hear of "the distaff" in "Bible times." The flax is wound around the distaff, and in spinning it is carefully drawn through the fingers, forming the thread, and run on to the spool. It is "reeled off," a certain number of threads make "a knot," and a certain number of knots a skein. In spinning wool or flax the custom was for each one to have her "stint"—or as was called, "stent"—and when that was completed the day's work was done. Some years since in North Conway, or any country town where "city boarders" came in the summer, every attic round about was "ransacked" to find wool and flax spinning-wheels for bric-a-brac. Many farm-houses have been cleared of old furniture, wheels and crockery at good prices for many things which had been considered almost worthless. Before "cotton factories" had been built in New England to any extent, the daughters of the farmers remained at home to make butter and cheese, to spin and weave and do housework generally. Girls' wages were fifty cents per week, board included. Men worked for fifty cents a day with board, and twelve hours were a day's work.

There were very few books in those times, especially for young people. The Conway and Bartlett Library was in existence; the books were of a standard character, and were good of the kind. A few families took a

weekly paper which was read and re-read and lent to the neighbors. I remember the *Christian Mirror*, a religious paper in Portland, Me., and the *New Hampshire Patriot and State Gazette*, a weekly paper in Concord, N. H., devoted to news in general and Democratic politics in particular. A few old-time novels could be found, such as "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs," and a wonderfully exciting and fascinating novel, "Alonzo and Melissa." No one who ever read these would be likely to forget them, especially the last named. I knew a hard-working woman, a famous weaver by the hand-loom, who stepping away from her loom for some purpose, happened to take up "Alonzo and Melissa" and began to read. O, the magnetism of that book! Her work was soon forgotten, her dinner likewise, and there was no more weaving until the novel was finished. A very pious old aunt of mine was visiting at my father's house. My sisters were then under the witchery of "Alonzo and Melissa," and the goody-goody aunt reproved them for wasting their time reading novels. She happened to take up the book, and being perhaps a little curious, began to read a few lines. Ah, old lady, you little thought of the dangerous ground you were stepping on! Besides, it was Fast Day, which was kept holy in those times. She read and read, the young girls highly pleased at the idea that "Aunt Nancy" had got caught. Time rolled on, but there was no sign of her letting up. Evening came, but she was unmindful of what was going on around her; it was growing late and she actually besought one of the family to finish the book for her before she could go to bed.

Among my earliest recollections was an event which naturally impressed itself upon my memory; the terrible storm that swept over the mountain region of New Hampshire on the night of August 28, 1826, causing the avalanches by which the family of Samuel Willey, a native of Conway, were swept away. I well remember the fearful thunder and lightning of that night when I left my own bed and sought safety in my mother's. There was never such a flood in Conway, the Saco River at Conway Corner rising twenty-four feet in seven hours. Cattle, horses, sheep, and crops of grain and corn were swept away. Saco River cut new channels in different places in Conway and Fryeburg. The loss of property was only secondary to the loss of the estimable family who had been born and lived a portion of their lives in Conway; and the aged parents of Mr. Willey were then living on the place now owned by the heirs of E. B. Bigelow. All the bodies of the Willey family which were found were brought to Conway and interred in the family lot of Samuel Willey, Sr., a well-known and highly respected resident of the town. At the time of the disaster, Mr. Willey confidently believed that his son and family were safe, but he was soon undeceived. Immediately after the great flood many residents of Conway and Bartlett started for the White Mountain Notch to rescue the family if alive, or to find the bodies of the lost. Among them was Alonzo W. Barnes, who lived in North Conway all his life. He was the first to find the body of Mr. Willey. Mr. Barnes died in North Conway the past year, 1900, at the age of ninety-three years.

In my very early school days there were families from Portland, Me., who came to North Conway to board in the summer season at Gilbert McMillan's and Daniel Eastman's, the latter residing in what has in recent years been called the "Washington House," or later "The Cliffs." The boarders were of the first families in Portland, the Boyds, Greeleys and Foxes. The Boyds, male and female, were noted for their beauty. A story was told me by an old man in which

I figured, although I have no recollection of it. One of the city gentlemen was fishing from the bridge across the well-known mill-pond. I, being a very young urchin from the school near by, was wandering round there, and thinking it would be nice to speak to such a fine gentleman, not knowing his name, began by saying, "the trout are cunnin' as a *fox*, ain't they?" "Yes," he said, "a d—— sight cunninger." It was Mr. *Fox* himself, but I was too young to see the joke.

In speaking of schools I find it impossible to give precise dates. For many years the only schoolhouse in North Conway was situate on the brow of the bank overlooking the intervale, a short distance south of the present Kearsarge House, opposite the dwelling of the late Samuel W. Thompson. The school district then extended from the town-line of Bartlett to the junction of the Fryeburg road with the road leading to Conway Corner. In that schoolhouse is where my brothers and sisters had received their school education and had been obliged to walk two miles twice every day; and that was where I first began my schooling, at the probable age of six to eight years. Some years later the town was re-districted—in North Conway—and a schoolhouse built south of the well-known old church, another on the main road to Bartlett, and a third in Kearsarge Village, on the site of the present residences of Albert Barnes and Harvey H. Dow, at which place I attended many years. It may have been near the year 1830 that a private school was started in a hall fitted up for that purpose in the house of Jonathan Thompson, on the site of the present Kearsarge House. The teacher was Miss Mehitable Cook, daughter of Amos J. Cook, preceptor of Fryeburg Academy, who had for many years followed Daniel Webster in the same school. I was a scholar, being ten or eleven years old, but do not remember any particulars of the school or teacher. Soon afterwards was incorporated the "North Conway Academy," my father being one of the incorporators, and deeply interested in the new institution, as he always was in all schools. I continued to attend the academy under other lady teachers. First and foremost I would name Miss Mary S. Trott of Bath, Me. She was in every way an accomplished lady and a well-trained teacher. It was under her tuition that I acquired a taste for writing, and by her skilful guidance made rapid progress. In more modern times they have vertical and other systems, but I have failed to see improvement over that of my favorite teacher, Miss Trott. Succeeding her was Miss Lucia Griswold of Fryeburg, Me., a beautiful and accomplished lady. I can name but a few of the students of those days, but will name John McMillan, Wm. C. Eastman, Silas M. Pendexter, Hewitt C. Fessenden, brother of Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, of Portland, Me., Charles Howe of Portland, all of whom have joined the great majority in the other world.

Referring to Conway men of the past, Gilbert McMillan deserves honorable mention. He inherited the large property of his father, Col. Andrew McMillan, and was for many years deservedly honored and respected in his native town. Possessing a large property, including 100 acres of fertile intervale lands, his farming was on a large scale. In his life he had employed many men, all of whom would gladly testify to honorable treatment, and many were recipients of his bounty. He held town offices many years, was representative to the Legislature, was ever prominent in church affairs, and was very liberal in all calls for the maintenance of public worship, and in fact of every good work.

In every town there is a well-known and very important person—the family physician. Dr. Jeremiah

Chandler was for at least half a century a practicing physician in North Conway, whose practice extended to Lower and Upper Bartlett, Jackson, and even to Hart's Location, in some cases to a distance of twelve and fifteen miles. The bad roads in winter blocked by snow made his labors very exacting, and sometimes perilous, especially in fording the Saco River, in times of high water. I will relate one instance when the doctor was called to the west side of the river, which for six or eight miles was then without a bridge. The route was by way of "Chadbourne's Crossing." The river was high at the time, and this was in the night. The doctor drove in fearlessly and when the water was well up to the sides of his horse, the animal took a notion to come to a full stop! In spite of all endeavors of the driver the horse was obstinate and would not stir a step! He knew the animal's disposition, and although his situation was anything but agreeable, he was obliged to wait until the beast chose to go ahead. It is a pleasure to record that Doctor Chandler was highly respected as a citizen and was faithful as well as skilful in his profession.

It may have been about the year 1840 that cooking stoves began to come into general use. Up to that time there were only open fireplaces in which were placed logs of wood with andirons in front, and piles of wood laid on, making roaring fires which gave out great heat as well as furnished light for the room. The light was increased by pitch-pine knots, which were collected on the pine plains on the road between Fryeburg and North Conway. Big wood-piles were then in order in every man's dooryard. The writer can say truly that in all his school-days, his studying and reading was mostly done by firelight.

In speaking of the academy I forgot to mention the last teacher under whose tuition it was my great privilege and pleasure to be, Miss Elizabeth V. Stephenson of Lancaster, N. H., whom I highly esteemed as a friend and a very accomplished lady and teacher. To her I am indebted for a careful training in composition and rhetoric, and I have always looked back upon those school-days with great pleasure. I am not good on dates, but think I must have been sixteen or seventeen years old when my school days were ended. The languages had never been taught in any school that I had attended, and I had only studied rhetoric, chemistry, philosophy and astronomy, and even those to a limited extent.

To go back a little to my early school-days, I remember when I was for a short time in the town school kept by Dr. Jeremiah Chandler, a cruel thrashing that he gave a boy, the like of which would not be tolerated in these times. Another instance was in a school kept by my aunt, Betsey Eastman—a dear good soul as ever lived—when, with a long birch rod she "laid it on with right good will to a big boy who could have thrown her out of the window."

The next prominent and well-known man who passed many years of his life in Conway was the Hon. Joel Eastman, a native of Salisbury, N. H. He was a lawyer by profession and had been a candidate for Congress; but being a strong Whig, and New Hampshire being universally Democratic, he was defeated. In ability he was far superior to many men who had represented the state. He married a daughter of Richard Odell, Esquire, who was a man of property in Center Conway. As Joel Eastman's mother was an Eastman before her marriage, as was also Daniel Webster's, it has been said that he was related to Webster; but he told the writer that "he had never claimed relationship to that great man." He had a large property and died about 1865, at an advanced age, "honored and respected."

It would not be just to the memory of Rev. John Wilde, for some years the pastor of the Congregational Church in Conway, to omit a tribute to one so good and true as a man and preacher. I have never forgiven the people of Conway for their lack of proper support of that estimable man who so well deserved better treatment. I shall never forget a sermon he preached from the text, "He who goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

I will relate an incident that I remember of that estimable man, probably the last time I ever met him. He was at my mother's and in course of conversation he said, "Richard, did you ever hear James E. Murdoch read?" I replied that I had, several times. He said, "I would rather hear him read the story of Joseph than to hear Ole Bull on his violin." He was a most excellent reader of the Bible himself.

It was in the early years of the thirties that Mr. Tobias Hanson and family came from Salem, Mass., and settled on the place formerly occupied by Dr. Thomas Chadbourne. Mr. Hanson was born in some town near Conway—it may have been Jackson—but had moved to Massachusetts, married and done business for many years in Salem. He had four sons and one daughter, but only two sons and daughter came to North Conway. They were quite an addition to the place in point of style and intelligence. The youngest son, Samuel Adams, was a classmate of mine at the academy. Mr. Hanson and his son, Tobias Adams, opened a store near the residence of Maj. Daniel Eastman, and some years later built and occupied a large building opposite their residence, where they carried on their business for many years. T. A. Hanson became a prominent man in town, being for some years selectman and was representative to the Legislature. He was a very good business man, and universally respected. He married, and after the death of his father and mother, removed to Salem, Mass., where he died. Samuel A. Hanson has lived in Boston for many years, being the last of the family. The daughter married Albert G. Hoit, the artist, and was during her whole life held in high regard.

After the advent of the Hanson family, many residents of Salem and vicinity were accustomed to visit North Conway and the White Mountains in increasing numbers every year. At length that brilliant writer and enthusiastic lover of mountain scenery, Rev. Thomas Starr King, became a yearly visitor, who, by his letters to the *Boston Transcript,* did much to draw attention to this section of country, and it became a favorite resort of many artists. At length, Reverend Mr. King's delightful and very valuable book, "The White Hills," was published, and that greatly increased the enthusiasm, and the rush to many other towns on all sides of the mountains became general. Erastus B. Bigelow, Esquire, came to North Conway as a boarder, and was so well pleased that he invested largely in land, and his well-known establishment does credit to the town. Great improvements and fine residences can now be seen in the section of the town called "Intervale."

The returns of the U. S. census for 1900 gives the following as the number of inhabitants for 110 years:

Year 1790, 574; 1800, 705; 1810, 1,080; 1820, 1,335; 1830, 1,601; 1840, 1,800; 1850, 1,767; 1860, 1,624; 1870, 1,607; 1880, 2,094; 1890, 2,331; 1900, 3,154, being 823 in excess of 1890, showing an increase of 35 per cent., and being the largest population of any town in Carroll County.

I have recently been reminded, in reading the papers of country funerals in years gone by, of the use of

tansy on such occasions. I very well remember those events when I was a boy. They were anything but pleasant. The coffin must be black, and a plentiful supply of the herb tansy was placed on the coffin as well as in the rooms of the house, as it was said to prevent any offensive odor. I cannot say how old I was before I ever saw flowers at a funeral. Nothing cheerful; far from it, everything sombre, the more so the better. The services, in most cases, were not calculated to cheer, but to depress. The music was always in the minor key, and by no means calculated to lift one up. It is needless to say that among all classes beautiful flowers have become a universal requisite on those occasions.

Recollections of North Conway would not be complete, if one well-known citizen were left out. That is John McMillan, second in descent from Col. Andrew McMillan, and the heir to the fine property of Gilbert McMillan. He was widely known and a universal favorite. His ready wit and genial disposition had endeared him to all who knew him, and it is not too much to say that he was a friend to everybody, and every one was his friend. Like his father before him, the minister of the parish was on the free list when he was in want of hay, grain and provisions. On one occasion a cart had been loaded with hay for the minister, who took out his money to pay for it. John said, "Mr. K., put up your money. I'll take my pay in preaching, and if I am not always in church, you go right on just the same and it will be all right." Mr. K. enjoyed the joke and was fond of relating it.

John had a very pious old aunt who lived in Fryeburg, and he was very fond of her, although she was always disposed to give him a little moral advice, such as, "John, I hear there is quite a revival in the church at North Conway, and I hope to hear that you have 'experienced religion.'" John replied, "Well, Aunt Cook, I have 'experienced' about everything else in this world excepting that." On another occasion Aunt Cook said, "John, I've heard that you've been unfortunate lately in losing some of your horses; now perhaps that is sent as a punishment for your sins." John's ready wit served him as usual, and he replied, "Well, Aunt Cook, if I can settle for my sins by getting rid of a few old horses, I shall be satisfied." This big-hearted, kind man could never deny a man a favor that it was in his power to grant, and in helping others by lending his name to all who had asked, he had in some cases been unfortunate, thereby much impairing his fine property, all caused by his too willing acts of kindness. He passed away in December, 1899, at the age of seventy-eight, beloved by troops of friends who will cherish his memory with affection, for he had not an enemy in the world.

In reviewing what I have written, it has occurred to me that in all this world I can recall but two persons that I have ever known and now—1900—living, with whom I could talk of events that transpired as far back as 1808–1812, and those are my sister and brother now living in North Conway, whose ages are ninety-three and eighty-eight years.

The Pompadour's Fan

By Frederick Myron Colby

I saw a jeweled, painted fan—a filmy, dainty thing,—
They told me t'was the Pompadour's, when Louis Quinze was king.
A bit of ivory, pearl and lace, as light as summer's air,
And gauzy as an insect's wing—what mem'ries hideth there!

* * * * * * *

Back rolled the curtains of the past, I saw a stately crowd,
And there beneath the gleaming lamps I saw the Marquise proud.
This painted fan was in her hand—she looked a goddess fair,
The flush of triumph on her cheek, the jewels in her hair.
I saw the splendid leonine shine of starry azure eye,
As duke and cardinal bent to her who played a part so high.
I saw her queenly figure in the dancers' merry maze
When royal France kept holiday amid the lamps' bright blaze.

Through the glitter and the show of that heartless, jeweled throng,
Through the pulsing of the music that swept the dance along,
I heard her silvery laughter as she wove her plot and plan,
And a kingdom's fate was settled by the flirting of her fan.
What scheming was there hidden underneath her winsome smile!
Shaken were the bounds of Europe by this woman's wondrous wile.
The starry crown of empire shone above her regal head,
And I saw her as an empress where queens had reigned instead.
I heard the plaudits of the crowd that lifted her to fame,
And saw once more the loveliness that like a burning flame
Gave luster to the gorgeous courts of stately Bourbon kings,
And still about their ancient halls a lasting romance flings.

* * * * * * *

That beauty for a hundred years has dust and ashes been;
The stately Louvre is silent now where once she reigned as queen.
The Marquise's fan you still may see, to show—a dainty thing—
The beauty and the grace of her when Louis Quinze was king.

Fly, Little Bird

By C. C. Lord

Fly, little bird, of plumage white,
  Of tuneful voice, and buoyant wing;
Seek any sweet cove and there alight
  On her extended hand and sing.

My sweet love longs for thee, dear bird,
Her heart exults to hear thy lay,
And, when thy song her breast hath stirred,
  Will smile and bless thee all the day.

The Hen, The Man and The Automobile

By Timothy Hay

Driving an automobile has reminded me very forcibly of the many slurring ephitets cast upon the hen for her reputation of crossing the road in front of one. Probably one of the sayings most worn threadbare by usage is, "Why does a hen cross the road?"

This has either failed of a fair answer altogether, or has elicited the response, "To get on the other side," and although, perhaps, there are a hundred other explanations of the seeming contrariness of a hen, the above is the only answer of which the writer has cognizance. Perhaps it is correct so far as it goes, but the main question is still unanswered. As a matter of fact, why is it that a hen —under which category I likewise include her proud and strutting brethren—so suddenly, and often at moments dangerous to herself, wishes to cross the road and thus elicit very uncomplimentary remarks from the wayfarer? The word "fool," with all its qualifying adjectives, has been found very useful for such occasions.

The frantic, fluttering, half-flying, half-running course of a hen, seemingly taken at the last instant, in front of an automobile, is very upsetting to the mind at least, and it seems that we are fast undomesticating her. I use every effort not to run over animals of all description, and have taken a good deal out of my car by sudden stops to that end. These air-brake-like stops are nerve-wracking, and frequently bring the passengers in the tonneau "up standing."

We seemed a rediously long time in getting clear of a hen and a flock of chickens recently. After all my best efforts along this line, I ended last season by running over a red squirrel in the New Hampshire mountains. This seems almost impossible, and is still on my conscience. This has been our only experience in this kind of slaughter, except when a hen actually committed suicide. We were nearly past her when she suddenly took it into her head to take a flopping dive between the front and rear wheels, and succeeded admirably in translating herself into the "Hen Heaven." I persuaded the owner to detach her head without loss of time and to accept proper compensation for her sad loss. We were not invited to the obsequies of the frying pan, where I have no doubt she brought up.

But the mystery is not solved yet; the hen is waiting to cross. The hen proposition was such an annoyance to me, and there was such a desire for ability to calculate her probable movements in advance, that the need for solution of the problem was what solved the conundrum in my case. She is not such a "blamed idiot" as supposed. She lights out towards home at the first sign of danger, and it is only the fowl on the far side of the highway from their roosting apartments that cross the road, to the inconvenience of the traveler. Those on the near side do not cross. This could easily be tested, and by the location of the farm houses along the highway it was often easy to calculate upon which side the hen belonged far enough in advance to control one's car.

The writer has no wish to run over any animal and takes no glory in picking a hen with his machinery.

Virtue a Law of Human Life

By Adelaide Hanson Gage

That "Virtue is the law of human life,"
  Into the woof of man's experience is wrought
In threads of gold; for him with innate law at strife
  A shining text with deepest meaning fraught.

E'en unbelief *itself* should plainly teach
  Most strict obedience to the stern decree,
Which all the earth doth bind, so far its reach
  Of nature wise, whate'er that nature be.

Lest man, from nature's well defined course
  At fearful risk, his devious steps should bend,
To walk in ways at will, of which, alas!
  He ne'er can know the peril, ne'er foresee the end.

Within this universal law exists
  The mightiest force at work in Heaven's plan.
Since all creative energy persists
  Toward one grand end, the perfect soul of man.

Success

By Isabel Ambler Gilman.

Each saw in dreams the distant mountain height,
Its rocky sides with snares and pitfalls seamed,
And on its crest, lit by the splendor of
The sunset glow, the magic word SUCCESS.

One measured well the distance with his eye
And, full of hope and strength, he started forth
Determined to achieve. Upward he toiled,
Deaf to all voices save ambition's call,
Blind to all objects save the glittering goal.
The other often by the wayside paused
To smooth the path that other feet must tread,
Some fellow mortal's weary load to bear
And cheer with kindly word some drooping heart.

Anon they met upon the threshold of
The goal, toilworn and sad, and looking down
They knew *mankind's opinion* was their crown.
From one gray pathway curse and sob and sigh
Told of the failures left alone to die,
While from the steep up which the other came
Ten thousand joyful echoes sang his name.

New Hampshire Necrology

JULIA KNOWLTON DYER.

Julia Knowlton Dyer, born in Deerfield, N. H., August 25, 1829, died at her home in Dorchester District, Boston, Mass., June 27, 1907.

She was a daughter of Joseph and Susan (Dearborn) Knowlton and enjoyed the rare distinction of being descended from two revolutionary heroes, her paternal grandfather, Thomas Dearborn, and maternal great-grandfather, Gen. Nathaniel Dearborn, both having fought at Bunker Hill, while her father served in the War of 1812, and a brother in the Civil War. She passed her early life in Concord and Manchester, attending the famous boarding school of the Misses Ela in the former city, and graduated at eighteen from the New Hampton Institute. She taught for a time in Manchester, but in her twenty-second year married Micah Dyer, Jr., a young Boston lawyer, by whom she had three children, two sons and a daughter, the latter dying young. One son became a lawyer and the other a physician.

Mrs. Dyer has long been conspicuous in charitable work and in club life, being a member of some twenty different organizations, conspicuous among which are the Woman's Charity Club, which she was instrumental in organizing and of which she was president until her death, the Castilian Club, and the Wintergreen Club. She was also a member of the New Hampton Association and the first vice-president of "New Hampshire's Daughters." She was a woman of fine presence, gracious manners, rare literary ability and great command of language, and was warmly admired by a large circle of friends.

DR. CHARLES E. SWASEY.

Charles Emerson Swasey, M. D., born at Milton Mills November 14, 1829, died in Somersworth May 30, 1907. He was educated at New Hampton Literary Institution and the University of Pennsylvania, graduating from the medical department of the latter in 1861. He volunteered his services as a surgeon in the Union Army, becoming medical director and medical purveyor of the District of the Frontier, including Western Arkansas and Indian Territory.

After the expiration of the war he practised in his native town for several years, but removed to Somersworth in 1873. After the city was chartered in 1892, he was city physician for eight years.

He was a member of Libanus Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Edwards Chapter, R. A. M., and of Littlefield Post, No. 8, G. A. R., of which he had been surgeon and commander. He had also been an active and influential member of the New Hampshire and Strafford County Medical societies.

Doctor Swasey married, December 31, 1851, Susan G., daughter of Dr. Reuben and Alice (Jaquith) Buck of Acton, Me. She survives him, with one daughter, Sarah Jessie, wife of the celebrated playwright, Robert A. Barnet of Osterville, Mass.

REV. JONATHAN B. HARRISON.

Rev. Jonathan B. Harrison, a well-known clergyman and writer, of Franklin, died at his home in that city June 17, aged 72 years, having been born in Greene County, Ohio, in 1835. His parents removed to Indiana when he was twelve years of age, where he was educated, taught school, became a county school superintendent and finally a Methodist preacher. Subsequently he withdrew from the Methodists and became pastor of the Free Congregational Church at Bloomington, Ill. Later he removed to New Jersey, where he preached, lectured and edited a religious journal in New York City. In 1879 he removed to Franklin, where he built up the Unitarian Church and became pastor of the same, serving in that capacity a number of years. He was greatly interested in forest preservation, Indian Rights and other reform causes, and wrote and spoke extensively therefor. Harvard College conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts in 1889.

HON. ALVORD O. NILES.

Alvord O. Niles, born in Temple, N. H., October 8, 1831, died at East Providence, R. I., June 14, 1907.

After completing his school life Mr. Niles learned the wood-turning business and followed the same in Nashua, where he was a member of the city council. He removed to Providence in 1866. Then he took out a patent on the Niles Alarm Till, formed a company for the manufacture of the same, and became superintendent and treasurer. In 1875 he was elected to the General Assembly of the state and subsequently to the Senate. He was prominent in Masonry and had been grand marshal of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island.

BENJAMIN F. SMITH.

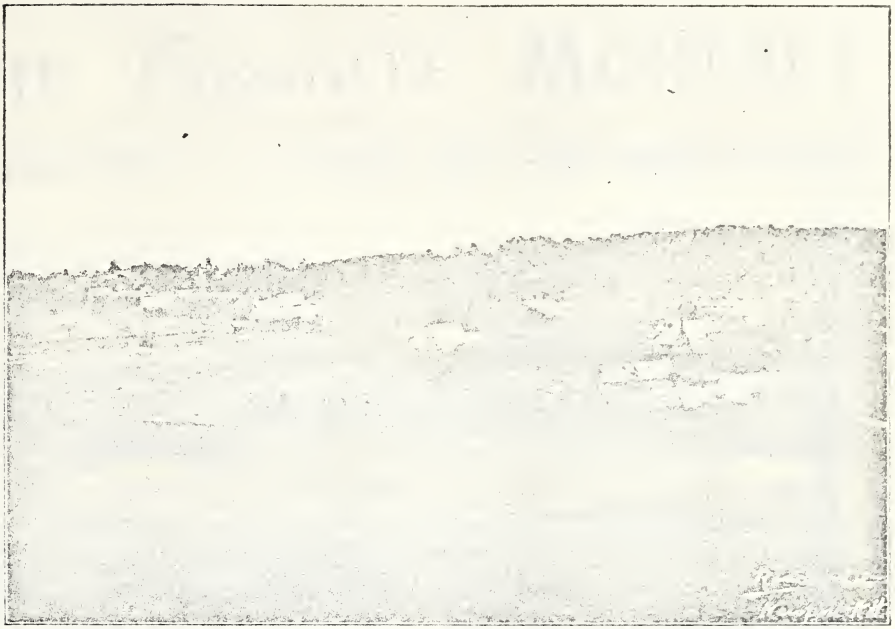
Benjamin Franklin Smith, a prominent citizen of Somerville, Mass., died at his summer home in Barnstead, May 31. He was a native of Sandwich, born July 27, 1850. He was founder and leading member of the firm of B. F. Smith & Brother, water supply engineers and contractors, of 38 Oliver St., Boston, and was a member of the Odd Fellows, Royal Arcanum, Somerville Associates, and the Republican Club of Somerville.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

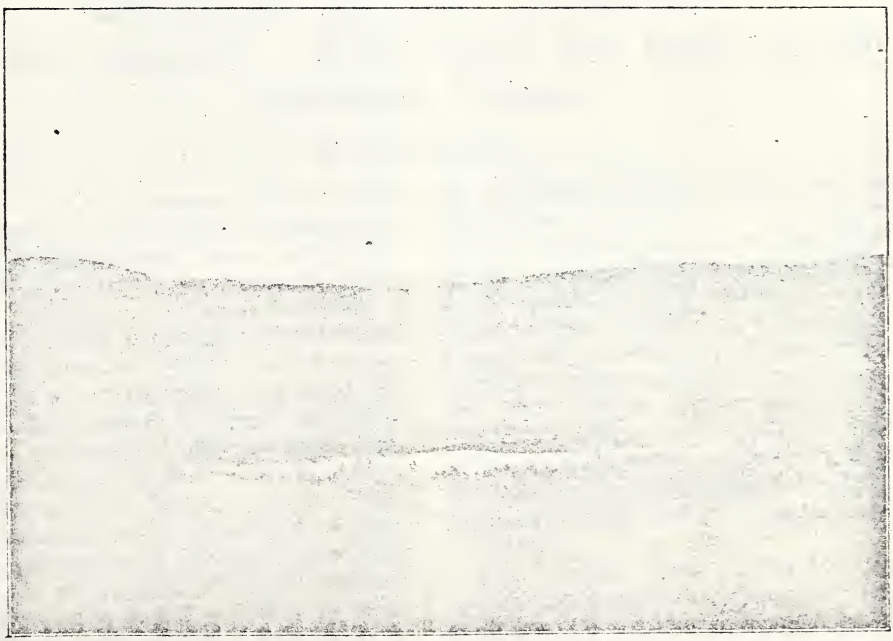
With next month "Old Home Week," opening on the third Saturday of August, as provided originally by the State Old Home Week Association, of which Ex-Gov. Rollins has been president from the start, will again be with us. It is gratifying to know that there will be, as usual, a very general observance on the part of our New Hampshire towns of this grand festival, which owes its origin to New Hampshire and is being adopted more and more generally from year to year in other states, even in the far West and South. While some towns which have held Old Home Day observances in past years will omit the same this year, not deeming it advisable to make the effort every year, others which had not heretofore fallen into line are coming in this year, so that, on the whole, the interest seems to be not only fully sustained but even increased. It is well that it should be. No single influence has contributed more to the recent up-building of the state as a summer resort for the nation at large than this Old Home Week institution and the observances growing out of the same, bringing back thousands of the wandering sons and daughters of New Hampshire from all parts of the country.

Miss Alma J. Herbert of Concord has rendered valuable service to New Hampshire literature, which will be highly appreciated by the people of the Capital City in particular, in the compilation and publication in an attractive little volume of a collection of poetic gems by Concord writers, native and resident, thirty-eight authors in all being represented by eighty-seven different poems, many of which are of exquisite beauty and all of more than ordinary merit. Among the native writers whose verses are presented are Rev. E. E. Adams, Miss Emma E. Brown, Miss Sarah F. Bullard, Nathaniel H. Carter, Mrs. Lucy J. H. Frost, George Kent, Arthur R. Kimball, J. Horace Kimball, Harriet Livermore, Dr. Andrew McFarland, Harry B. Metcalf, Rev. Leonard Swain and Charles L. Wheeler; while the others include such names as Rev. N. F. Carter, Mrs. Laura Garland Carr, Rev. H. A. Coit, Mary Baker Eddy, John Farmer, Jacob B. Moore, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, Edna Dean Proctor, Rev. J. E. Rankin, Rev. D. C. Roberts, Nathaniel G. Upham and Abba Goold Woolson. This book should be in every public library in New Hampshire and in every private one in Concord. For sale at E. C. Eastman's. Price $1.00.

"The Graves We Decorate" is the title of an 100 page, 8 vo. volume, paper, embracing a record of the soldiers, sailors and marines who served the United States of America in the War of the Rebellion, and other wars, buried in the City of Portsmouth and the neighboring towns of Greenland, Newcastle, Newington and Rye, prepared for Storer Post, No. 1, Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, of Portsmouth, for Memorial Day, May 30, 1907, and is for sale by the compiler, Joseph Foster, 26 Middle Street, Portsmouth, N. H. Price, sent post-paid by mail, 50 cents. It embodies, in brief, the essential attainable facts in the record of each man named, and is a valuable contribution to the military history of the state.



Lempster "Street" from Beckwith Hill



East Lempster ("The Pond") from the Mountain

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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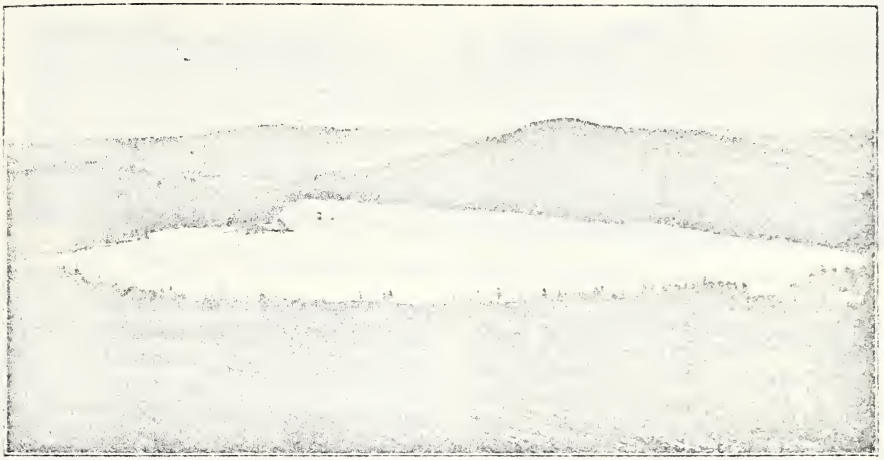


Echo Lake from Silver Mountain

Glimpses of Old Lempster

A New Hampshire "Back Town" and Some of Her Wandering Children

By H. H. Metcalf

It is not the purpose of the writer to present at this time an historical sketch of the town above named, or the biography of her successful sons and daughters. It would require a large volume for either; but it may not be amiss to remark at the outset that some of the men who went out from her borders in youth and have won distinction and success elsewhere, might render a fitting service to their native town, and do themselves credit at the same time, by making prompt and adequate provision for the production of a town history. Unless some such provision is made in the near future, the probability is that no history of Lempster will ever be published, as the town has so diminished in wealth and population that the expense of such an enterprise would impose a heavier tax than the people would readily assent to bear; yet it will be lamentable, indeed, if a history so creditable and honorable as that of this good old town during the past century and a quarter, or more, of its organized existence is lost to the world through a failure to put the same in permanent form while the necessary sources of information are available.

The purpose now in hand is to present, through the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY, a few views of Lempster scenery and buildings, in-

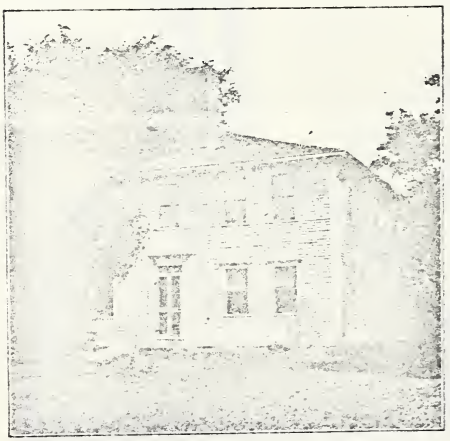
Northerly View from Old Beckwith Place—Mt. Ascutney in the Distance

cluding some of the "old homes" and present abodes, together with portraits of Lempster people, living and dead, at home and abroad—largely the latter—with such suggestions and

Old Beckwith House—First Framed House Built in Lempster

recollections by the writer, who passed five years in Lempster, during early youth—from 1852 to 1857—as may furnish a convenient setting of text for the same.

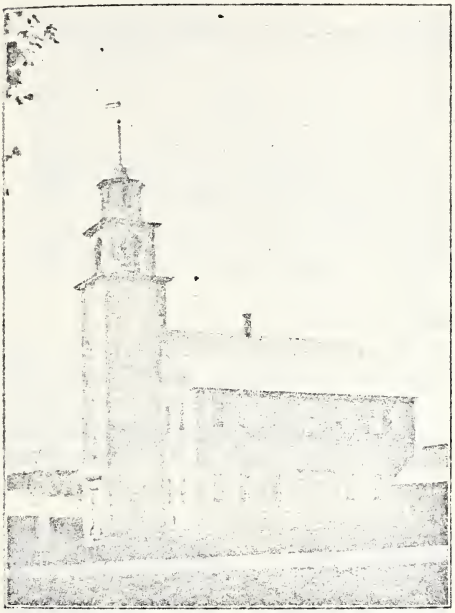
Lempster is, and always has been, emphatically a farming town. More than three-fourths of the people have always derived their support directly from the cultivation of the soil, and, in the main, a rough, rugged and not over productive soil at that. Their lives have been those of earnest toil and struggle, and their reward has been found in the consciousness of duty well performed. No Lempster man, who remained at home, ever accumulated a great fortune; very few ever became moderately wealthy. On the other hand, there has been little of extreme poverty in their midst. The homes have been abodes of comfort, if not plenty; and honesty and frugality the characteristics of the



Old Bingham Mansion

people, by whom the sanctions of religion and the demands of education have always been strongly regarded. No lawyer ever tried to make a liv-

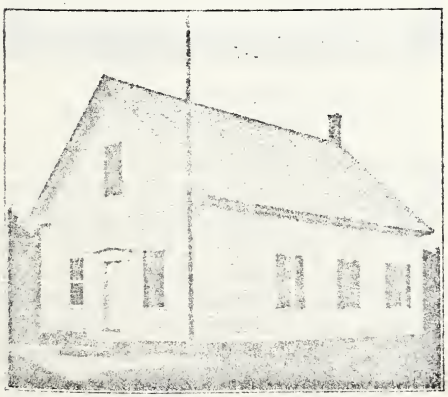
ing in the town, and seldom, if ever, more than one physician at the same time. Yet lawyers and doctors, as well as clergymen in goodly numbers,



Old Town Hall—First Church

have been reared within its borders and have won high success in their professions in different sections of the country, as have others in educational work, and in business life.

The town lies in the southern tier

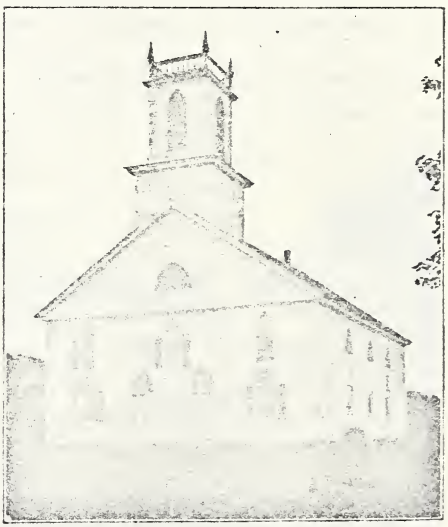


School House, Lempster "Street"

of Sullivan County (originally a part of Cheshire), some ten miles, on the average, from Newport, the county seat and nearest railway station, and presents a wide and pleasing diversity of scenery, to which the attention of summer tourists and pleasure-seekers has been called to very limited extent, although few towns in the state can offer in greater measure the charms that should command their presence

Hotel, Lempster "Street," F. A. Barton, Prop.

and patronage. It was settled a few years previous to the opening of the Revolution, the original settlers coming mainly from Connecticut. There were eight families in town in 1772,



Congregational Church

and eleven legal voters two years later, when the first town meeting was held. In 1790, when the first regular census was taken, as is shown by the

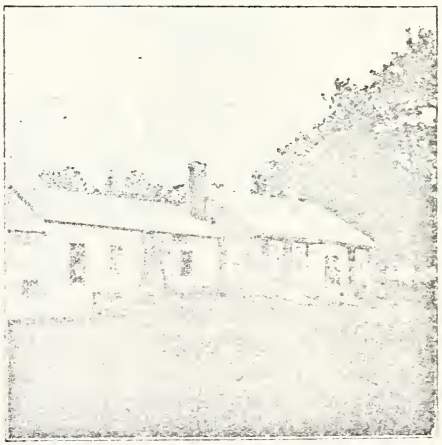
View of the Mountain from Perley Farm

recently published list of "Heads of Families" then appearing, the total number of families was seventy-two, and the entire population of the town numbered 415. It gradually increased until 1830, when it reached its high-

The Old Abner Chase Stand
Store and Residence of Hiram Parker

est point, the return for that census being 999. From that date there has been a constant decrease; slow at first, the return for 1840 being 941, but more rapid as the western emigration fever gained in intensity, and the development of the state railway system attracted the people to new business centers, the figures for 1870 being 678, while those for the last census give a population of only 391. These figures of population increase and decrease, it may be said, are proportionate with those of the average New England "back town" during the same period of time, of which class Lempster is indeed thoroughly typical. Whether the extreme of the retrograde movement has been reached or not can be determined only by the passage of time. That it is soon to be reached in most towns of its class is undoubtedly true, and an era of regeneration and rehabilitation to be inaugurated. Let us hope that Lempster will prove no exception to the rule.

Among the first settlers and heads



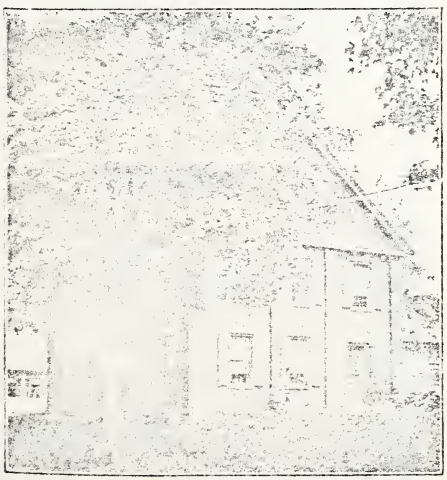
Alvah Smith Homestead

of prominent families were Deacon Elijah Bingham, William Carey and Jabez Beckwith. The latter, in 1780,

erected the first framed house in town, and the same still stands on the old site, at the north end of the village or "Street," being now the resi-

Dr. Truman Abell Place

dence of E. L. Sarsons, and owned by Mrs. Sarsons; a grandson, Walter Beckwith, a direct descendant of the original owner and builder, being a member of the family. Beyond the village, nearly a mile to the north-



Home of the Late Dr. J. N. Butler

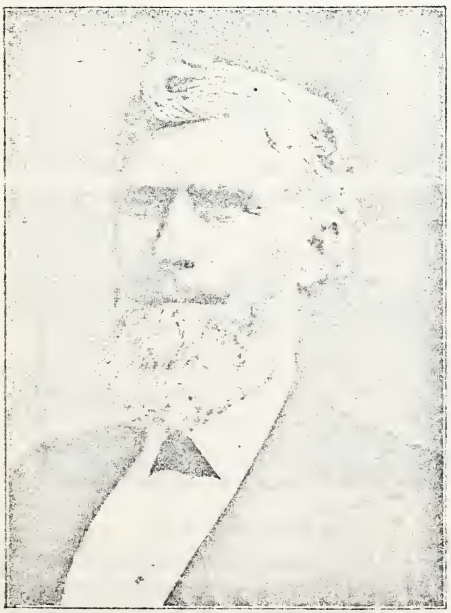
ward, is the Bingham place, where James, a son of Deacon Bingham, erected a stately mansion a few years later, by far the most pretentious house in town, which still stands, and is now occupied, though it has not been all the time in recent years. James H. Bingham, a scion of this family, was one of the town's first college graduates, having been a classmate and roommate of Daniel Webster at Dartmouth, and one of his intimate friends through life. At this house Webster is said to have been a frequent visitor in youth; and it was the center of social life in the

Deney Hurd

community for three generations at least. The farm was one of the largest and best in the region, and continued in a fine state of cultivation up to 1850 and later, in the possession of Milton Bingham, a grandson of the original owner, whose daughter, Mary, an accomplished young lady and fine musician at that time, is yet living—the wife of Deacon Edward S. Barrett of West Concord. James H. Bingham, above named, by the way, became a lawyer, being the first son of Lempster to adopt the legal profession. He located in practice in Alstead, and was active in public life, representing the town in the Legis-

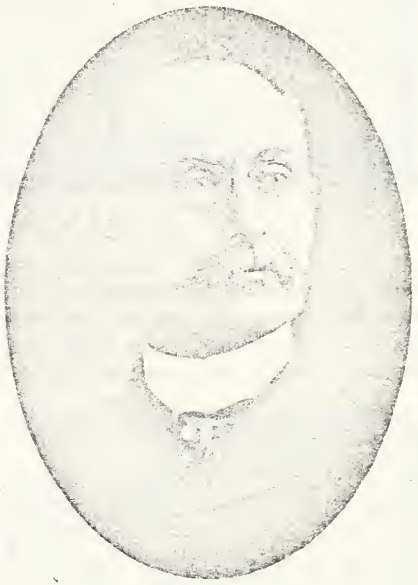
Hon. Alvah Smith

lature and the district in the state senate. Later he removed to Claremont and was cashier of the bank for several years, subsequently accepting a responsible position in the treasury department at Washington.



Truman Smith

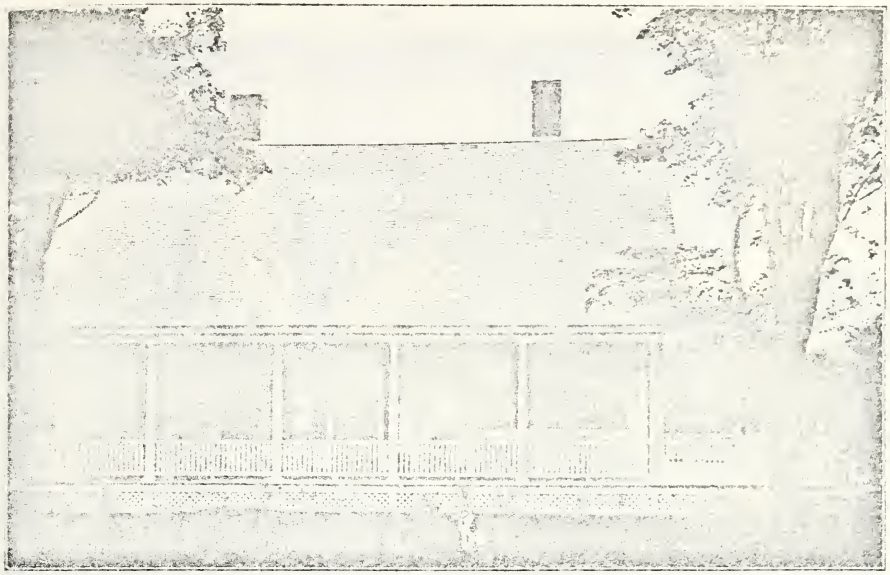
The Congregational Church, the first and only one in town for many years, was organized in 1781, but had no settled pastor till 1787, when the Rev. Elias Fisher was called, continuing in the pastorate forty-four years, till 1831. It was not until 1794 that a church edifice was built. This was located on the hill about a



Wallace D. Smith

mile to the southeast of the present village of Lempster "Street," where it remained until 1822, when it was taken down and re-erected, with the addition of an imposing tower and steeple, on the site near the head of the "Street," where it has remained, an object of wonder and admiration to the eyes of successive generations of Lempster boys and girls.

The "Street" village was so called, undoubtedly, because built on a single straight street, running north and south, the buildings—mainly dwellings—extending for half a mile or so on either side; it being a section, in fact, of the old "Second New Hamp-



Residence of Dr. William E. Clark

shire Turnpike," running from Windsor, Vt., to Boston, and a place of

Eliza Chase Harrington

considerable importance and activity in the old staging days from 1820 to 1850, before the advent of the railroad. Here was a well-patronized general store—sometimes more than one—a substantial hotel, a blacksmith shop and various other establishments. In 1835 a new church was built near the old one, and the latter remodelled

View in Dodge Brook—East Branch Cold River

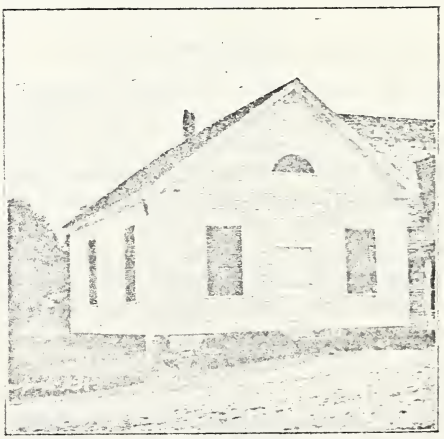
for a town hall on the lower floor, and school purposes above, an "acad-

Summer Home, at Lempster "Street," of Mrs. F. O. Morse of Boston

emy," or select school being maintained here, with fall and occasional spring terms, for many years. The

Methodist Church, East Lempster

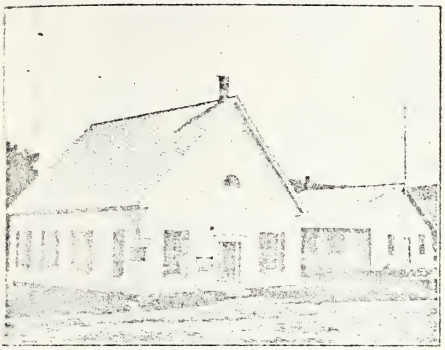
writer has a vivid recollection of two of these terms, in the fall of 1856 and 1857, taught by Miss Dency Hurd, a Lempster young lady of modest and unassuming manner, but of rare intellectual gifts and remarkable ability for imparting instruction and arousing enthusiasm in her pupils. The teacher, and many of her scholars of those days, have crossed "the great divide," but the influence of her good work will be felt for generations to come in the home town and other places, far and near. The upper portion of the old building is now occupied by Silver Mountain Grange, the principal fraternal organization in town, and the Public Library, while the lower part is used as a public hall.



Universalist Chapel, E. Lempster

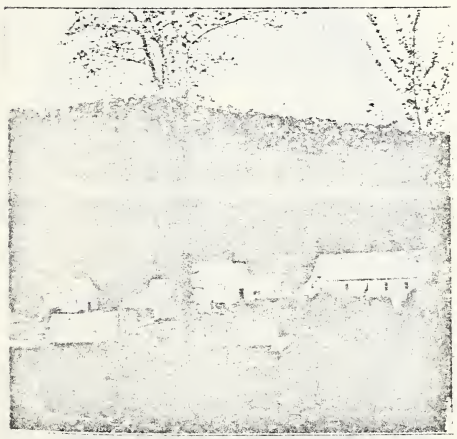
Rev. Robert Page, who was settled in 1851, was the Congregationalist

pastor during the years of the writer's residence in Lempster, having been settled in 1851 and remaining about half a dozen years, after which, with the decline of the town's population and the interest in the other



Town House and School House, East Lempster

churches—Methodist and Universalist—which had been established some years before at the "Pond," or East Village (generally known by the former cognomen from the proximity of Dodge's Pond, the source of Dodge Brook, or the east branch of Cold



View in "Keyes"—Once "Cambridge Hollow"

River), the church itself rapidly declined.

Mr. Page was a man of solemn mien and austere manner, and preached the old theology, with no dilution. Deacon Alvah Smith was the power behind, before and all around the throne, in this church at this time. Deacon John Taylor was going off, and Deacon James H. Collins coming on the stage, but Deacon Smith held the front in the affairs of the church, and largely those of the town, his only formidable rival in the direction of the latter being the Hon. Daniel M.

Rev. Willard Spaulding, D. D.

Smith, a farmer and justice of the peace in the northern part of the town, who fellowshipped with the Methodists at the east village, and led the Democratic hosts in all political contests. These two rival leaders were the only Lempster men who ever sat in the state house of representatives, the senate and executive council, as both did; while Deacon Alvah was also for a number of years judge of probate, and, late in life, held the office of U. S. pension agent for this district. He was a native of the town and a tanner by occupation, building up a large business in that line, with an extensive plant, employing at

Perley Homestead—Birthplace of Asbury F. and Geo. E. Perley and "The Perley Girls"

one time nearly 100 men; but the establishment was destroyed by fire some fifty years ago and never rebuilt. Contemporaneous with Judge Smith, and actively associated with him in church and political affairs,

Fred A. Barton

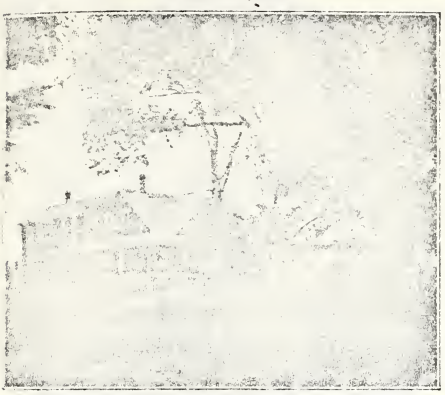
was Alden B. Sabine, a leading farmer in the north part of the town.

Judge Smith built a modest brick house at the north end, near the tannery, in early life, and with his wife, Arethusa, a daughter of Capt. Timothy Miner, reared a large family, including six sons and a daughter, of whom all but the latter, Marianna, who still occupies the old home, have passed "over the river" with their parents, Judge Smith himself dying August 7, 1879. Numerous descend-

Benjamin Parker Homestead—Birthplace of Hiram and Hosea W. Parker

ants are scattered here and there, among the best known in New Hampshire being Wallace D. Smith of the Granite State Insurance Company's office at Portsmouth, whose father was Truman, Judge Smith's third

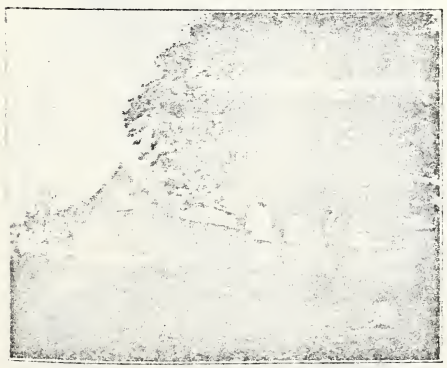
son, who was a teacher in early life, was chief clerk in the pension office under his father in Concord and subsequently engaged in agriculture in the town of Pittsfield, where he died



Hurd Homestead—Birthplace of Dency and Dr. Y. G. Hurd

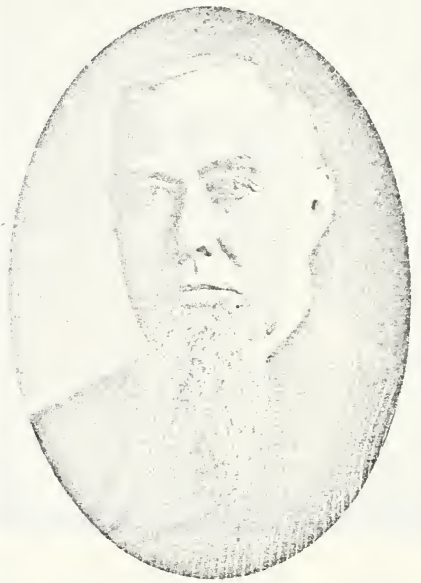
three years since. Wallace D. Smith has been bookkeeper for the insurance company eighteen years, and is one of its directors. He has served two terms as a member of the Portsmouth board of aldermen.

Dr. Truman Abell, who was more generally known as the publisher of "Abell's Almanac," was Lempster's physician for a number of years dur-



Martin Beckwith Place—Birthplace of Walter P. and Hira R. Beckwith

ing the first half of the last century; but in December, 1843, Dr. Jacob N. Butler, a native of the town of Lyndeborough, who had just completed his medical studies, settled in practice at the "Street," where he continued uninterruptedly ministering to the ills to which human flesh is heir, in this and surrounding towns, until his own last illness, preceding his death in February, 1903, so faithfully and well that he had come to be known as a veritable "ministering angel" in almost every household for miles around. He married Miss Harriet Moore of Lempster, who survives him, now making her home with



C. Austin Moore

their son and only child, G. Arthur Butler, a civil engineer in railway employ, who resides in Chicago.

Doctor Butler's successor in medical practice is Dr. William E. Clark, a native of Hinsdale, who passed his youth in Charlestown, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1900 and from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1903, and settled here immediately after. He has already gained a good practice and the confidence of the people. He purchased the Daniel B. Wheeler place and has extensively remodelled and improved the house, making it the

most attractive residence in the village.

Daniel B. Wheeler, above named, was a native of Lempster, born at the

Asbury F. Perley

Wheeler homestead in the northwest part of the town, April 22, 1823. He

M. Elizabeth Perley

gained a good education, completing the same at Kimball Union Academy, and devoted himself to teaching for many years; for fifteen years successively, as principal of the Shepard School in Cambridge, Mass., afterwards returning to the old home, where he also continued to take a strong interest in educational work, and served for a time as commissioner of education for the county of Sulli-

George E Perley

van, under the old system. After a time he removed to the village, where he had his residence for a number of years. He died at Winchester, Mass., May 14, 1905. His son, Bertrand T., one of the most successful Lempster boys, was born here, November 25, 1863, and graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1884. He adopted the profession of civil engineer, and has pursued the same in Boston and vicinity for more than twenty years. He is, and has been for some time past, assistant engineer of construction for the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. He served two terms, under Mayors Curtis and Hart, as street commissioner of Boston.

The old hotel at the "Street,"

which half a century ago and more was known as the "Nichols Tavern." Erastus Nichols being the proprietor, was a noted resort in those days, and enjoyed quite an extensive patronage, which has materially declined along with most other business; but the latch string is still out, and the wayfarer cared for by the present proprietor, Fred A. Barton, who came here with his parents from Croydon, in 1892. He is a "hustling" young man and the most extensive farmer in town today, having added largely

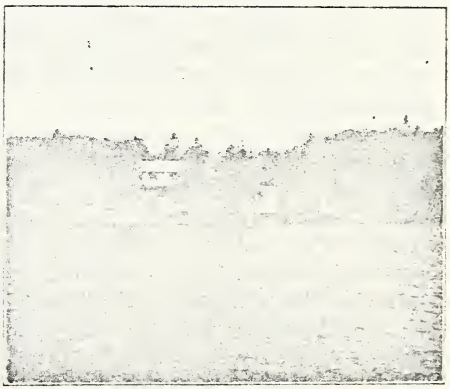
Dr. Carl A. Allen

to the great farm connected with the hotel. He deals largely in cows, and has always a large stock of cattle—often 100 head or more—on hand. Of late he has also done an extensive business in buying and selling lumber lots. He has served two years on the board of selectmen, last year as chairman, and represented the town in the recent session of the legislature.

The principal, and usually the only store at the "Street," was long kept by Abner Chase, who was a leading man in the community, and held various town offices, including that of town clerk for nearly a quarter of a century. He was a native of Unity, but settled in Lempster and engaged in trade in 1812, where he remained till his death in 1865. He reared a large family and was a leading spirit in the Methodist Church. One son,

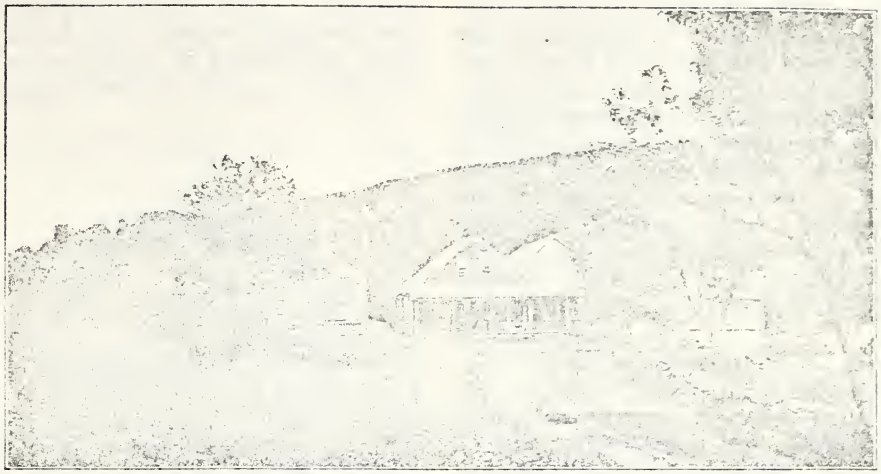
Stephen Allen Place—Birthplace of Dr. Carl A. Allen

Charles H., was a preacher of that denomination, and two daughters, Minerva and Eliza, married distinguished clergymen of the same persuasion, the former being the wife of Rev. L. D. Barrows, D. D., and the latter of Rev. C. S. Harrington, D. D.



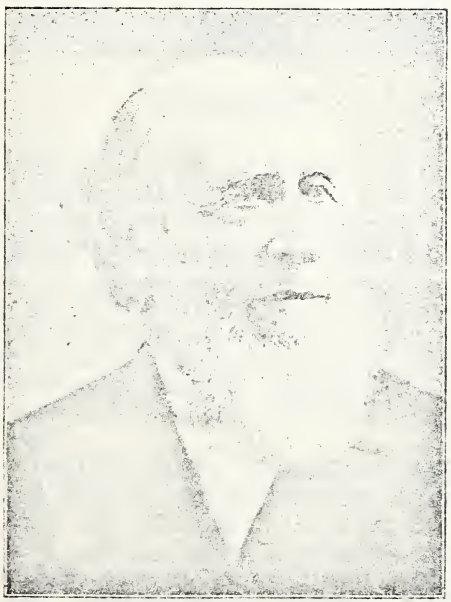
Camp Echo—Summer Home of Dr. Carl A. Allen

Mrs. Harrington is now the sole survivor of the family. She was a successful teacher in youth and was



The Old Miner Place—Birthplace of Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D.

associated with her husband as a member of the faculty at Tilton Seminary. They subsequently removed to Middletown, Conn., where Doctor Harrington was professor of Latin in Wesleyan University, which posi-



Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., LL. D.

tion is now held by their son, Karl, with whom Mrs. Harrington resides.

For many years past the old Chase stand—store and residence combined—has been owned and occupied by Hiram Parker, who had previously been a successful farmer on the old place left by his deceased father, Benjamin Parker, and prominent in town affairs, serving also for several years as a member of the State Board of Agriculture. He is the elder brother of Hon. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, one of the most distinguished of Lempster's sons, a leader of the New Hampshire bar, ex-member of Congress and president of the trustees of Tufts College, whose biography appeared in an early volume of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Hiram Parker married Helen G. Moore, daughter of Charles Moore, an enterprising Lempster farmer, and a sister of Mrs. Doctor Butler. They have two sons, Fred C. and Carl, and a daughter, Mrs. H. F. Olmstead. Fred C. Parker, a graduate of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, was for several years proprietor of the general store at Acworth Center, and active in the affairs of that town, which he represented in the Legislature of 1901. He is a man of marked ability, a forceful speaker, and was the orator of the day at Lempster's last "Old Home Day" gathering. He has an

interesting family, with a residence at No. 6 Essex Street, Concord, and is now engaged as a traveling salesman for Dunham Bros., a wholesale

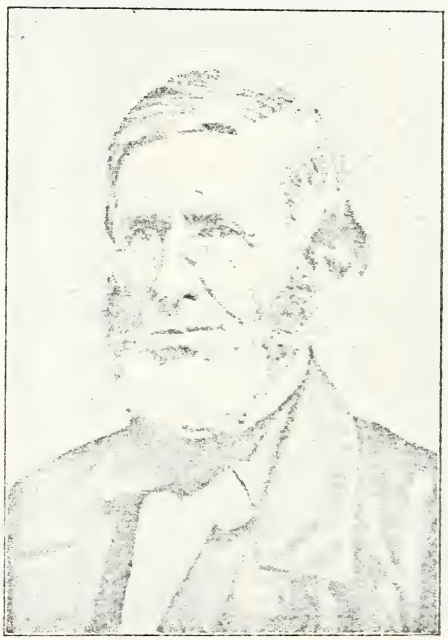
Mrs. Alonzo A. Miner
(Maria S. Perley)

boot and shoe firm of Brattleboro, Vt.

Charles Austin Moore, a son of Charles Moore above mentioned, and brother of Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Butler, is one of Lempster's successful sons. He was prominent in the social life of the town in his youth, and has been actively engaged in mercantile business in Vermont, having been located at Rutland for thirty-five years past.

Emily L. Parker, a sister of Hiram and Hosea W., married Ransom Beckwith, also a farmer in the north district, and an active, public-spirited citizen, who died over thirty years ago. Their sons were Walter P. and Hira R. Walter P. Beckwith was already a distinguished educator when he died, in the prime of life, in October, 1905, having been principal of the Salem (Mass.) Normal School for nine years preceding. He was a graduate of Tufts College, of the class of 1876, and had been principal of the high school at Chicopee, and for several years superintendent of schools at Adams, Mass. (An extended biographical sketch of Walter P. Beckwith appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY for January, 1906.) Hira R. Beckwith is an extensive contractor and builder at Claremont, and a prominent citizen of that town.

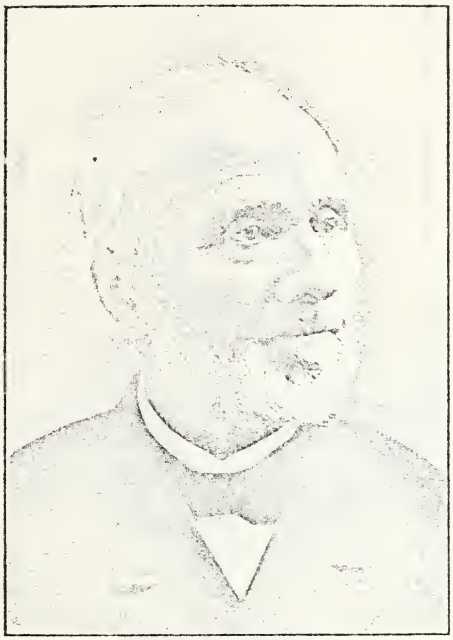
At the little village of East Lempster, or the "Pond," some two miles east by south from the "Street," are a few dwellings, the Methodist Church, the Universalist chapel, school house, etc. Here, also, there has usually been a store, and sometimes a hotel; also a blacksmith's and a shoemaker's shop. Here, too, is the "new" town-house, erected some-



Alden B. Sabine

thing more than fifty years ago, where the "town meetings" have since been held. The writer well remembers the dedication of this build-

ing, on which occasion the address was given by Rev. Willard Spaulding, D. D., and which address, as an example of sustained oratory, he has

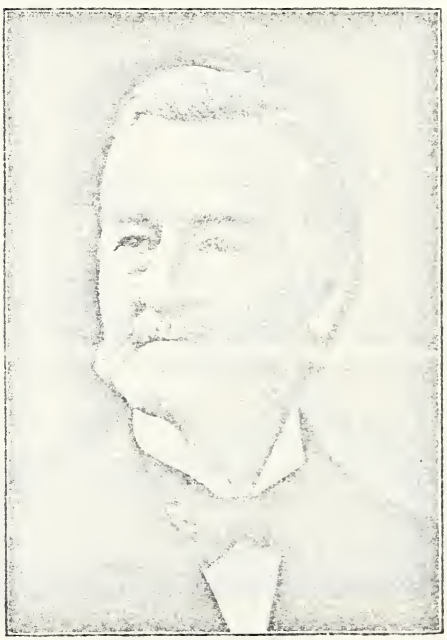


Dr. J. N. Butler

seldom heard equalled and never surpassed. Doctor Spaulding, though not born in Lempster, being really a native of the neighboring town of Washington, was accounted a Lempster boy from the fact that his father, Asa Spaulding, had been a Lempster man most of his life, and he had been intimately associated with Lempster people in his youth. He was an eminent Universalist clergyman, serving pastorates at Methuen, Newburyport and Salem, Mass., Cincinnati, O., and other places. He died at Peabody, Mass., fifteen years ago.

James Tandy, whom old residents will remember as a shoemaker at the "Pond" for some years previous to and following 1850, had two sons, Myron W. and Asbury F., the former by a first and the latter by a second marriage, both of whom have been successful in life. Myron W., who was born in 1836, went, at nineteen, to work in the old American House at Concord and was, later, in the employ of the Concord Railroad, but in 1858 entered the service of Cheney & Co.'s express, now the American, in which he remained, continuously advancing in position till he held the office of cashier, in which he continued many years, until his retirement in 1897, to enjoy the blessings of a well-earned competency. His home is now in Los Angeles, Cal.

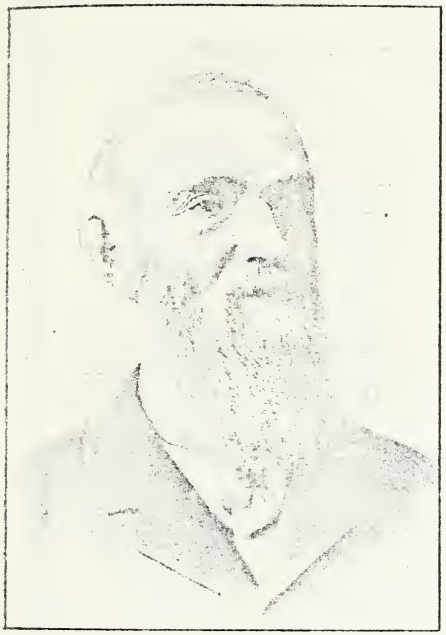
Asbury F. Tandy, born in 1850, left Lempster for Boston at the age of twelve years and spent his early life in mercantile employ in that city, with the exception of a few years in the management of a store at Lawrence. In 1880 he removed to Concord to accept the position of super-



Hon. Hosea W. Parker

visor at the New Hampshire State Hospital for the Insane, where he has since remained, his office for the last five years being that of steward. The

position is one of large responsibility, requiring sound judgment and executive ability of high order and Mr.



Daniel B. Wheeler

Tandy has proved himself equal to its most exacting demands.

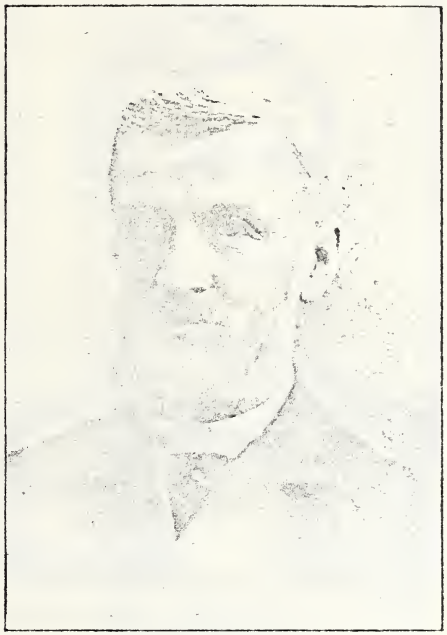
Among the prominent members of the Methodist Church and society, whose zeal and activity the writer distinctly recalls, aside from Abner Chase, previously mentioned, were Alden Carey, Collins Hurd and Asbury F. Perley and their families, all of whom have passed off the stage, or out of the town; but religious services at the Methodist house of worship have been regularly maintained to the present day, which can be said for neither the Congregationalists nor the Universalists. The cosy little chapel of the latter remains in fair condition, but it has been opened for services only occasionally, a few weeks in the summer, for many years past. Fifty years ago and more, as the writer remembers, the society, though small and able to support preaching but one Sunday in a month, had an earnest and devoted membership, holding services every Sunday, some one of the members conducting the service and reading a selected sermon. Among those most frequently acting in this capacity were William Spaulding, Hiram and Hosea W. Parker and Lucius A. Spencer. The latter, who was a teacher and at one time superintending school committee, subsequently entered the ministry. He married Dency Hurd, the teacher heretofore named, but enlisted and lost his life in the Union service in the War of the Rebellion. His widow subsequently married A. H. King and removed to New Jersey, where she died in 1882. Among the clergymen preaching here for the Universalists in those days were Rev. Nathan R.

Bertrand T. Wheeler

Wright, Rev. Lemuel Willis and Rev. Joseph Barber.

Asbury F. Perley, before mentioned as an active Methodist, occupied the Perley homestead on a fine slope of

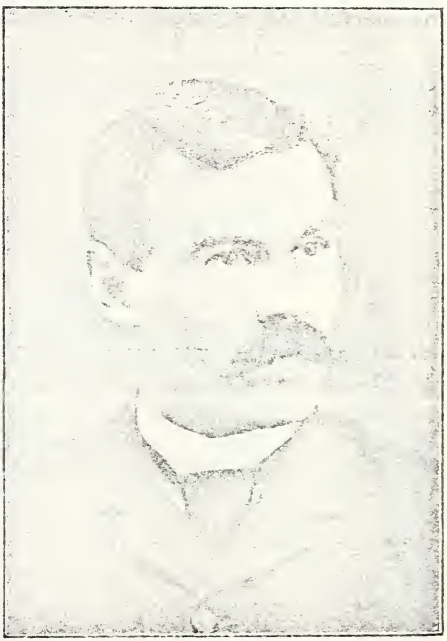
land in the northerly part of old "District No. 7," to the southward of the "Pond" village, which was one of the best farms in town, inheriting



Hiram Parker

the same from his father, Edmund Perley. He was an exemplary, public-spirited citizen, modest and unassuming, but exerting a strong influence for good in the community. He died at "a good old age," some three or four years ago. Two large families of "Perley girls," in successive generations, were reared in this home, with only one son in each family reaching mature life. Edmund Perley had seven daughters, all women of exceptional ability. Abigail, the eldest (the daughter of his first wife), married Gordon Way, and was the mother of Dr. O. B. Way, and Mrs. Ira Colby of Claremont. Emily married Peter T. Fox of Marlow, and was the mother of Perley E. Fox of that town. Mehitabel was the wife of the late Osman C. Baker, of Concord, a distinguished bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while Maria was the wife of another eminent clergyman and Lempster's ablest and most distinguished son, the late Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., LL. D., of Boston. Another of these daughters, Marietta, was also the wife of a clergyman of repute, Rev. Chester Field, Methodist, and the mother of Rev. Leon C. Field, one of the ablest preachers in the New Hampshire Conference for many years.

Asbury F. Perley's daughters were Louise S. and Maria R. (twins), Jennie M. and M. Elizabeth. Louise married the late Dr. Ira H. Adams of Derry, while Maria became the wife of Freeman H. Gordon, then of Lempster, now a resident of Enfield. Jennie M., who was for some years a



Fred C. Parker

successful teacher, is the wife of Judge John W. Corson of Seattle, Wash. M. Elizabeth Perley, born in 1863, is one of the most accomplished female teachers in the country. She was educated at Berlitz School and

Lafayette College of Languages of the Boston University; studied at the University of Berlin, and the Cours

Walter P. Beckwith, Ph. D.
(At Graduation)

Maintenan and Alliance Française of Paris, and graduated at Frau Dr. Hempel's Normal Seminar of Berlin in 1902. She has taught in the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton, Dickenson's Seminary at Williamstown, Pa., Stanley Hall, Minneapolis, Tabor College, Iowa, and is now professor of modern languages in Fargo College, Fargo, N. D.

George E., the only surviving son of Asbury F. and Sarah J. (Dodge) Perley (another son, Ben Franklin, having died when about entering upon professional study), was born in 1853, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1878; was principal of the Charlestown high school in 1881-'82, studied law with Hon. Ira Colby at Claremont, was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1883, practised in Boston a year, and in 1884 removed to Moorhead, Minn., where he has since been located in successful practice in law, loans and real estate. He has been an alderman in the Moorhead city government, and was a member of the lower house of the Minnesota legislature in 1903 and 1905, serving as chairman of the committee on education during the latter term. He has been for some years president of the board of education of Moorhead, and a member of the library commission. He is also a trustee of Fargo College. He is a Republican in politics and a Congregationalist in religious affiliation. He married, in 1884, M. Etta Jones of Windsor, Vt. They have one daughter, Grace, born in 1886.

Benajah Ames Miner, or "Uncle Ames," as he was more familiarly known, was a man of strong character and stern manner, and at first meeting, his presence usually excited

Hira R. Beckwith

in the minds of the young a feeling somewhat akin to awe; yet all who came to know him well knew him to

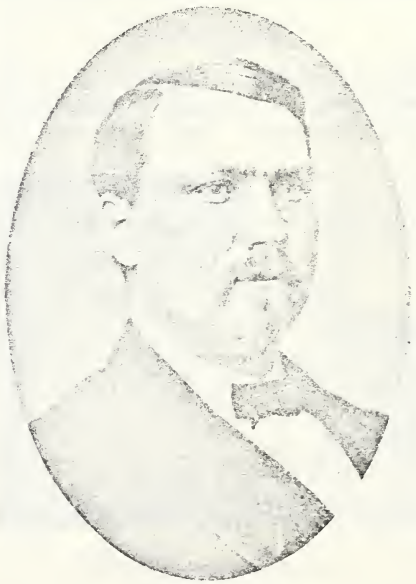
be possessed of as kindly a heart and lovable nature as any man in the community. He lived off the highway—"the Marlow road"—in "No. 7," about two miles below the "Pond," near the base of the mountain, on a farm whose light soil he cultivated with intelligent skill and unrelaxing

Myron W. Tandy.

industry. Here, with his good wife, a most worthy woman, he reared a family of one son and four daughters. The son, Alonzo Ames Miner, developed remarkable ability in youth, and in manhood became one of the mightiest forces in the moral, religious and intellectual life of New England, exercising as strong an influence for good upon private thought and public action as any man of his time. Without the advantage of college training, he gained for himself a better knowledge of books and deeper insight of human life in all its multifarious relations and obligations than most college men or college presidents have ever possessed. He was for years the

Asbury F. Tandy

leading clergyman of the Universalist denomination in New England, and the country at large, and con-



George E. Dame

cededly without a peer in intellectual power in the pulpits of Boston for a quarter of a century. He was for

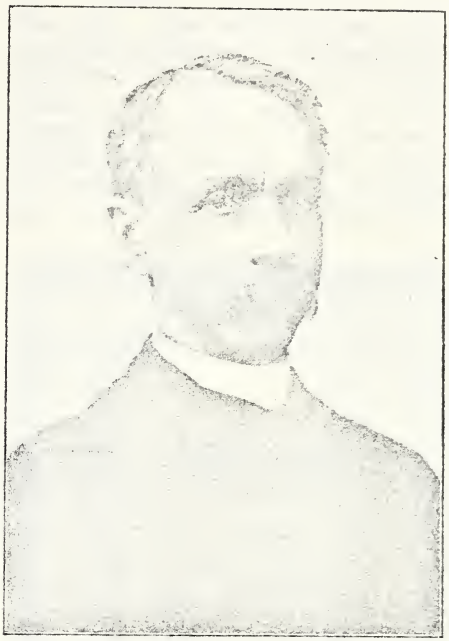
more than forty years pastor of the School Street, afterwards Columbus

Olivet S. Carey

Avenue, Universalist Church, succeeding the great Hosea Ballou, whose

Chester E. Carey

associate pastor he had been; was twelve years president of Tufts College, an overseer of Harvard Uni-



Anson L. Keyes

versity, and longer a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education than any other man. He was a leader

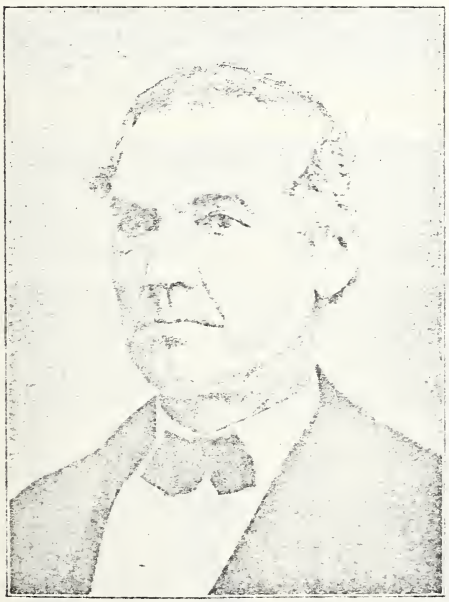
School House—Dist. No. 7

in anti-slavery, temperance and other reform causes, and a lifelong defender of the public school system against all attacks, open or insidious. Har-

yard honored him and herself by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and upon his retirement from the presidency of Tufts,

Wm. Spaulding Place
Boyhood Home of W. W. Spaulding

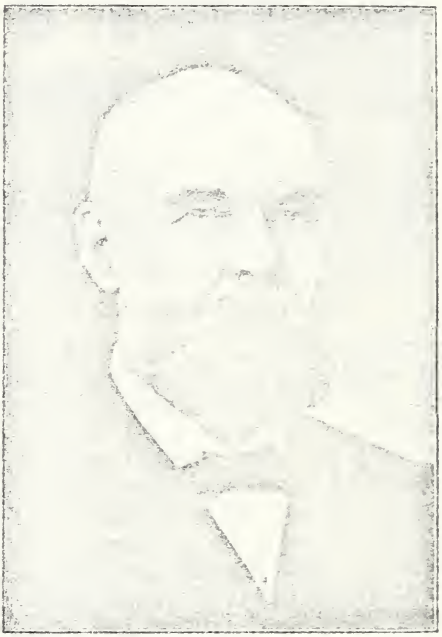
that institution made him a Doctor of Laws. Born August 17, 1814, he died June 14, 1895. His life companion and helpmeet, Maria S. Perley, fol-



William Spaulding

lowed him "over the river" only six weeks later. (A biographical sketch of Doctor Miner appears in Volume 14 of the GRANITE MONTHLY.)

Amanda, the eldest daughter of Benajah A. Miner, married William B. (usually known as Bateman) Parker, a farmer and leading citizen of the town, who held various public positions, including that of representative in the legislature. He died September 12, 1890, aged eighty-two years, she surviving him several years. They had five children, three sons and two daughters. Alonzo B., the eldest son, was long in mercantile life in

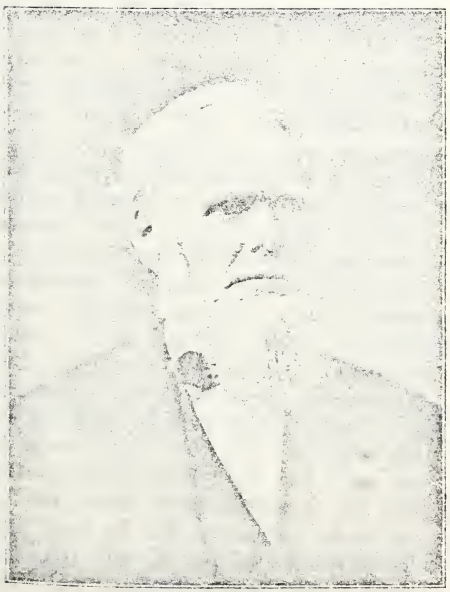


William Waldemar Spaulding

Boston, and still resides in that city. Andrew J., the youngest, was a farmer in town for many years and now resides at the "Street." Maria A., the elder daughter, is the wife of Horatio L. Thompson, a native of Lempster, a farmer and prominent citizen. They resided on the Parker homestead until a few years since, when they removed to the "Street," but now have their home in Charlestown. The younger daughter, Claribel, was the wife of Henry E. Huntley, but died while yet a young woman.

The William B. Parker House—Birthplace of Rev. S. A. Parker, Built in 1791

Sylvester A., the second son of William B. and Amanda Parker, born June 10, 1834, was educated in the "little red school house" in "No. 7,"



William B. Parker

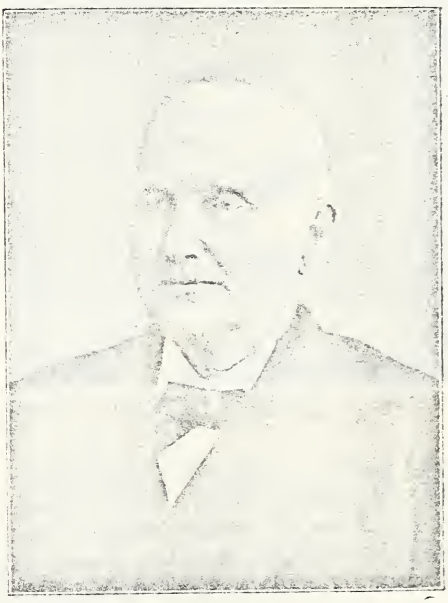
at Tubbs Union Academy, Washington, and Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vt. He was also for a short time a student at Tufts College. May 10, 1856, he married Nancy M. Green of Barnard, Vt. With his wife he went South and engaged in teaching in Georgia in 1857–'58. His wife died in August of the latter year and he returned North and took up the work of preparation for the Universalist ministry, in which he was ordained at Stowe, Vt., August 25, 1859, where he preached three years, uniting in marriage, July 8, 1860, with Mary A. Hunton of Hyde Park. May 1, 1862, he became pastor of the Universalist Church at Bethel, Vt., continuing successfully in the pastorate until 1878. He was subsequently, for many years, secretary of the Universalist Convention for Vermont and the Province of Quebec, and was indefatigable in his labors for the welfare of the denomination. He died January 5, 1901, having been stricken with apoplexy while conducting the

service at the funeral of a life-long friend.

Emma Eliza, second daughter of B. A. Miner, married William

Rev. Sylvester A. Parker

Spaulding, a native of Lempster (son of Asa and brother of Rev. Willard Spaulding), who lived for many years on the farm near the schoolhouse in old "No. 7," whom the writer well remembers as a man of sterling principles and strong native ability, a clear thinker and logical reasoner; while he remembers Mrs. Spaulding as one of the best and most considerate friends of his boyhood, whose kindly counsel was much prized. They had one son—an only child—William Waldemar, now a prominent citizen and successful business man of Haverhill, Mass. He was born March 10, 1846, his parents residing temporarily at the time in the Benjamin Parker house in the north part of the town, but soon removing to the farm above mentioned, where his boyhood years were spent. He was graduated from Tufts College in 1867, and pursued the profession of teaching for fourteen years with much success, six years in Adams, Mass., two in Boston and six in Haverhill, going to the latter place in 1875 as principal of the high school, and resigning in 1881 to engage in shoe manufacturing, in which he has since continued, establishing a large and prosperous business, which has been an important factor in the industrial prosperity of that enterprising city. He has also become largely interested in cotton mills and a finishing plant in Easthampton and is a director in the same. He has been several years a member of the Haverhill School Board, and chairman of the same; is a director of the First National Bank, vice-president



Jacob B. Richardson

of the Haverhill Savings Bank, treasurer of the Hale Hospital, and a trustee of Tufts College, serving on the finance committee, and has long been active in the affairs of the First Universalist Church of Haverhill. Tufts College conferred upon him the hon-

orary degree of A. M. at the last commencement. He married Evelyn Elsie Harris, December 24, 1868. They have a son and daughter.

Dr. O. M. George

William Spaulding removed to Massachusetts and died at West Acton, December 22, 1872. His widow subsequently married Rev. William

School House—Dodge Hollow District

Hooper, a Universalist clergyman, who died August 16, 1894. She died at West Acton, April 4, 1896.

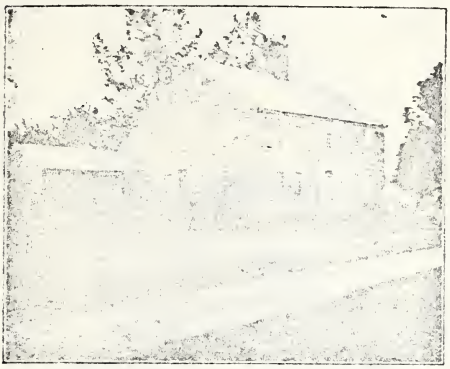
Another well-known resident of "No. 7," and public-spirited citizen of the town, whose genial manner made him everybody's friend, was Jacob B. Richardson, familiarly known as "Uncle Jake." He had three sons and a daughter—Jacob Foster, Edmund B., Truman H. and Olive L. The latter was for a time a successful teacher. After his children had grown up and left home he removed to South Acworth, where he

Dr. Levi C. Taylor

was long in trade, but died some years since. His children have also all deceased except Truman H., the youngest son, who resides in Chester, Vt., where he has been a successful farmer.

The first sawmill in Lempster was located on Cold River, not far below the outlet of Cold Pond, near the northwestern border of the town, at a place subsequently known as "Cambridge Hollow," and was operated by one Oliver Boothe, who was there as early as 1780, if not before. Later a

carding mill was in operation here for many years. Many different men had small milling interests, of one kind and another, at this point in succeeding years. Fifty years ago



Taylor Homestead—Early Home of Dr. Levi C. Taylor

and more, Orison Keyes had a wheelwright shop and woodworking establishment here, and some of his younger sons built a large mill and carried on quite extensive operations for a number of years, the name of

Joseph Brackett House
Birthplace of Dr. C. A. Brackett
Rear Part a Later Erection

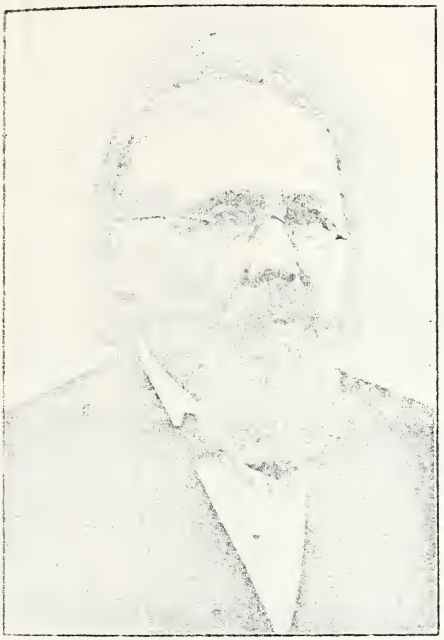
the place being changed to "Keyes." The oldest son of Orison Keyes—Anson L., born in Lempster, February 6, 1843—was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1872 and from the Albany Law School in 1873, being admitted to the bar the same year. In 1878 he removed to Faribault, Minn., where he has since remained in active and successful practice as a lawyer. He was for several years city attorney and county attorney of Rice County four years. In 1873 he married Harriett A. Lufkin of Som-

Charles A. Brackett, D.M. D.

ersworth, N. H. They have a daughter, Mrs. Edgar F. Strong, wife of the head master of the Houston School at Spokane, Wash.

Among the residents of "Cambridge Hollow" half a century ago was Amos Huntoon, who had a large family, mostly daughters. One of these daughters, Louese, attended the high school at the "Street" at the same time as the writer. She was a bright scholar and became a successful teacher. She subsequently married George E. Dame, a son of Joel Dame of Lempster, who also attended the school at that time, and who became one of the best known citizens

of the county. He was for many years a successful traveling salesman for Boston firms, and later bought a large farm on the Unity road in New-

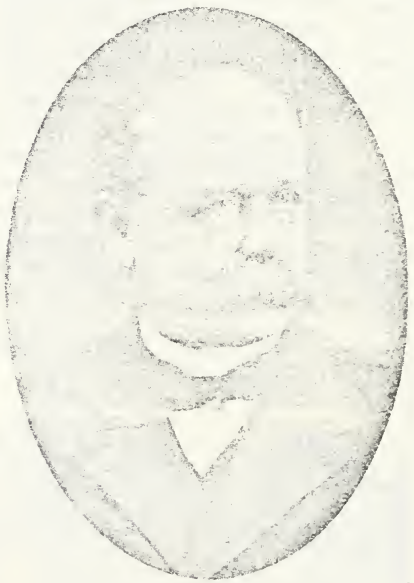


Dr. Yorick G. Hurd

port, two miles out of the village, where he established his home. He represented Lempster in the Legislature in 1871, and was clerk of the court for Sullivan County for ten years from 1876. He died in 1890.

Among others attending the high school at Lempster "Street," at the time mentioned, were Chester E. and Georgiana Carey, son and daughter of Olivet S. Carey, one of the best farmers and prominent citizens of the town, who resided on the old Carey homestead on the western border of the town, which had been held by the family since its occupancy by William Carey, one of the first settlers, but who late in life removed to the town of Washington, where he died in 1894. Chester E. learned the printer's trade and subsequently engaged in journalism, establishing the *White Mountain Republic* at Littleton in 1867, of which paper he was the proprietor for several years, the writer being associated with him as editor at the outset. He later removed to Hanover, where he died in 1896. Georgiana Carey was a brilliant scholar and taught school successfully for several terms, the first in the "Dodge Hollow" district, so called, in the southwestern part of the town. She subsequently married Dr. Silas M. Dinsmore, who practised medicine at East Washington and Francestown, but has been for many years past one of the most prominent physicians in the city of Keene.

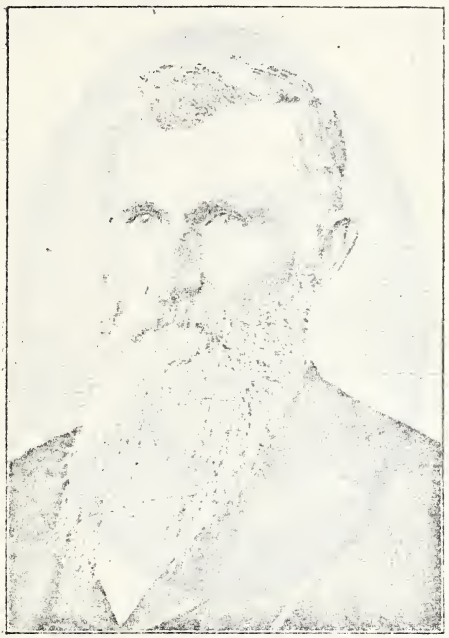
It may be mentioned as a notable fact that in this "Dodge Hollow" school district, just named, were born three men, all of whom have been emi-



Dr. A. P. Richardson

nently successful in the dental profession—all sons of prosperous farmers. Ozias M. George, second son of Nathan George, was born May 19, 1841. He remained at home, attending school and engaged in farm work till 1863, when he took up the study of dentistry, pursuing the same

under experienced practitioners, and finally locating in the thriving village of Bellows Falls, in Rockingham, Vt., where he has since remained, and has



Andrew J. Mitchell

had a large and successful practice. He has also been associated in various business enterprises and interested in public affairs, and represented Rockingham in the state legislature in 1898. He is a member of the Vermont Dental Society and a Free Mason. He married Jennie L. Staples, October 5, 1870. They have two children, Nettie M. and Harry N. The former is the wife of the Hon. Charles H. Robb, former assistant attorney general of the United States and now an associate justice of the District of Columbia Supreme Court of Appeals.

Levi C. Taylor, son of Erastus D. and grandson of Dea. John Taylor, born December 12, 1841, worked on the old homestead till twenty-one, when he started out with $5 in his pocket to make his way in the world. Working his way, he attended Henniker Academy for a time, was drafted and furnished a substitute, and finally entered the office of Dr. George Bowers at Springfield, Vt., to study the dental profession, remaining two years, then locating in practice in Holyoke, Mass., where he remained till 1875, when he removed to Hartford, Conn., upon solicitation of the famous Dr. John M. Riggs of that city, where he has since remained, winning a reputation second to that of no man in the profession. He is a member of the Massachusetts New Hampshire and Connecticut Dental societies; was the first president of the Hartford Dental Society and president of the Connecticut Valley Dental Society, then the largest in New England in 1877–'78. He is also a member of the National Dental Association and the Institute of Stomology of New York City. He has lectured extensively before various dental organizations, and was lecturer on oral prophylaxis and orthodontia in the New York College of Dental and Oral Surgery from 1892, until his recent resignation, which was deeply regretted by trustees, faculty and students. Few men in the country have done

Mitchell Homestead—Birthplace of Dr. A. W. Mitchell

more for the advancement of dental science than Doctor Taylor. He married, December 8, 1874, Nellie, daughter of John M. Thayer of Peterbor-

ough. They have had three children, Charles Brackett (deceased), Maude W. Taylor, M. D., and Leon Everett.

Charles A. Brackett, D. M. D., son of Joseph and Lydia L. (Hunt)

Dr. A. W. Mitchell

Brackett, was born, January 2, 1850, on a farm half a mile north of the "Dodge Hollow" school house, upon which his parents, who came from Peterborough, had located about a year previous. Here they remained till he was about ten years of age, when they removed to Acworth, where Joseph Brackett was known, as in Lempster, as a successful and progressive farmer. Charles A. attended the district schools of the two towns, and several terms of select school at Acworth and South Acworth, himself teaching a few terms in the winter, until, in the fall of 1870, he entered the office of Dr. L. C. Taylor, at Holyoke, as a student in dentistry, continuing for three years, but in the meantime pursuing the course of study in the Harvard University Dental School, where he graduated in 1873, going soon after to Newport, R. I., where he has since remained in practice, winning professional distinction of the highest order and financial success in ample measure. Doctor Brackett has membership in a long list of New England dental societies and in nearly all of them has been president. He is a member of the New York Odontological Society, the New York Institute of Stomotology, the New England Association of Dental Examiners, and the American Dental Association. He was a member of the International Medical Congress in London in 1881, and in Washington in 1887, and of the World's Columbian Dental Congress in Chicago in 1893. He was instructor in dental therapeutics in the Harvard Dental College from 1874 to 1880; assistant professor of dental therapeutics, 1880–'83; professor of dental pathology and therapeutics, 1883–'90, and has been professor of dental pathology from 1890 to the present time. Aside from his profes-

Rev. Homer T. Fuller, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.

sional work, Doctor Brackett is actively connected with the management and directorship of many important corporate interests in Newport, and

was also chairman of the committee which recently prepared a new and unique charter for the city, under which charter he is chairman of the

Granville Pollard

Representative Council, which seeks to provide for the transaction of the city's business on business principles and the elimination of partisan politics from municipal affairs. He married, February 3, 1886, Miss Mary I. Spencer of Newport.

Among Lempster-born men who have been successful in the practice of medicine in other places during the last half century may be named Drs. Yorick G. Hurd, Abel P. Richardson, Carl A. Allen and Abram W. Mitchell. Doctor Hurd was one of several children of the late Smith Hurd and a grandson of Shubael Hurd, an early settler of the town. Dency Hurd was his sister, and Eunice E., also a teacher, who died when a young woman, was another sister. George W. Hurd, who remained in Lempster, was a brother. He and his son, Elbert E., occupy the old homestead. Doctor Hurd was a graduate of Dartmouth Medical College and located in practice at Amesbury, Mass., removing to Ipswich, where he was quite successful. He had charge of the Essex County House of Correction for twelve years. He died September 24, 1888.

Dr. Abel Parker Richardson, son of Abel and Almena (Parker) Richardson, was born in Lempster, February 19, 1834. His father was a brother of Jacob Richardson and his mother a sister of Benjamin and William B. Parker. He graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School in 1864, and practised his profession one year in Marlow, then removing to Walpole, where he was in practice thirty-four years, till his death, February 5, 1900. He attained a high rank in his profession, and was known as one of the

Eugene A. Pollard

most successful physicians in southwestern New Hampshire. He was an active member of several medical societies and took a strong interest in

public affairs. He married Sylvia F. Simonds, by whom he is survived.

Carl A. Allen, M. D., of Holyoke, Mass., was born at the base of Lempster Mountain, near the southeastern corner of the town, October 27, 1847. He was the son of Stephen Allen, a farmer, and a lineal descendant of James Allen, who came from England in 1646, and settled in what is now Medfield, Mass. He was educated in the common schools, at Marlow, Tubbs Union and Kimball Union academies, at the Bowdoin College Medical School and the Long Island College Hospital, Brooklyn, graduating from the latter in 1874. He located in practice in Acworth, where he continued till 1890, removing then to Holyoke, where he has since remained. His high standing in the profession is widely recognized. He is a member of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts state medical societies, of the Connecticut Valley Medical Society and the American Medical Association, and is president of the Holyoke Medical Association, the Hampden County Medical Society and the Holyoke Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis, and a member of the staff of the Holyoke city hospital. Before leaving Lempster, he was superintendent of schools two years, and held the same office ten years in Acworth. He married, first, Sophia E. Stearns of Lebanon, who died, leaving three sons and a daughter, the sons now well established in life and the daughter a student at Mount Holyoke College. His present wife was Hattie M. Murdough of Acworth, by whom he has two sons.

Doctor Allen, some years since, established a summer home ("Camp Echo") on the shore of Echo Lake, near the old homestead, where his yearly vacations are passed. It is a charming locality whose beauties are coming to be recognized, and there is now quite a summer colony located here.

Dr. Abram M. Mitchell was born in Lempster, February 8, 1862, being a son of Andrew J. Mitchell, an intelligent and enterprising farmer, who came from Acworth fifty years ago, located on a fine farm about three-fourths of a mile southwest of the Street, and was long prominent in town, church and general public affairs. Doctor Mitchell graduated from the medical college of the University of New York in 1887, practised in Harrisville one year and then removed to Epping, where he has remained to the present time, his practice extending over a large section of country, and his professional skill and judgment being widely recognized by his brother physicians, by whom he is often called in consultation. He has been physician for the Rockingham County asylum, house of correction and almshouse during the past eighteen years. He has taken a strong interest in public affairs, is a large stockholder in and president of the Epping Water Company, and has represented the town in the legislature. He is an active member and has been vice-president of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

Undoubtedly the most distinguished son of Lempster in educational work is the Rev. Homer Taylor Fuller, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., now living at Fredonia, N. Y., after forty years of successful labor as an instructor. He was born in Lempster, November 15, 1838, the son of Sylvanus and Sarah M. (Taylor) Fuller. His father was a direct descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller of the *Mayflower* company, and the son of Noah Fuller, a soldier of the Revolution. His mother was a daughter of Dea. John Taylor. He evinced strong scholarly tastes in childhood and determined to secure a college education, but was hampered by the necessity for earning the necessary means. He fitted for Dartmouth at Kimball Union Academy, and graduated from the latter in 1864, at the head of his

class. He was for three years principal of the Fredonia (N. Y.) Academy. He attended Andover Theological Seminary and Union Seminary, New York, and graduated from the latter in 1869. From October, 1869, to January, 1871, he was pastor of the Congregational Church at Peshtigo, Wis., raising the money in the meantime for a new church building which was dedicated before his departure. In 1881–'2 he was principal of St. Johnsbury (Vt.) Academy; for the next twelve years at the head of the Worcester (Mass.) Polytechnic Institute, and from 1894 to 1905 president of Drury College, Springfield, Mo., all of which institutions were highly prosperous during his incumbency. He received the degree of Ph. D. from Dartmouth in 1880; D. D. from Iowa College in 1898; and LL. D. from Drury in 1905. He is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a charter member and fellow of the Geological Society of America, and a corporate member of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He has traveled extensively abroad and published several monograms on educational and scientific subjects.

While many sons of Lempster have been prominent in professional life in distant places, others have pursued various business avocations in neighboring towns. Among the latter may be named the Pollard brothers, sons of Truman Pollard, a resident of the old "Pollard District," in the northeast part of the town. Granville Pollard went to Newport in 1852 to learn the harness trade with Edmund Wheeler; served four years' apprenticeship and then bought a half interest in the business. In 1861 Eugene A. Pollard came in as an apprentice and in 1866 bought Mr. Wheeler's interest. The Pollard Brothers copartnership continued ten years, when Granville sold out to Eugene A., who continued alone till 1885, Granville purchasing the mills at South Newport, which he still runs with his son, Ralph. In 1886 Eugene A. took a position as supply clerk in the United States railway mail service and in 1889 he became the New England selling agent for the J. R. Hill Company of Concord, continuing several years. He still resides in Newport. Kimball Pollard, another brother, owns and cultivates the Josiah Stevens farm, two miles south of Newport village.

Small and scattered as her population now is, Lempster is thoroughly imbued with the "Old Home" spirit, and there has been no year since the establishment of the now popular festival when the invitation has not been sent out to her wandering children to come back to the scenes of early days and meet each other and the "old folks at home" on some specified day in "Old Home Week."

My Home in Old New Hampshire

By Delora Taylor Reed.

Far away in old New Hampshire,
Stands a dwelling, old and gray.
'Neath its roof, in happy childhood,
I was wont to run and play.
Recollection often takes me
Where I once did love to roam,
Through the orchard and the meadow
Of my old New Hampshire home.

Backward turn, O Time, turn backward!
Let me be a child once more!
Working, playing in the hay-field,
As in happy days of yore!
Owned by strangers and deserted
Is the home I loved so well,
'Neath the shade of elms and maples,
Loved how dear no tongue can tell.

CHORUS.

Just a big, old-fashioned farmhouse,
Which to memory now is dear.
And the song of bird and brooklet
In my fancy still I hear.

Old Home Week

By V. M. Moore, Candia, N. H.

"Old Home Week" is the call we hear,
Echoing along the hills so clear,
Calling the wanderer from far and near
To enjoy the holiday week of the year;
And so with happy hearts we'll come
Back to our old New Hampshire home.

Just think of it! one whole week to roam
O'er the hills and vales of our dear old home.
Go berrying! I can see us now
With our haying hats and dripping brow,
Our heaping pails and faces red,
And the family dog trotting on ahead.

The sun is setting in the west;
We take the path we love the best:
"Co-boss! co-boss!" rings o'er the hills
And echoes back along the rills;
Then comes the sound we love so well,
The tinkle of the old cow bell.

We love each leafy hill and glade,
The trickling brook, the maple shade,
The bobolink calling his mate again,
The bob-bob-white up in the lane,
The robin's early morning note
From the tip top branch of the old red oak,

The whip-poor-will giving his evening call
From the barnyard bars or pasture wall,
The sighing pines, the waving corn,
The chorus of birds in the early morn,
The rain on the roof of the barn so gay,
When you are beneath on a mow of hay,

Watching the swallows come in and out
Through the old knot-hole and hop about,
Teaching their babies how to fly
From beam to beam, and then up high;
While over you the shadows creep,
And very soon you're fast asleep.

Was there ever a state one half so fair
As New Hampshire in her beauty rare,
From Crawford Notch in the mountains grand,
Down through the state to the ocean strand?
And her lakes and rivers of great renown
Paint the scenery in every town,

Until her lovers from East and West
Come in the summer for joy and rest.
Some hie to the mountains and some to the shore,
And some go back to the old home door,
Where the latch-string is always out, you know,
So that her children may come and go.

Does this recall the scenes of joy
When you and I were girl and boy?
Ah, yes! we hear it night and morn,
The call of the town where we were born;
And when Old Home Week comes once more,
It will find us in the old home as of yore.

Love Triumphant

By Charles Henry Chesley, Portsmouth, N. H.

Sweetheart, you may wander far,
From my heart-door widely roam,
Seek a distant, looming star,
But some day you will come home.

When you, weary of the quest,
Learn how changeful are its charms,
You will know my love is best
And speed homeward to my arms.

I will keep a signal light
Ever burning as a guide.
Sweetheart, ere the shades of night,
Come and in my love abide.

Rain

By A. H. McCrillis

Light rain on the roof, how welcome the sound
When all are at rest and parched is the ground.
The farmer has toiled to plant well his grain,
The earth's warm and mellow, but thirsting for rain.

As faster and faster the rain softly drops,
Assuring the planter of bountiful crops,
How soothing the patter to his tired brain,
Drip, drip, on the sill of the low window pane.

How cooling and soothing to mansion and cot,
And in this rich blessing we have common lot.
How freshening to nature, in all of her forms,
The pure rain from heaven in mild summer storms.

Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Kelley

By H. W. Brown, M. Sc.

Phillippi and Appomattox stand as the alpha and omega of the Civil War. These names represent, respectively, the first and the last of those hard-earned victories by Union arms, in the most gigantic struggle for right and a righteous government which the world has ever seen. Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant is justly regarded as the conquering hero in the closing events of that war, but Gen. Benjamin Franklin Kelley was the intrepid leader of the Federal troops in the first successful engagement.

We, of New Hampshire, may properly feel especial interest in the hero of that first triumph, at Phillippi (Virginia), for General Kelley was a native of our own state; and the recent dedication of a monument to his memory in Arlington cemetery makes some reference, locally, to his career, both pertinent and just. The writer, accordingly, has taken pains to compile a few facts concerning him.

PERSONAL HISTORY.

Benjamin F. Kelley was born in the town of New Hampton, New Hampshire, on the tenth day of April, 1807. He was the son of Col. William B. and Mary (Smith) Kelley, both family lines representing good old New England stock. The coming soldier spent the first seventeen years of his life among the beautiful hills of his native town. For a time he, with his brothers and sisters, was a student in the time-honored New Hampton Institution—that academy having been founded in 1821.

He seems to have taken a very early interest in military matters, for, at the age of twelve, he assisted in the formation of a juvenile company, made up of boys of his own town, himself being chosen captain and one A. B. Magoon, first lieutenant. It is said that, at this time, the governor of the state chanced to visit New Hampton village for the purpose of reviewing the militia of the section. He heard of these young aspirants to military skill and ordered Captain Kelley's company into review, bestowing upon it warm words of encouragement and praise. In later years, General Kelley used often to refer to this boyhood event as the most genuinely satisfactory experience of his whole life. Fifty-six years afterwards, the captain and his lieutenant met again to clasp hands upon the field of that early parade.

Observing the natural tendencies of the boy, Kelley's parents determined to send their son to West Point; but the death of the father defeated this plan, and, in 1825, the student forsook his books, to take up work in the employ of John K. Simpson of Boston. Two years later, he went to Virginia, settling first in West Liberty, afterwards in the city of Wheeling, where for a time he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He later moved to Philadelphia. In Wheeling, he married the daughter of John Goshen, Esq., by whom he had six children, four sons and two daughters. His wife, however, died in 1860, too early to witness her husband's long and distinguished military career. Three of the sons followed their father into the battles of the war. John Kelley of Philadelphia and William Kelley of Kansas City survive. The eldest daughter, now a widow, was the wife of Brigadier-General Sullivan of Indiana, a bold

and efficient officer in the early days of the war. The youngest daughter, Mrs. McIlvane, resides in New York City.

After the war, in 1865, Kelley was again married, this time to Miss Mary Clara Bruce, eldest daughter of Col. Robert Bruce of Cumberland, Maryland, with whom he lived in the full enjoyment of his well-earned laurels until his death, which occurred at Swan Meadows, near Oakland, Maryland, July 16, 1891. Mrs. Kelley is still living in the city of Washington, D. C.

At the time of his death, General Kelley was not only a brevet major general of United States Volunteers, but he was first vice president of the Society of the Army of West Virginia —that state which owes so much to him. It was largely his skill and daring that rescued this part of rebellious Virginia from southern domination and enabled it to become, in 1863, an integral part of the Union, as "The War State."

MILITARY CAREER.

Early in April, 1861, it became evident that the secession spirit of the South would endeavor to carry all Virginia out of the Uuion. But there were loyal men in the "Pan Handle Section," and these determined to raise a regiment in defence of the Union. This was the first regiment of loyal men to be formed south of the Mason and Dixon line. An application for arms was rejected by the secretary of war, because, doubtless, of suspicion as to the loyalty of these southern petitioners. But the governor of Pennsylvania, A. G. Curtin, came to the rescue of the organization, and, upon the bond of certain men, furnished a full equipment.

Long prior to the breaking out of open hostilities between the North and the South, Kelley had been active in military affairs, as a member of the Virginia state militia, he having had command for some years of a full regiment of the state forces. Hence it was quite natural that, in the spring of 1861, when that first regiment of Virginia Volunteer Infantry was formed, Kelley, although at the time not a native of the state, should be called to its command. He was commissioned colonel, May twenty-fifth, 1861, by Francis H. Pierpont, governor of Virginia, and the regiment was immediately mustered into the Federal service, by order of General McClellan, then commanding the department of the Ohio. Later, he was placed in charge of all the Union troops under arms in western Virginia. Colonel Kelley quickly saw active service. On the fourth of August, he received his commission as brigadier general. In the message from President Lincoln, presented to the senate August 1, 1861, are contained, besides Kelley's, the names of Grant, Hooker, and eight others, all of which were destined to shine in the annals of the nation's history.

The military career of General Kelley was long and arduous. The interesting details of his conspicuous service may all be gleaned from official records of the war itself. For the following account, the writer is largely under obligation to a gallant officer who fought under General Kelley—the man who brought his commander home from the victorious field of Phillippi, when the latter was wounded almost unto death, and one who is still living to tell the story of those by-gone days "which tried men's souls"—Capt. Thomas H. McKee of Washington, D. C.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

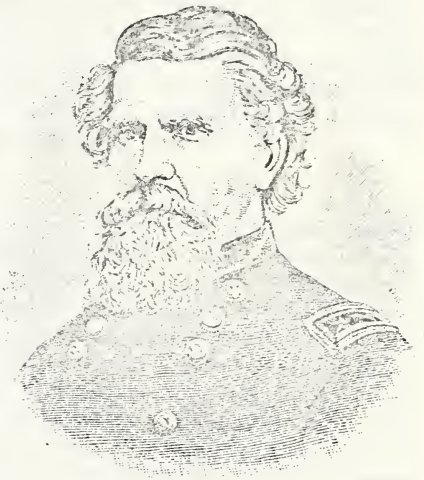
General McClellan, on either May 25 or 26, directed Colonel Kelley to fortify the hills about Wheeling. This would have fixed the Ohio Valley as the outpost of the Confederacy, on the northwest. But there was slumbering in the mind of one man an idea which was to electrify the loyal

North and give the cause of the Union its first great hope. Colonel Kelley informed General McClellan that instead of fortifying the hills around Wheeling and awaiting the progress of events, he purposed to establish the boundary for the Confederacy a hundred miles or more to the southward, and thus free the people of West Virginia from the destruction and wastes of war. As to how well this was accomplished, history has made for herself her own sure record.

Another important incident shows the real character of the man; it was the first test of his military daring. May 26, 1861, he issued to the agent of the B. & O. R. R., an order to have a train in readiness, in the station at Wheeling, on the morning of the twenty-seventh. To this command the agent replied that he had received directions from the officers of the road at Baltimore to observe neutral relations between the factions, and not to carry troops or munitions of war for either of the so-called armies. Colonel Kelley replied, "The exigencies of war change all relations in civil communities. Railroads as well as individuals must recognize one thing: This is war. There is no time for controversy. Have a train in readiness, in your depot, at four o'clock tomorrow morning, or I will put you in jail and take charge of your road by military authority." This was the voice for which the people were waiting—that of a man with convictions and with courage sufficient to meet not only criminally selfish indifference, but the effrontery of aggrressive rebellion and war. He was obeyed.

PHILLIPPI.

On the 27th of May 1861, the Confederates, having fortified Grafton, Taylor County, Virginia, Colonel Kelley left Wheeling and marched for that place. The enemy at once evacuated the position and took a stand at Phillippi, Barbour County. It was early in the afternoon of the second of June, when the colonel under orders from General McClellan, with his division, composed of the First Regiment of Virginia Infantry, part of the Sixteenth Ohio and part of the Ninth Indiana Infantry, left Grafton, moving by railroad to Thornton station, and thence by a march of twenty-two miles to Phillippi, expecting to strike Beverly turnpike south of that place, for the purpose of



Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Kelley

cutting off the retreat of the rebel force assembled there under Col. Alexander Porterfield. Colonel Dumont's Division, composed of the Seventh Indiana Infantry, and a detachment of Ohio artillery, was concentrated at Webster station on the Northwestern Virginia railroad, four miles from Grafton. This force by a march of twelve miles was to fall upon the enemy at Phillippi, from the northwward.

The night of the second of June being dark and stormy, and the roads difficult, Colonel Kelley's command had not quite reached the desired position at dawn, on the third, when the sound of Dumont's guns announced that the battle was prematurely begun at the front. Colonel Kelley immedi-

ately threw his division across a range of hills which separated him from the enemy's position; and, by a sudden flank attack, completely routed the enemy, after a brief resistance. In his flight, the latter abandoned all his stores, baggage, and camp equipage, with four hundred stands of small arms, and many horses and prisoners, all of which fell into the hands of the victorious troops. In this action, Colonel Kelley was dangerously wounded by a ball through the chest, and it is believed that he was the first Union officer to shed blood in the Civil War.

This battle, which resulted in the complete overthrow and dispersion of two thousand rebel troops, produced, at that early period of the war, the happiest moral effect upon the people of West Virginia and the border states generally, as well as upon the loyal hosts of the North. It was the first important Union victory, and because of it Kelley was made a brigadier general of the United States Volunteers.

ROMNEY.

On the night of the twenty-fifth of October, 1861, General Kelley left New Creek Station for Romney, with a marching column of two thousand men, composed of the Fourth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Eighth Ohio, and Seventh Virginia, two companies of the Third Virginia, two companies of cavalry (The Ringgold), one company of the First Virginia, and a section of artillery. A coöperating column of the Maryland Home Brigade, eight hundred strong, under Colonel Johns, was ordered to advance from Patterson's Creek. At the same time, General Kelley's column reaching the South Branch bridge, one mile west of Romney, on the twenty-sixth, found the enemy in a strong position, with rifle pits and artillery, prepared to resist the passage of the river. After an artillery duel of an hour, by a simultaneous charge, the infantry and cavalry carried the bridge and ford; and the enemy under Col. Angus McDonald took to flight, abandoning everything in their panic. Baggage, camp equipage, stores, ammunition, provisions, wagons, horses, a number of prisoners, some small arms and three pieces of artillery fell into the victor's hands.

The coöperating column under Colonel Johns finding the flooring of the chain bridge on the Green Spring Road taken up, and the passage of the South Branch River sharply disputed at that point, retired to its original position, with trifling loss.

BLUE'S GAP.

When Stonewall Jackson moved from Winchester with a heavy force, intending to cross the Potomac at Hancock and to move by the National Turnpike to Cumberland, thus to cut off the Federal forces occupying Romney and adjacent points, he advanced a body of two thousand men, with four pieces of artillery, to hold Blue's Gap on the Romney and Winchester turnpike, hoping thus to protect his rear and his communications with Winchester from attack from the direction of Romney. On the night of the seventh of January, General Kelley moved from Romney; and, on the morning of the eighth, surprised the enemy completely, driving him from his entrenchments, capturing stores, equipage, prisoners, and artillery, and entirely dispersing his defences. Jackson, who, at this time was engaged with Lander, endeavoring to force the passage of the Potomac at Hancock, immediately fell back to that point, and, with his whole force, estimated at sixteen thousand men, moved on Romney. On the tenth of January, General Kelley being relieved of command on account of sufferings resulting from wounds received at Phillippi, General Lander

took command; and, by orders, fell back from Romney to Patterson's Creek, thus leaving to the rebel general the bare occupancy of Romney. The proper defense of the place in addition to the loss of men sustained in battle and such as were *hors du combat* from cold and fatigue, cost the latter nearly fifteen hundred men. Romney itself, he was obliged to abandon a short time after.

SOUTH FORK.

Being informed that the rebel General Imboden, with a considerable force, was encamped above Moorefield, Hardy County, Va., in the valley of the South Fork, thus occupying and covering a very fertile region, abounding in corn, cattle and other army supplies, General Kelley determined to dislodge him.

On the ninth of November, 1862, he moved from New Creek, with a force of about fifteen hundred troops, consisting of the First New York Cavalry, Ringgold Battallion Pennsylvania Cavalry, the Twenty-third Regiment Illinois Infantry (carried in wagons), and one battery. On the morning of the tenth of November, he attacked Imboden and entirely routed his force, killing and wounding many and capturing, besides prisoners, a large amount of cattle, stores and camp and garrison equipage.

CONCLUSION.

This concludes a brief mention of the principal actions in which General Kelley was personally engaged and which he personally commanded. After the direction of the Department of West Virginia had been committed to him, the war in that section became simply one of posts and detachments, of skirmishes, ambuscades, surprises, raids, and counter-raids, full of danger and hardship, and subject to continual vicissitude. These afforded, of course, but few opportunities for regular battles, while furnishing numerous occasions for stubborn defence, often against overwhelming concentrations of the enemy, as well as of equally brilliant raids upon their lines, depots and communications.

Other commanders of the war of 1861 fought quite as gallantly and sacrificed as nobly; but it was the hero of this sketch, a New Hampshire man, who commanded the first loyal southern regiment, who achieved the first victory of the Union forces, and who shed the first blood spilled by a federal officer in the War of the Rebellion. His record shows an unbroken series of splendid victories and a career worthy of renown.

From Heinrich Heine

By Laura Garland Carr

A pine tree rose in loneliness
On a cold, northern height.
It slept. A snowy coverlet
Folded it close from sight.
In dreams it saw a moaning palm
'Mid scorching rock-beds stand
In silence and in solitude—
In the far eastern land.

The Medieval Farm and Farmer

By Fred Myron Colby

In the old Saxon times the franklin, or farmer, was the most independent man in England. The basis of the Anglo-Saxon society was the free land-holder. Land with the German race seems everywhere to have been the accompaniment of full freedom. The landless man, to all practical purposes, ceased to be free, though he was no man's slave. The farmer was alone the "weaponed man," who bore spear and shield, for he only had the right of waging private war. All Saxon England was covered over with the clustering homesteads of these free men or "ceorls," and the pictures of the rural happiness and comfort of the time are delightfully picturesque. The Norman conquest changed all this. The conquered Saxons became serfs, and the lands of rural England were divided for the purposes of cultivation and of internal order into a number of large estates ruled over by the gentry.

This social organization was termed the manorial system. The owner of a manor usually retained a quarter of his demesne for his own home farm, the remainder being distributed among tenants who were bound to render him service. These tenants were in all practical senses, their lord's property; they were bound to the soil. It was by them that the great grange of the lord was filled with sheaves, his sheep sheared, his grain malted, the wood hewn for his hall fire. Each tenant lived in his little hut, possessed a plot of ground around it, and had the privilege of turning out a few cattle on the waste of the manor.

For a glimpse of the farmer of the Middle Ages we must turn to the pages of Chaucer and William Longman. In the "Canterbury Tales," and in the "Complaint of Piers the Ploughman," we see the medieval husbandman, both in his working-day and holiday garb, among the other types of English industry. With his hat, scrip and staff, his tabard of homespun wool, his colored hose of red cloth, and his wooden shoes, "spank clean and his beard forked," the honest, broad-shouldered ploughman steps out from the Tabard Inn into the May sunlight, in company with the other Canterbury pilgrims. But it is at his home and farm, where he dykes and delves, and sows and winnows, and not in his visiting clothes, that we wish most to see this prototype of the modern Cincinnatus.

And first we will glance at the house he lives in. The home of the fourteenth century laborer was a miserable hovel, often nothing but a mud cottage with a straw-thatched roof. It had no windows, only loopholes to look from, and there was no chimney. Usually the fire was built upon a platform of stone, or in an iron grate in the center of the room, the smoke escaping at the open, blackened roof. Here lived the farmer and his family, wearing rough garments, seldom changed by night or day, and eating coarse, scanty food. The best conditioned of their class had no more comforts than the poorest bog-trotter of the Irish swamps of today. "Hatless and shoeless must I go one-half the year, and my wife e'en the same," mourns Piers the Ploughman, in William Longman's famous ballad of that time.

One of the illuminations of a fifteenth century manuscript shows us a picture of one of these farmhouses. Outside the cottage stand the sheds and haystacks, with no fence around them. The chickens are roosting on

the roof, and the sheep and kine feed before the door. A poor lean hog with a litter of pigs wallow in a bog near by, and a decrepit cart-horse is eating hay from the stack.

In another illumination the ploughman is breaking the soil for the sowing, his wife aiding him in the labor. They look distressed enough, and the lines of the poet tell us more than the truth:

"His wife walked with him,
With a long goad,
In a cutted coat,
Cutted full high.
Wrapped in a winnow sheet
To wesen her from weathers.
Barefoot on the hard ground
That the blood followed.
And at land's-end length
A little crumb-bowl.
And thereon lay a little child
Lapped in clouts;
And twins of two years old
Upon another side.
And they all sungen one song
That sorrow was to hear;
They crieden all one cry,
A careful note.
The simple man sighed sore
And said, 'Children be still.'"

This is a piteous picture, and further on, in the same page of "Piers the Ploughman," the man is described as in rags from head to foot, and his oxen so starved that "men might reckon each rib." The condition of all the peasantry was not so lamentable, but it was bad enough. And the worst of it was that they could not change their condition, for the tenant was born to his holding and to his lord. Neither villain nor serf had any choice, either of a master or of the sphere of toil. Labor was, in the strictest sense, bound to the soil.

In the medieval homestead, labor and food were alike often scarce. Some lines of William Longman give us a good picture of the day. "I have no penny pullets for to buy, nor neither geese nor pigs, but two green cheeses, a few curds and cream, and an oaten cake, and two loaves of beans and bran baken for my children. I have no salt bacon, nor no cooked meat collops for to make, but I have parsley and leeks and many cabbage plants, and eke a cow and calf, and a cart mare to draw afield my dung while the drought lasteth, and by this livelihood we must all live till Lamas-tide (August) and by that I hope to have the harvest in my croft."

But it was not till Lamas-tide that the high wages and the new corn bade hunger go to sleep, and in the long interval there must have been more or less of suffering and want.

The agriculture of this period was generally as low as was possible in an age making any pretentions to civilization. In general the only grain raised was barley, oats and wheat, and but small quantities of these. No hoed crops or edible vegetables were cultivated, and as late as the time of the eighth Henry, Queen Catherine secured the salad for the royal table from Holland. Indian corn, potatoes, squashes, carrots and turnips, all were unknown in England till the middle of the sixteenth century. Bread made of barley, bacon, fish and home-brewed ale formed the chief subsistence of the peasantry. It was a day marked with a white stone when the family sat down to a dinner of white bread, and of "fresh flesh, fried or baken, and that hot or hotter for the chilling of their maw."

The farm implements were rude and cumbersome affairs. The ploughman made his own plow, under the compulsion of the law forbidding any one to hold a plow who could not make one, or to drive until he could make the harness. The plow was generally made of wood until the beginning of the eighteenth century. Shovels and hoes had only their edges of iron. Scythes were little more than sickles, and were heavy and unwieldy. Cart and wagon wheels were usually made of circular pieces of

wood. There was no ease, no grace anywhere.

The tenant farmer had no security for his property till after the beginning of the fifteenth century. If the estate was sold by the landlord, he was obliged to quit all, giving up even his standing crops without compensation. He was liable for the debts of his lord to an amount equal to his whole property, and it was not till after that time that he was held only for the amount of rent due from him. This description of the misery and degradation which prevailed among the farming class of England will give a fair idea of the state of things in Europe, generally, at the same time.

The introduction of leases was the first to disturb the system of tenure, and from that time the condition of the farmer began slowly to amend. It is to this system of leasing, or rather to the usual term for the rent it entailed (*fearm*, from the Latin *firma*) that we owe the words "farm" and "farmer," the growing use of which from the fourteenth century marks the earliest step in the rural revolution we have alluded to. Instead of cultivating his demesne through his own bailiff, the lord of the manor found it less costly to let his lands to a tenant at a given rent, payable either in money or in kind. The former personal service of the farmer which had been required was now superseded by money payment termed the "malt silver," the "wood silver" and the "larder silver." The labor was no longer bound to one spot or one master; it was free to hire itself to what employer it would. The wealthier of the tenants sometimes took the demesne on lease as its farmer, and in this manner a new class arose—the free laborer.

We may fix upon the sixteenth century as the time when Europe awoke from its long slumber. From that time to the present, the gradual elevation of the middle and lower classes has continued, and agriculture has steadily advanced.

About 1520 was published the first work on agriculture in England, entitled the "Boke of Husbandrie," by Sir Anthony Fitz Herbert, who styled himself "a farmer of forty years' experience." From this work we are able to get a pretty good idea of the style of farming of the time. "A housebande cannot thryve," says the writer, "by his corne without cattell, nor by his cattell without corne"; and he adds, "Shepe in myne opinion is the most profitablest cattell that any man can have." From him it appears that marl was in common use in his day, as it had been in the island even when it was invaded by the Romans before the Christian era.

Such in brief is the story of the medieval farm and farmer. What a contrast does it present to the life of the present happy, independent and enlightened cultivator of the soil, with his well-tilled farm, his well-filled barns, his contented and well-dressed family, his books, his social and fraternal organizations and his bank account! Times have indeed changed, and changed for the better, especially as regards the condition of the agriculturist, since the day that William Longman sang the "Complaint of Piers the Plowman," when knighthood was in flower.

From Washington to Mount Vernon

By M. Augusta Glynn

The excursion to Mount Vernon by steamer, which leaves the Seventh Street wharf daily at ten o'clock a. m., is of much interest to the visitor.

Mount Vernon is beautifully situated on the right, or Virginia, bank of the Potomac River, about fifteen miles below Washington, and the trip thither affords not only an opportunity to visit the home and the tomb of the "Father of His County," but also a beautiful panoramic view of the city with its noble edifices, Alexandria and many ports and places of historic interest along the Maryland and Virginia shores.

One of the first objects of interest is the United States arsenal, where the Lincoln conspirators were executed. Just across the Eastern Branch from the arsenal is the government insane asylum. A little farther down, on the opposite shore, is Alexandria. The spire of Christ Church, where Washington worshipped and was a vestryman, may be seen from the river. Fort Foote, constructed during the late Civil War and dismantled in 1878, is on the Maryland shore; and Fort Washington on the same side—an old-time fortification that was blown up in 1814—is the last landing place before our arrival at Mount Vernon.

In a hollow midway between the river and the house is the tomb of George Washington. Through the grating of the door may be seen the two caskets, which enclose the remains of Washington and his wife. It is said that here Lafayette paused to honor his old companion in arms, and in pledge of peace stands a tree planted by the grandson of the king against whom he fought. Beneath the shade of this tree, and down the graveled walk by the tomb, an aged negro keeps constant vigil; he always has a leaf or a nut for each newcomer, and in return accepts a small fee with much grace and many flourishes of hands. He knew all about his past master, as he claimed to be his guide and caretaker in early youth. We easily made his age to be over one hundred and sixty years, which seemed to displease the old darkey. One of the party asked him if he professed religion; he said he did, and that his was a religion of the heart and not of the head, for, said he, "Your religion is in your head, not in your heart; cut your head off and your religion is all gone!"

Farther up the hillside, on this same avenue, we come to the old stables, where are housed some ancient carriages, one of which is of a very old date; a covered four-wheeled coach unique in design and different from any ever seen here at the north. Near by is the Mansion of Mount Vernon. It stands on a lofty green bluff and commands a wide and delightful view of the Potomac River, and the far-reaching valley hemmed in by low hills and green fields as far as the eye can reach. The mansion house itself is of wood, squared in blocks, and of a cream color. It has an immense portico, with stone steps, and with large pillars running to the top of the second story, which is surmounted by a cupola and balustrade. Inside the mansion is colonial in every detail, and wondrous interesting in itself. Among others there is Lafayette's room, fitted up appropriately, and on entering Washington's room one will find restored to it, the bed on which he died. His wife, who after his death was unable to open the door

of that room, breathed her last, two or three years later, in the room above it. In one of the parlors are certain portions of Washington's garments; one of his swords and his spy glass. His portrait hangs in the dining room with other paintings.

Probably as interesting a thing as any on the place is the great key of the Bastile, which Lafayette sent Washington by the hand of Tom Paine. You feel in looking at it the dreadful sorrows and tragedies on which it has been turned, and it seems like a seal on our liberties to have it hanging at last in so secure a place. You would be surprised at the number of rooms under this one roof. As you enter them, one after another, in several you will find the old-fashioned big fire places with their brick hearths, and ample fire dogs, with shovels and tongs to match, still in a fine state of preservation. In a few of the doorways you are barred from entering by closely locked grating, through which you may look upon things too sacred to be handled. Outside the doors the old gardens, set in their high brick walls, are exceedingly inviting. The question naturally arises: What could be more delightful than these lawns and gardens on the Virginian hillsides? On the lawn is a very large magnolia tree, planted by Washington himself. One cannot but think how delightful in the olden times life must have been here in summer. Somewhat removed from the mansion are the kitchens, smokehouse and laundry, the spinning and weaving houses, the remains of the servants' quarters, and the stables.

Nearby is the gateway through which we go to find the trolley line for our return trip to the capital.

Angel Land

By Minnie L. Randall

In dreams last night methought I could see,
At the pearly gates of Paradise, my little boy waiting for me.
My baby sweet, with his big blue eyes, and his pretty head with its curls of gold.
And the little pink-palmed dimpled hands, that now find rest in the Master's fold.
Aye! rest so sweet, 'mid that white-robed band,
That he ne'er has a wish to leave Angel Land
For this world, so cold, with its care and fret, and its bitter taunts and ceaseless sting,
And hearts grown numb with the world's neglect, and cold disdain for the love we bring.
Nay! 'tis better far in that garden sweet,
With its walks so smooth for the baby-feet,
And I'll come some day to that white-robed band
Where my baby waits with outstretched hand,
And I'll clasp him close, and with kisses sweet,
Will cover his little hands and feet,
In Angel Land.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. NEHEMIAH G. ORDWAY.

Nehemiah George Ordway, son of Nehemiah and Mary (Flanders) Ordway, born in Warner, November 10, 1828, died at Norwood, Mass., July 1, 1907.

Colonel Ordway engaged actively in business and in agriculture in Warner in youth and married, October 9, 1828, Nancy Ann, daughter of Daniel Bean of that town. He early took an active interest in politics, and was sergeant at arms of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1855 and assistant clerk in 1856, and at the close of the latter legislative session was appointed sheriff of Merrimack County for five years, removing for the time to Concord, where he was also for some time city marshal and collector of taxes. In 1860 he was chairman of the Republican state committee. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he was commissioned as colonel by Governor Goodwin, and had charge of the arrangements for forwarding to the front the first regiments raised in this state. In 1861 he was made general agent of the post-office department and superintendent of mail transportation for the New England states, serving till December, 1862, when he resigned to become sergeant-at-arms of the national House of Representatives at Washington. This latter position he held for twelve years, during which time he was also active in business affairs in the District of Columbia, organizing the Washington Market Company, of which he was president, whose magnificent Center Market in that city is the finest retail market in the world.

Returning to New Hampshire in the spring of 1875, he was chosen a representative from Warner, being the first Republican elected in that town, and was re-elected the two following years. He was also a delegate in the constitutional convention of 1876, and a senator from his district in 1879. In May, 1880, he was appointed governor of the Territory of Dakota by President Hayes, and served four years in that position. At the conclusion of his very active and arduous service in Dakota he returned home in impaired health, but retained a strong interest in public, political and business affairs. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mabel, widow of the late Col. E. L. Whitford.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.

Augustus St. Gaudens, America's most noted sculptor, who for the last dozen years or more had been a resident of the town of Cornish, where he had an elegant home and studio, died there on the evening of August 3, aged 59 years.

He was a native of Dublin, Ireland, born March 1, 1848, of an Irish mother and French father, with whom he came to New York in infancy, and in that city his early life was passed. He commenced work as a cameo cutter at thirteen, taking night courses in the Cooper Union art school. At nineteen he went to Paris, to study sculpture, where he modeled under Francis Jouffroy, at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, going three years later to Rome, where he produced "Hiawatha," and laid the foundation of his fame. His masterpieces include the Lincoln and Logan statues in Chicago, statues of Farragut, Sherman and Cooper, and of Diana on the tower of Madison Square Garden, in New York, Garfield in Philadelphia, the Shaw memorial and the figures on the façade of the Public Library in Boston, the figure of "Grief" in the Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington, and many others.

HON. HIRAM HODGDON.

Hiram Hodgdon, born in Northfield, October 21, 1832, died at Ashland, July 13, 1907.

He was a son of John L. and Sally (Thurston) Hodgdon. He was educated in the public schools and in the N. H. Conference Seminary. At the age of twenty-one he went to Boston and was engaged for a year as a dry goods clerk. He then went to Holderness, now Ashland, and took charge of the Follansby store, soon after becoming a partner, and continuing in the business twenty-seven years, with the exception of two years in the Union service during the war of the rebellion, in the Twelfth N. H. Vols. In 1880 he engaged in the real estate business, and in 1886, became general manager of the Ashland Knitting Mills, which position he held until his death.

He was a Republican in politics and was prominent in party affairs. In 1879 he was a member of the state senate. He was also a member of the staff of Gov. Person C. Cheney.

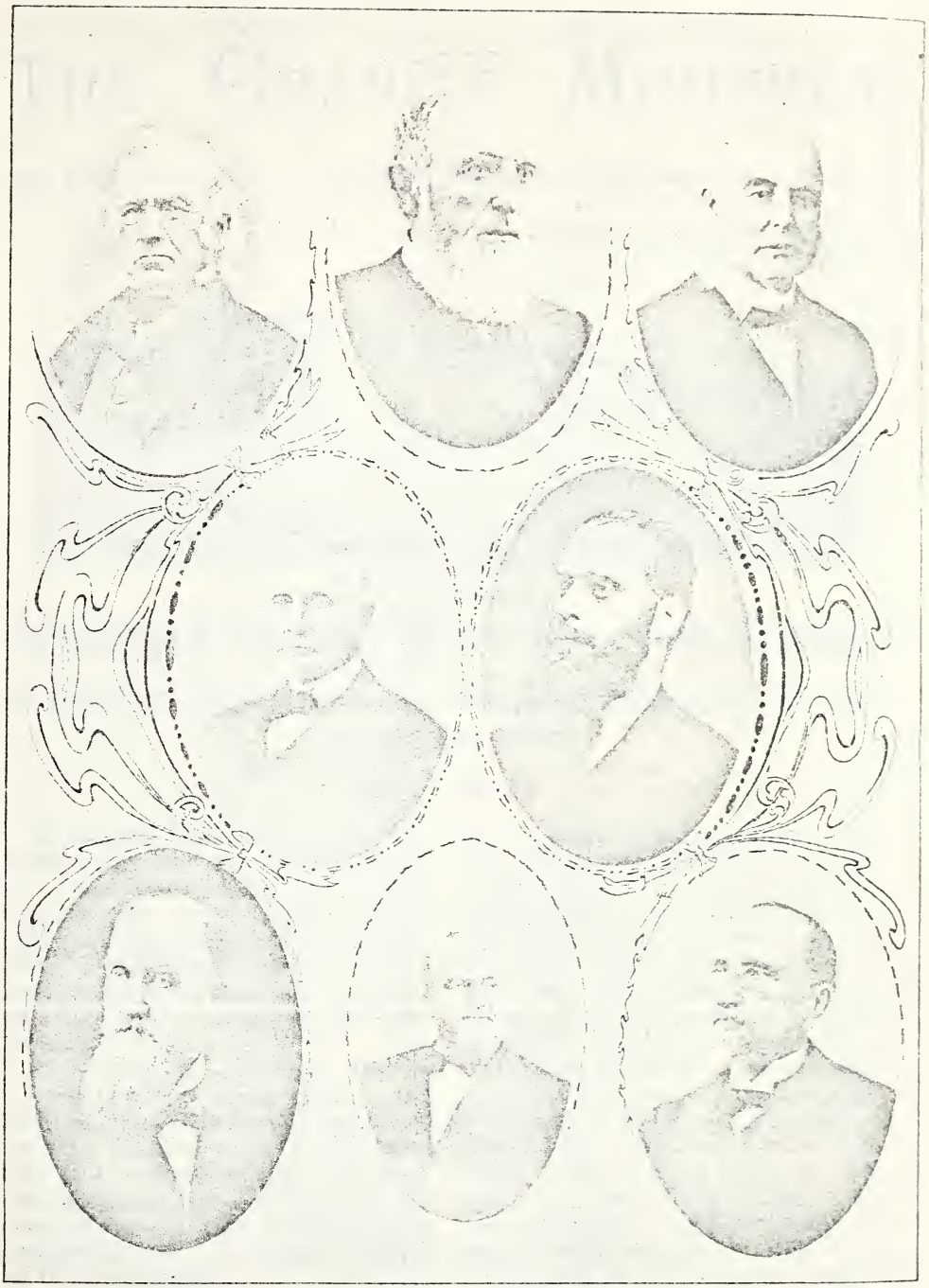
Colonel Hodgdon married Miss Martha Webster of Danville, N. H., who died in 1882. In 1900 he married Mrs. Ella C. Plaisted of Ashland, who survives him. He was a member of Mt. Prospect Lodge 69, A. F. & A. M., of Ashland.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

During the week beginning Saturday, August 17, occurs the ninth annual "Old Home" festival in New Hampshire, the first regular observance having been held in August, 1899, through the initiative of Gov. Frank W. Rollins, and the active cooperation of the Grange organization or order of Patrons of Husbandry in the state, and the third Saturday in August having been fixed by the subsequent action of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, as the opening of "Old Home Week" in New Hampshire for all time to come. During this week this now popular festival, which has also been adopted for some week in the summer by most of the New England states, and bids fair to be copied by most states in the Union in due time, will be observed in one manner or another in more than one hundred of our New Hampshire towns. The more general and appropriate form of observance is to call the people of the town, and the former residents and invited guests from abroad, together, at some convenient place, on some specified day in the week, for a social reunion, followed by a picnic dinner, with music and addresses pertinent to the occasion in the afternoon. Observances of this nature have proved generally more satisfactory than those of a more elaborate character, attended with greater labor and expense.

The August number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY has been delayed somewhat in appearance on account of the difficulty experienced in perfecting the illustration of the leading article, "Glimpses of Old Lempster," which contains eighty different pictures of persons, buildings, scenery, etc., making it one of the most profusely and elegantly illustrated town articles ever appearing in any magazine in the country. The little town of Lempster, it may be said though among the smallest in the state in point of population, has sent out more men and women who have won success and distinction in the various fields of effort in which they have been engaged than many far more populous, as will be noted by the reader in scanning the article in question. This is one of the towns, also, of which no history has been published. That its citizens and former residents will make a determined effort to supply the need in this respect, and thereby preserve the record of the town in convenient and lasting form is surely to be hoped.

The September number of this magazine will contain a handsomely illustrated article on Pittsfield, which, it is hoped, will command the interest and approval of the people of that enterprising town and of all those throughout the state who care for the progress and prosperity of the various communities. It is the purpose of the publisher to make THE GRANITE MONTHLY preëminently what it has purported to be for the last thirty years—a magazine of New Hampshire History, Biography, Literature and State Progress—which field no other publication essays to cover.



John Berry
President—Aug., 1855, Sept., 1868

Reuben L. French
President—Sept., 1868, Sept., 1895

Hiram A. Tuttle
President—Sept. 1895 ——

Lowell Brown
Treasurer—Aug., 1855, March, 1869

Thomas H. Thorndike
Treasurer—March, 1869, Sept., 1873

George F. Berry
Treasurer—July, 1880, Oct., 1897

William H. Berry
Treasurer—Sept., 1873, July, 1880

Sherburn J. Winslow
Treasurer—Oct., 1897 ——

OFFICERS OF PITTSFIELD SAVINGS BANK

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1907. NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 9

"The Catamounts."

Pittsfield, Queen of *the* Suncook Valley

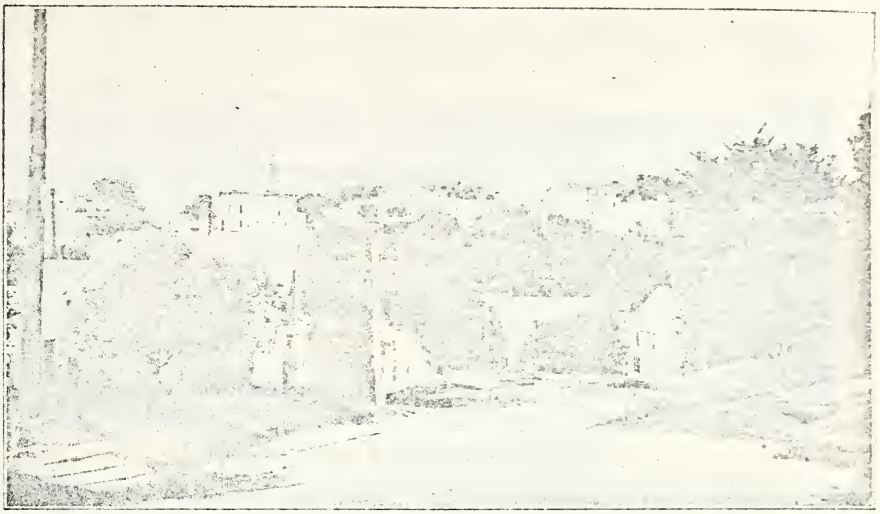
A Town *of* Opportunity—Its Material Interests *and* Representative Men

By G. A. Cheney

In Holland, that land of matchless housekeeping and surgical cleanliness, it is said the women and maidens wash the very air the people breathe. Of course this is said, not to relate an actual fact, but to emphasize and illustrate the neat and tidy condition of village, town and city in the Netherlands.

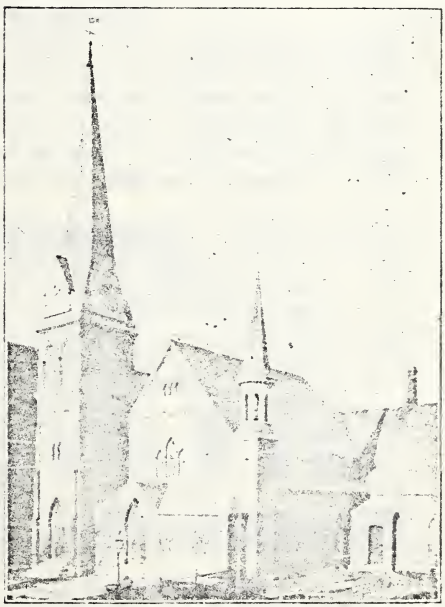
The Plymouth Pilgrims came to America by the way of Holland and neatness and cleanliness were, from the first, characteristics of their home life, and to this day that New England community in which the descendants of the old New England stock predominate affords the best example of these conditions.

As proof of this contention the town of Pittsfield furnishes a convincing illustration. It is Pittsfield, the peerless, because of the number of its individual homes and the manner of their management, and, further, because of the ideals of its community life. It is a town peopled to a surprising extent by descendants of the original stock that came into New Hampshire direct from England, or up from the Massachusetts coast towns. It is well mannered and well managed, preserving the traditions of the past, yet being in the best sense a town of the present. The geographical heart, as it were, of the Suncook River Valley, Nature seems to have made a special effort to create something here out of the ordinary, for the topography is different from the general natural make-up of the state. North, east, south, and west, there is a gradual rise of land; yet this rise is never precipitous nor rugged, but, on the other hand, the descent toward the village is that of the perfect lawn with its divisions of grass, trees and



Approach to Pittsfield from Concord Hill

shrubs. It may be truly said, indeed, that a huge park encircles the town, and this great park is sub-divided into farms, and these as a whole are

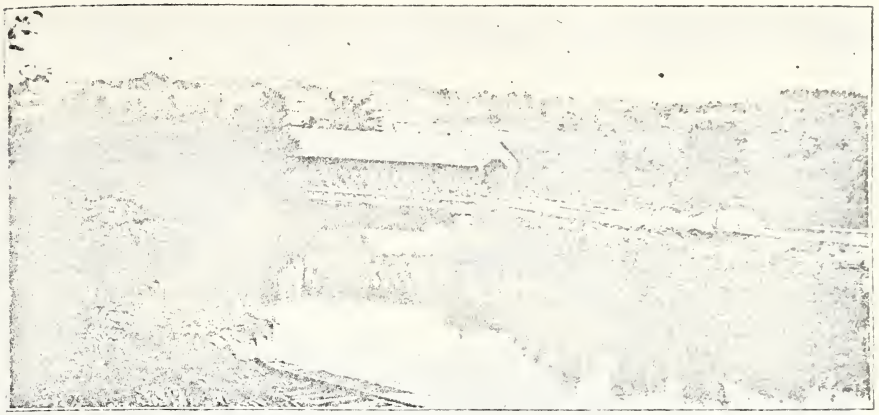


Congregational Church

of the best in all New England, for, large and varied as are the town's commercial and industrial interests, that of farming leads them all, as the Pittsfieldian proudly tells the visitor. This fact in itself speaks well for the economic well balancing of the town.

The population of Pittsfield approaches 3,000 and is steadily increasing. Its own young men and women largely remain at home, finding that opportunity for employment and business that so many, in other sections of New England, seek elsewhere than in their native place. Indeed, Pittsfield is the creation of its own sons and daughters, or those reared in nearby towns. But the latchstring is always out to the newcomer, and in the past few years it has seen many new people take up their abode within its borders. The town has a live and efficient board of trade that is ever ready to supply information respecting the town, and invites correspondence and personal inspection. The president of this board of trade is Frank H. Sargent, M. D., while Herbert B. Fischer is secretary.

Pittsfield is a white and spotless town in more senses than one, but particularly in the sense that one will need a pair of powerful lenses to find a house that requires a coat of paint. If its women do not wash the air the people breathe they are certainly on the alert for a chance speck of dirt



Barnstead Bridge, Across the Suncook River

on sidewalk, step or clapboard, and brush and broom have a vigorous and comprehensive morning use. This town habit of tidiness is not spasmodic and of recent origin, but a portion of its very life and nature, even though a village improvement society is a new or recent feature of its corporate existence.

The town has seven churches, representing as many different denominations, and all these are well sustained, as their respective illustrations show, to the extent of well kept houses of worship at least. In fra-

Second Advent Church

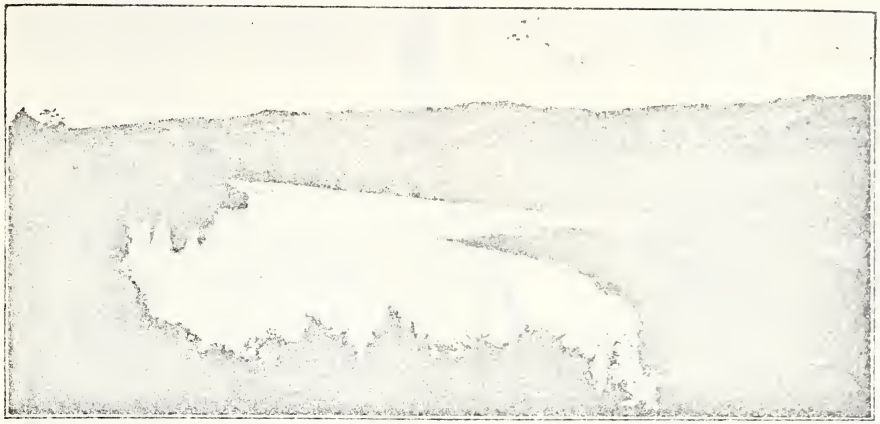
ternal life the town has its Corinthian lodge of Masons, its Suncook lodge and Passaconaway encampment of Odd Fellows, its Knights of Pythias and its Catamount grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

The Suncook Valley railroad brings to it and takes from it four mails a day. Its cotton, shoe, lumber and other mills offer steady and remunerative employment, and the Suncook

Suncook Valley R. R. Station

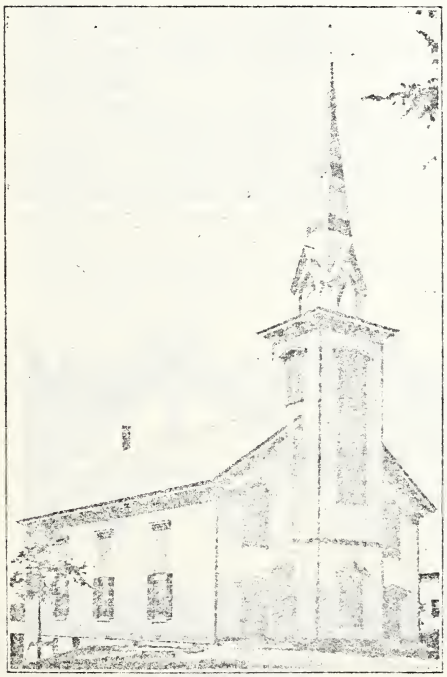
River has yet other undeveloped privileges awaiting the coming of yet other enterprises.

Surely Pittsfield has cause to point with pride to the efficiency of its schools and its school buildings. The stranger wonders how the town could ever afford to erect such substantial structures, but it has and nothing is stinted in their support. In the Josiah Carpenter library the town has a strong and vitalizing auxiliary to its educational system. The building was the gift to Pittsfield of Josiah Carpenter, now of Manchester. The



Berry Pond—Source of Pittsfield's Water Supply

gift was absolute without requirement or condition and hence is all the more appreciated by Pittsfield. The library contains at present 4,000 volumes, but has space for 12,000. Some-



First Baptist Church

thing like 300 books are added each year. The library is open to the public on the afternoons and evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and fortunate, indeed, is the town in having for its librarian that public spirited citizen, Frank S. Jenkins.

The streets and highways of Pittsfield it is safe to say, are such as would meet the approval of the most exacting "good roads advocate." They are wide, clean and free from

Free Will Baptist Church

stone and rubbish. In the present season some two miles of macadam road have been laid.

High up among the hills to the east of the town there spreads out a sheet of water known as Berry pond, which is the source of the town's water supply. Berry pond has no visible inlet, but is fed wholly by springs; neither is there any apparent source of contamination. The

St. Jean Baptiste, Catholic Church and Rectory

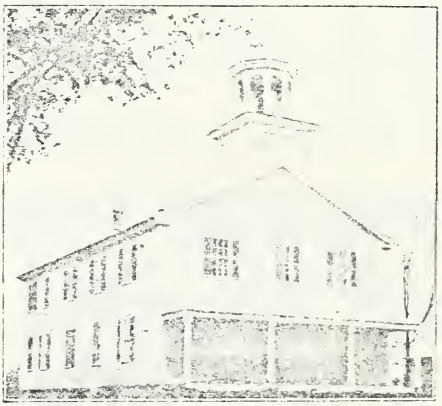
water is cold, clear and pure and of an extent to supply the town should it become of many times its present population. The sewer system of the town is in keeping with its water system, ample and complete in extent and detail.

An efficient and well organized fire department is still another feature of Pittsfield. There is a fire department headquarters and the apparatus comprehends a chemical machine, two

Quaker Church

hose carriages and hook and ladder truck.

A valued agency ever working for the welfare of Pittsfield and its section of the Suncook valley, is the *Valley Times,* a weekly newspaper owned



Old Pittsfield Academy

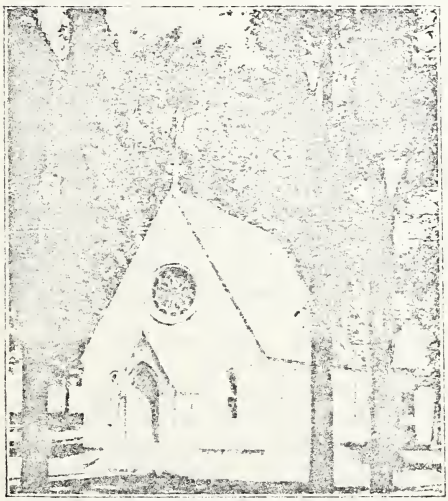
and edited by George Forsaith Mitchell, a son of Laconia, who came to Pittsfield six years ago. The office of the *Times* is exceptionally complete in its equipment for both newspaper and job printing.

The American band of Pittsfield is a successful organization and by its open-air concerts throughout the season adds much to the town's social life.

That Pittsfield is the natural commercial center for its section of the

New Academy—Pittsfield High School

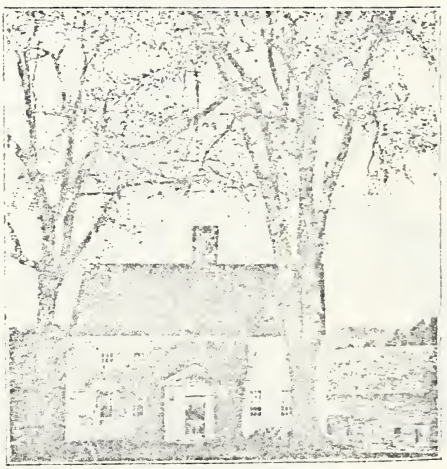
state may be inferred from what has already been said. Its stores are large, well stocked, and thoroughly



St. Stephen's Episcopal Church

representative of the commercial interests of the day. The importance and extent of the town's commercial and financial interests are well illustrated by the fact of her one national and two savings banks.

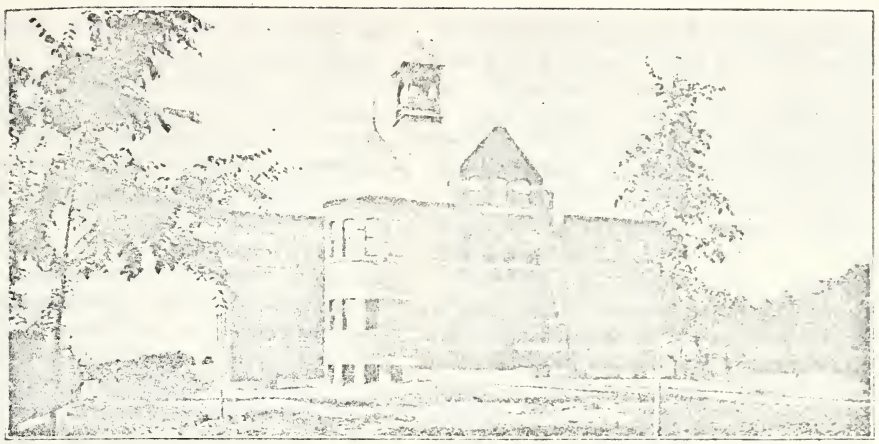
For more than half a century the Pittsfield Savings Bank has stood like a bulwark in the financial life of the whole Suncook valley. In all that time it has withstood the storms that closed the doors of many another New Hampshire bank, nor has it ever failed for an instant to meet every demand made upon it. The bank typifies Pittsfield itself—built just as it should be and directed as a community should be. Solid men of Pittsfield and its vicinity were its



Capt. Asa Bartlett Homestead
Girlhood Home of Grace Fletcher

founders, and like solid men have, to this day, directed its affairs.

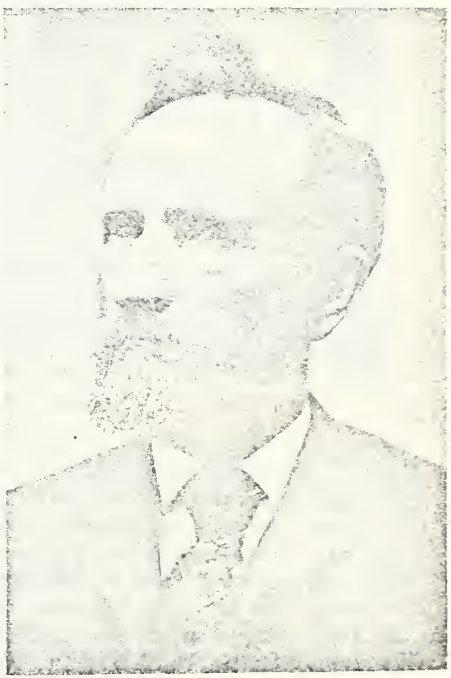
The original incorporators of the bank were thirteen, but that number



Pittsfield Grammar School

has not as yet proved a "hoodoo," and it is very evident that these men had no superstition regarding the fateful "13." Rather has it been a sign of good luck. The original incorporators of the bank in 1855, only two years prior to the hard times of 1857, when many a bank, all over the country, went under, were James A. Treat, John Berry, Benjamin Emerson, Reuben L. French, James Drake, Charles H. Carpenter, Sylvester H. French, G. L. Remick, Lowell Brown, Jeremiah Clough, William G. French, Walter B. Drake, Richard P. J. Tenney. Of these, only one, Charles H. Carpenter of Chichester, is living.

One day in early April, 1834, a mother, with her three weeks' old babe, was placed with solicitous care in a carriage of the time, and a twelve mile journey from Nottingham, the child's birthplace, to Pittsfield was begun. In due time mother and infant reached their destination, one of the now numerous ancestral estates in Pittsfield, and it is safe to venture that the child, at least, was none the worse for the trip, for the blood in its veins was of the purest and strongest, the kind that laid the foundation and built the superstructure of New England and the country. Under the rooftree of his maternal grandsire that child grew into boyhood and into a lusty, hopeful young manhood, attaining man's estate prepared and equipped to engage in life's duties



Sherburn J. Winslow

and responsibilities, and right worthily has he taken up each day's duty and carried it to a successful end, having never known failure or defeat.

That child was Sherburn Josiah

Winslow, whose whole life, save for its first three weeks in Nottingham, has been passed in Pittsfield. To him is Pittsfield indebted for the conception of some of its principal corporate features and private enterprises. From boyhood he was actively engaged in the general affairs of the town and its neighboring territory. As a public school teacher he was a decided success, for that faculty of inspiring ambition in others and of imparting knowledge is a part of the man himself. School teaching was his calling from the year he was nineteen until well into his twenties. His

Residence of Sherburn J. Winslow

life, as such, served well to solidify and develop those traits of system, order and discernment born in him and transmitted from his splendid ancestry of Edward Winslow, the Pilgrim, and business manager, as one would say today, of the Plymouth colony.

Particularly should it be said to the young man of today, that Mr. Winslow was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nor did he have given him the means for a start upon a business career. His parents were thrifty and industrious farmers, typical of their kind, but he is most emphatically the architect of his own career and fortune. The real secret of Mr. Winslow's life is his possession of that faculty called the initiative, the one faculty above all others that characterized the New England Puritan of old and that is so manifest in those of the Winslow lineage wherever found in this country.

Starting in life's work without money, Mr. Winslow at twenty-seven was the possessor of $700, all of which he had saved from teaching school at rarely a higher salary than $15 a month. From teaching he emerged into the ownership of a farm, which, however, was in part given him by his uncle, the late John Sherburn Tilton. This farm he still retains in his possession, though it has not been his home since middle manhood. In this connection it may be said that the first money he earned in teaching was $28, paid him by the town of Deerfield, and of this sum he loaned $24 at six per cent interest and from that day to the present there has never been an hour when he has not had money at interest. His reward for such economy was the power to engage in Pittsfield business affairs.

He early became identified with the

lumber interests of his part of the state, his transactions covering much of New England. It was while thus engaged that he was besought to lay aside his Pittsfield affairs and assume a financial position at once deeply responsible, most exacting, and, at the time, of most uncertain result. This was the acceptance in 1894 of the assistant treasurership of the Exeter Cotton Manufacturing Company. He entered upon this undertaking at a period of great financial and business depression, and when cotton mills all over the country were shutting down

Masonic and Town Halls

or curtailing their output. The Exeter mills had just been rebuilt, new machinery bought, but not installed nor paid for, and three years' interest at six per cent due on the preferred stock. Up to this date Mr. Winslow had not had a day's experience in cotton manufacturing, but he saw, or rather he thought he saw, from the beginning to the end of the whole dismal, discouraging situation. His first move was to inspire confidence, hope and enthusiasm in all concerned, a reënactment as it were of his old-time school teaching life on a larger scale. This point gained, his next step was the securing of money to meet demands that could not be deferred. From one single institution in Massachusetts he borrowed in a lump sum $95,000 and was told that he could have $150,000 if he desired. The new machinery was paid for, installed without delay and set in operation. Noting the demands of the market, he changed the class of goods made by the mills, and in this step scored a brilliant success, for it was the move that won the possibility of an honestly earned dividend. Ever a man of today, not of yesterday, he was never more so than when with the Exeter mills. So successful was he that he was soon made treasurer of the corporation. Under his administration a bleachery was added to the plant and its entire equipment was purchased by Mr. Winslow.

In 1897 he was chosen treasurer of the Pittsfield Savings Bank. For a time he discharged the duties of the two offices; but, having also entered other lines of business, and particularly the resumption of his lumber

interests, he, in 1898, resigned the Exeter mills treasurership and, upon the election of George E. Kent as his successor, returned to Pittsfield, and to this year of 1907 retains the treasurership of the savings bank.

In 1884, he in association with Governor Tuttle and Charles H. Carpenter, set about securing for Pittsfield a town water supply. To this end he made a thorough survey of Berry pond and organized the Pittsfield Aqueduct Company. Under his supervision this, to Pittsfield, most valued water plant was completed and set in operation and for ten years he had its direction. So successful was he in this work that he was called to build the Tilton water works, and, later still, those for the Merrimack county home farm.

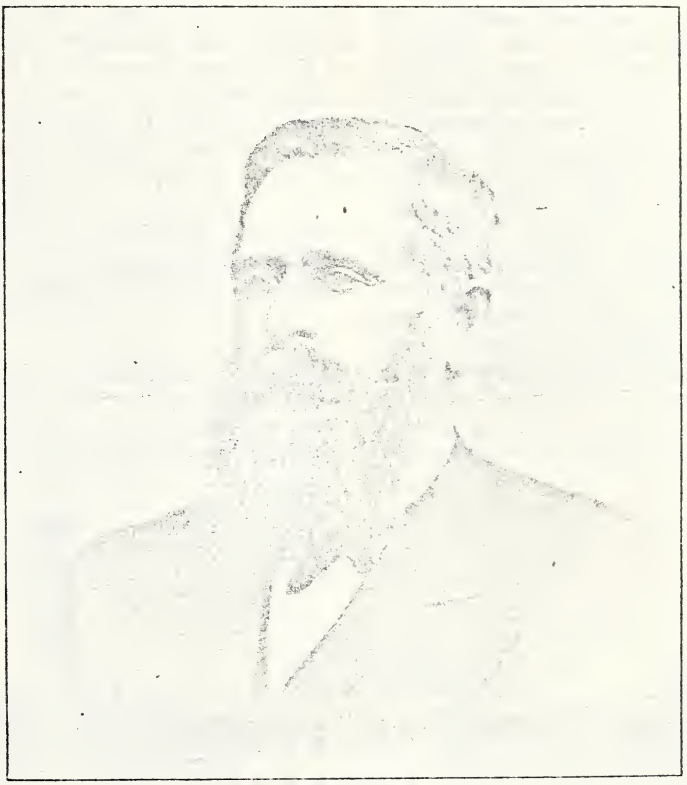
Twice Mr. Winslow has been honored by election to the legislature, but absolutely declined a senatorial nomination. He has filled numerous town offices, and for years has been a director in the Boston, Concord and Montreal railroad. A Republican in politics and Episcopalian in religion, he has for long been a pillar of strength in St. Stephen's church. His residence on Main street is one of the substantial homes of the town, and it contains a large and skillfully collected private library.

Mr. Winslow was born March 16, 1834, the son of Josiah and Ruth (Tucker) Winslow. He married, in March, 1860, Miss Margaret Dennison, a native of Northfield, Vt., but at the date of her marriage a resident of Pittsfield. Two daughters were born of this union, Cora and Nellie. The first married James L. Cook of Pittsfield and the second Frank H. Sargent, M. D., of Pittsfield.

Opera House—Main Street

The town of Barnstead, in the upper Suncook valley, has for years been sending to other communities many a son and daughter to become potent agencies for their betterment and advancement. Fortunately many of the towns and cities of New Hampshire have kept these departing sons and daughters within their limits, and while their worth was lost to the town it was not to the state. In these later days and generations is Pittsfield especially indebted to Barnstead for the gift of her sons and daughters, and among all these there is no name more lovingly mentioned than that of the late John Wheeler, M. D.,

who closed his life work December 21, 1900, after a career of consummate usefulness, and who left the world the better for his having lived. Although Barnstead was his birthplace and Pittsfield his legal residence for many years, in a broader sense he belonged to the whole Suncook valley, for all its people knew that in him was a friend and counselor and one who loved his chosen profession for its own sake.



John Wheeler, M. D.

Born in Barnstead, September 15, 1828, the son of Hazen and Jane (Jewett) Wheeler, his preparatory education was in the Barnstead schools and Gilmanton Academy. At twenty-one he graduated from the Dartmouth Medical School. He attended lectures at the medical school of Bowdoin College, and later further continued his studies at the Berkshire Medical Institute in Pittsfield, Mass., remaining there during two courses of lectures. From Pittsfield, Mass., he returned to his native Barnstead and engaged in practice. His unselfish devotion to his profession, his admiration for its highest designs and the generous spirit that governed his daily life led him to renew student life by pursuing two different post graduate courses at the Harvard Medical School.

In 1875 he located in Pittsfield and made it his home for the rest of his life. His practice was not alone in Pittsfield but included all its neighboring towns and by his skill as physician and worth as a man his life was as the sunshine in many a home.

In 1885 he served the New Hampshire Medical Society as its president and his address on the occasion of its

annual meeting showed his exalted conception of the medical profession and bespoke his own loyalty to the service of his fellow man. This address was later issued in pamphlet form.

During his professional career Dr. Wheeler had over forty students.

Throughout his life his loyalty, fidelity and love for his native Barnstead was never called in question. He was ever ready to speak her praises and respond to her call, and Barnstead in her turn was proud to own him as her son. On the occasion of the centennial of the Congregational meeting-house at Barnstead Parade, June 10, 1896, he gave the historic address.

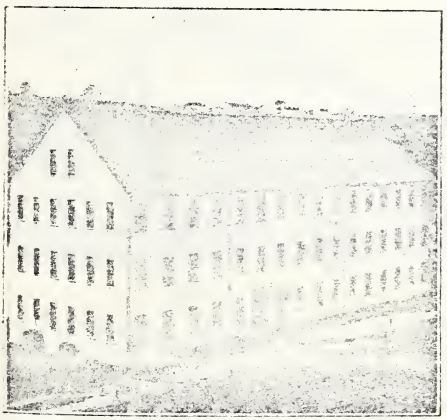
Dr. Wheeler married in 1856, Miss Mary Hall Garland, daughter of William and Mary J. (Hall) Garland, who survives him.

That New Hampshire, and Pittsfield in particular, offers opportunity to the young man of energy, push and the initiative, the equal to those of any other locality, is aptly demonstrated by the achievements of Franklin Pierce Greene, a son of Pittsfield, and one who has never known any other home. Without any other aid than his own well directed hand and brain, Mr. Greene is today a half owner in, and president and manager of, the Pittsfield Shoe Company, one of the most successful plants of its kind in all New England. It gives employment to two hundred people, and is operated to its utmost capacity the full fifty-two weeks of the year. In these very factories now owned and operated by the Pittsfield Shoe Company, Mr. Greene was but a few years ago a workman at the lowest rung of the ladder. He is today only forty-seven years old and does not look even that, yet all his days he has been a prodigious worker, but day by day his work has been well managed and well mannered. In addition to shoe manufacturing interests he is, with his brother, D. S. Greene, and J. S. Rand engaged in the lumber business as the Pittsfield Lumber Company. The firm buys wood lots in New Hampshire and elsewhere, and clears them off, selling the undressed lumber.

Pittsfield Shoe Company

It was on March 27, 1860, that Mr.

Greene was born, the son of David L. and Hannah C. (Tilton) Greene. After a few years' attendance upon the public schools and Pittsfield Academy, he began work as a shoe cutter for C. B. Lancaster & Co., in the factories he now manages. For fourteen years he worked at the bench, all the while advancing in grades of workmanship. In 1895 he formed a partnership with E. P. Hill, as Hill & Greene, and began the manufacture of shoes in a building near the present railroad station. In 1896 the firm leased what is now the No. 2 factory of the Pittsfield Shoe Company and admitted J. A. Rand to partnership. The venture was an immediate success, so much so that more room was required, and it was decided to obtain the present No. 1 factory. In the meantime Mr. Hill had retired from the firm. Mr.



Pittsfield Shoe Co.

Rand had joined Mr. Greene, and in 1903 as the Pittsfield Shoe Co., they purchased the entire C. B. Lancaster property and put into the No. 1 shop a perfect equipment of machinery. The present output of the plant is 10,000 cases of thirty-six pairs each annually of ladies', misses' and children's medium grade shoes.

In his church affiliation Mr. Greene is a Free Will Baptist. In politics he is a Democrat and fraternally an Odd Fellow. He was a member of the last state constitutional convention; but in politics in general he has little interest. He married, in 1881,

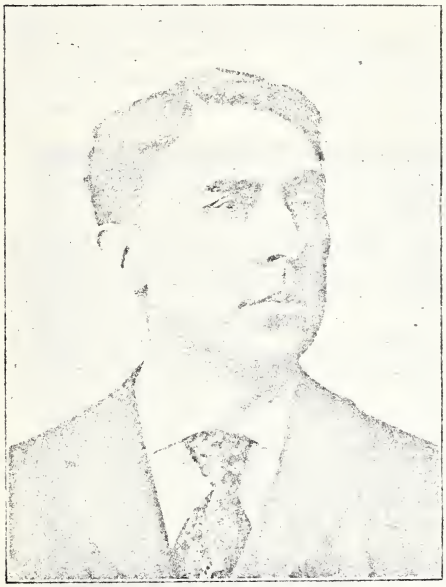
Franklin P. Greene.

Miss Fannie J. Merrill of Gilmanton. Mrs. Greene has charge of the entire stitching rooms in the company's factories and to her Mr. Greene gallantly ascribes much of his own signal success.

A personality that counts largely in the general life of Pittsfield is John S. Rand, for he is not only a merchant, but is extensively engaged in shoe manufacturing and lumber operations. Besides this he is ever ready to participate in affairs that have for their end the welfare of Pittsfield. A man of means, he is nevertheless free from everything that is indicative of exclusiveness and show for the sake of show. He is, indeed, that sort of man the world admires for his solid sense and unaffected manners. For years he has been the chorister at the Congregational church, and the interest he takes in the life of that church is as great today as ever. He is the superintendent of its Sunday school, and

an active factor in its every service. Good sense and naturalness mark his daily life be he on the street or at home.

Like many another present resident of Pittsfield, Mr. Rand was born in Barnstead, the son of Hiram and Harriet N. Rand. His education was acquired in the schools of Barnstead and at the Plymouth State Normal School. With the intention



John S. Rand

of becoming a physician, he entered the medical school of Bowdoin College, but impaired eyesight led to the relinquishment of this purpose. Later he taught school in Alton, Pittsfield and at Deer Island, Boston Harbor. His mercantile career began with the selling of shoes and the opening of a general dry goods store which he now operates. He is the treasurer of the Pittsfield Shoe Co., and a member of the Pittsfield Lumber Co. In 1897 he represented Pittsfield in the state legislature. He married, in 1879, Miss Hattie M. Foote of Pittsfield.

Presumably, few, indeed, are the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY who are not aware that Pittsfield is the home of that former governor of New Hampshire, Hiram Americus Tuttle, for the mention of one brings to mind the other, so long and prominent has been the association of the man with the town. All this suggests the statement that Governor Tuttle is not a "has been" in the public eye. Many are the men who after serving in some office of high degree go into obscurity and are never recalled, except to have some one wonder how they ever came to be elected. But the governorship was but a milestone along Mr. Tuttle's way into the hearts of the people of New Hampshire, for he has ever kept in touch with the live today, and not the dead yesterday.

The stranger in Pittsfield naturally asks first of all as to the traits of the man as he goes to and fro among his neighbors and townsmen, and the reply is always the same; that he is democratic without losing a particle of that true dignity that should belong to every man; that he is sincere in his every word and deed—kind, helpful and whole-souled. An inquisitive stranger in Pittsfield once asked a bystander if Governor Tuttle was democratic. "Oh, no," was the reply, "he's a Republican." In explanation the questioner said he meant "democratic" in a social sense, and then was told that he was the biggest hearted man one could imagine.

Except for the first nine years of his life, passed in his native Barnstead, Pittsfield has always been the home of Mr. Tuttle, though in boyhood and young manhood he lived temporarily in several New Hampshire towns.

From his tenth to his thirteenth year he lived on a farm in Pembroke. "And," said Governor Tuttle to the writer, "it was the best thing that could have happened to me." "Why?" he was asked. "Because it taught me to work," was the reply.

It is proper here to remark that Governor Tuttle from very childhood piloted his own boat, and now that he is close to three score years and ten it must be with extreme satisfaction that he can take a retrospective view of the past and see how well he steered his boat across waters that had but little promise for him in early boyhood. But he tells the secret of how he gained smooth waters and a fair haven in that single statement. "I learned to work."

At fourteen he was a shoemaker in one of those little shops common to so many farmsteads some fifty years ago. Then he became a clerk in a clothing store and improved every opportunity to learn the method of pressing clothes as well as to sell the finished product. The store in which he first worked closed for good at the end of a year and young Tuttle was out of a job. One day, while working for an hour alone in another store, a stranger entered and said he wanted to buy a suit of clothes. The young salesman bent his every faculty to suit the man, when finally the stranger said: "I don't want a suit of clothes; I want to hire you." The stranger was one of the firm of Lincoln & Shaw, Concord clothiers. So the Pittsfield boy agreed to go. On the day of the journey by stage his mother gave him a dollar to pay his fare. It was all the coin he had and to this day Governor Tuttle recalls with all the filial affection of a son the sacrifice that dollar meant to his own sainted mother.

Once installed in the Concord store he devoted his best effort to promote the interests of his employers, and the result was his own speedy advancement. He was soon in other towns selling goods and getting orders, and finally he was back in Pittsfield owning and operating a store of his own. He was the owner of this clothing and furnishing goods store before he had attained his majority. At fifty-three he was elected governor of New Hampshire, but before this he had been three times elected to the council, had served in the lower branch of the legislature and had become a factor in the business affairs of the state.

Residence of Hon. Hiram A. Tuttle

His business interests in this year of 1907 are not only large but varied in their nature; indeed so large and varied are they that one marvels how it ever became possible for this once poor boy to achieve all he has in the past years of his life. He is president and director of the Suncook Valley railroad, president of the Man-

chester Savings Bank, the largest institution of its kind in New Hampshire, president of his own Pittsfield Savings Bank, director in the Concord and Montreal railroad, and prominently identified with many other interests.

His home is one of the beauty spots of his section of New Hampshire and many of the now stately trees that beautify the grounds were planted by Mrs. Tuttle and himself. Mrs. Tuttle before her marriage was Miss Mary C., daughter of the late John L. French of Pittsfield. An only child born of this marriage was named Hattie French, who after her preparatory studies entered Wellesley with the class of 1879. In girlhood and womanhood she was beloved by all Pittsfield, for that naturalness of manner characteristic of her parents dominated her life from day to day. As Mrs. Hattie French Tuttle Folsom she lived for a few years in Massachusetts, finally returning to Pittsfield, where she died May 6, 1905, leaving two sons who now live with their grandparents. The church home of Governor Tuttle is St. Stephen's Episcopal.

In May, 1881, there came to Pittsfield from Concord a young man, then in his early twenties, who was quickly destined to pass from a clerkship into the ranks of Pittsfield's business men, and to enter upon an ever extending business career. This was Newman Durell, whose birthplace and boyhood home was Newmarket. Born July 21, 1857, he is thus in the very prime of life and with the prospect of many a bright day and year before him.

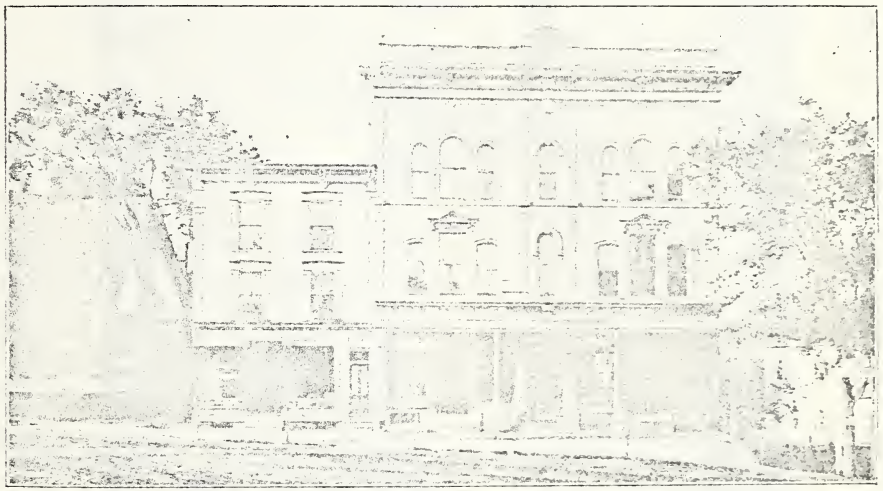
Hon. Newman Durell

The son of Frank W. and Fannie

B. (Tuttle) Durell, his school life was passed in his native Newmarket and at its close he entered the employ of the well-known Newmarket clothing manufacturer, B. F. Haley. From Newmarket he went to Concord and learned the tailor's trade and upon the conclusion of his apprenticeship he came to Pittsfield and entered the employ of Hiram A. Tuttle, who even then was one of the state's leading men of affairs. That he quickly gained the confidence and good opinion of his employer is shown by the fact that after two years Mr. Tuttle admitted him to a partnership in his clothing business, a partnership that has, thus far, continued twenty-four years. In these years Mr. Durell has made himself a familiar and esteemed personality in the New England clothing trade, and not only in New England but in many other states of the Union.

In the political life of New Hampshire Mr. Durell is remembered as a Republican member of the popular branch of the legislature of 1899, in which he was a member of the committee on the state's prison. In the campaign of 1904 he was the Republican candidate for senator from the eleventh district and was elected by the largest majority ever given the party candidate from the district. In the legislative session of 1905 he served on the committees on railroads, of which he was chairman, agriculture, corporations, state's prison, industrial school, and labor, a list of committee appointments clearly indicative of the estimate placed upon his all around abilities.

Mr. Durell is a member of the Masonic fraternity, and in his church affiliation a Congregationalist. In 1886 he married Miss Laura Hobbs of Pittsfield. One son, Richard H., now a student at the Holderness school, was born of this union. Mrs. Durell died March 22, 1895. A second marriage was with Miss Belle Z. Hodgdon of Pittsfield, on August 28, 1902.



H. A. Tuttle Co.'s Building

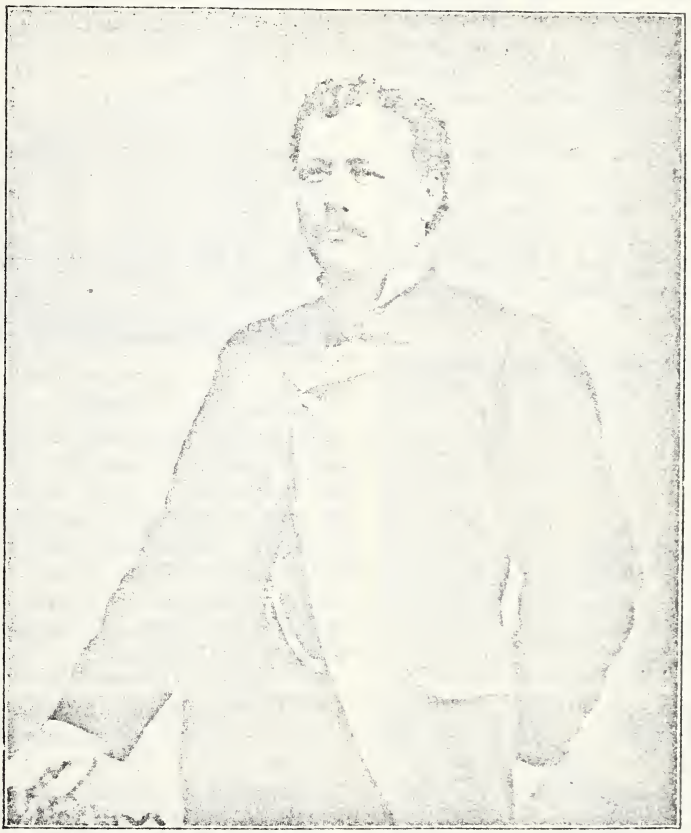
In 1876 there came to Pittsfield for permanent residence a young man of twenty-eight, who in succeeding years played an important part in the general affairs of the town and made for himself an honored place in its history. This was John A. Goss, born in Epsom, August 26, 1847, and whose death, February 3, 1903, is

poignantly mourned by all Pittsfield to this day.

Upon the close of his Epsom school days he began his career as a carriage manufacturer and this fondness for his initial calling he never relinquished, although secondary to other business interests.

It was as cashier of the Pittsfield National Bank that Mr. Goss first became prominently identified with the town's business interests. His predecessor in this position was Josiah Carpenter, now of Manchester. Into his new position Mr. Goss threw his whole resourceful energy and aptitude, and under his administration as cashier for more than a quarter century the bank enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity.

In 1884 he organized the Farmers' Savings Bank of Pittsfield, to which institution he gave his best service and talent, and in which he felt an especial pride to the end of his life, serving as its treasurer from the date of its incorporation to the close. For a full decade Mr. Goss was Pittsfield's treasurer and in like capacity cared for the school fund. Every interest that was for the town's good enjoyed in him a friend and helper, and the community was ever the better and stronger because of his living in its midst.

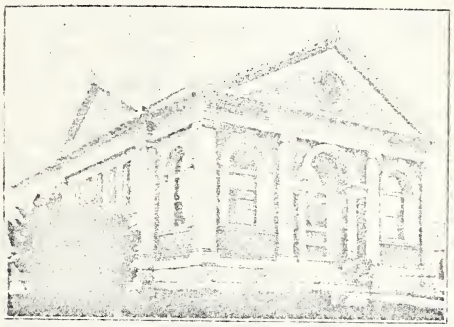


John A. Goss

In 1893 he was a member of the state legislature and in that year also he was appointed one of the New Hampshire representatives to the Chicago Columbian exposition. Of

wide acquaintance in state financial and business circles he is remembered as a man of sound judgment, of wise discernment, a kindly nature and beneficent spirit.

On June 15, 1869, Mr. Goss married Miss Electa A., daughter of the venerable Charles H. Carpenter of Chichester, one of Merrimack county's most widely known residents, who though an octogenarian



Josiah Carpenter Library

in this year of 1907, is yet active in the direction of his many business interests. To Mr. and Mrs. Goss three children were born. The eldest of these, Charles Carpenter Goss, is cashier of the Merchants' National Bank of Dover and treasurer of Strafford county; a daughter, Clara H. M., became the wife of Herbert B. Fischer of Pittsfield and died September 22, 1906; a second son, William Abbott, graduated at the Holderness school in 1906.

In the first annals of Pittsfield is to be found the family name of Drake and in every generation since descendants of the first of the name have been prominent in its affairs. The founder of the family in Pittsfield was that Maj. James Drake who as a young man full of enterprise, hope and ambition, sought out its pleasant lands for a home, but postponed his labors at the very start to go and fight for the country's independence. Upon the close of the Revolutionary War he returned to Pittsfield and became active in its upbuilding. His son, James, grew to manhood on the ancestral estate and became a colonel of the New Hampshire militia and prominent in the affairs of the town. A son born to Col. James and his wife, Betsey (Seavey) Drake, was named Nathaniel Seavey and it is he who is the subject of this sketch. He was born September 16, 1851, and after his school life he entered the clothing trade, having a decided aptitude for business. From the clothing store he became an employé of the United States and Canada Express Company and later of the American, filling positions of trust and responsibility in Concord and Boston. The coming to Pittsfield of the C. B. Lancaster Shoe Company was the means of his returning to Pittsfield, and with this corporation he remained for twelve

Nathaniel S. Drake

years, the last six as superintendent of factories. During his superintendency the corporation did the largest single business ever known in Pittsfield, the pay-roll aggregating $4,000 weekly. After the departure from

Pittsfield of the C. B. Lancaster Shoe Co., he formed the Hill & Drake Shoe Co., it later becoming the Drake & Sanborn Shoe Co. Over fifty people were employed and these were the first manufacturing enterprises in Pittsfield to be formed by local men and operated by local capital.

In many of Pittsfield's business interests Mr. Drake has been prominent. He has served as treasurer of the town and as moderator. As a director of the National and trustee of the Farmers' Savings Bank, as clerk of both the aqueduct and gas companies, since their formation, as a member of the board of trade and library association he has been a factor for the community's good. At the present time Mr. Drake is in the real estate business, his operations covering the entire state.

March 17, 1873, he married Miss Mary A. R., daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth (Chase) Green of Pittsfield. Two children, James Frank and Agnes were born to them. The son, after graduation from Dartmouth, became the secretary of the Springfield (Mass.) board of trade and continues as such, having proved himself an ideal executive officer. He is also a vice president of the Massachusetts state board of trade and member of its executive council. The daughter lives at home. She was the salutatorian of her class in Pittsfield high school and later graduated from Lasell, Auburndale, Mass., and is a present member of the local school board.

In politics Mr. Drake is a Democrat, and the church home of the family is St. Stephen's Episcopal.

A splendid illustration of what it is possible for a young man to accomplish in Pittsfield and New Hampshire, under the most adverse circumstances of birth and boyhood, is found in the career of that representative Pittsfield man and merchant, Alvin William Sanders. He sought his opportunity in Pittsfield and finding it made use of it and his has, in truth, been a brilliant success. Fidelity to a purpose, backed by industry, sound judgment, and a never wavering integrity have been the factors in his career. Mr. Sanders was born in Pittsfield, October 5, 1850. His parents were William and Adaline (Reynolds) Sanders. The family home was a farm carried on at the "halves,"

Alvin W. Sanders

and at an early age the son was given a share of the work to do, between school terms. He early went to work in the Pittsfield cotton mills. At twenty-one he found employment as an attendant in the state hospital at Concord. A total of eleven years' service was given at the hospital when he returned to Pittsfield and the farm the family had for so long cultivated on shares became his by purchase, and this one of the best farms in Pittsfield. After two years at farming he sold the estate to his brother and soon after engaged in the grocery, flour and grain business, as partner with the late A. A. Balch. A year later he bought his partner's

Residence of Alvin W. Sanders

interest and since then has continued alone, building up a business that is one of the largest in Pittsfield. Not only does Mr. Sanders own his store, but the spacious building in which he is located. His residence on Manchester street is large and attractive in its every feature.

Mr. Sanders in fraternal orders is an Odd Fellow, belonging to the lodge, encampment, Patriarchs Militant and Rebecahs. He is also a member of the Masonic order. He is a strong pillar in the Freewill Baptist church and treasurer of the society. He is a trustee and auditor of the Pittsfield Savings Bank, a director of the Pittsfield National Bank and treasurer of the board of trade. In 1873 he married Miss Augusta Sanborn of Salisbury.

It was in 1861 that Henry W. Osgood embarked in business on his own account in his native Pittsfield, and from that memorable year to the present his name has been on the list of the town's business men and merchants. In all these years his has been a personality that counted for the good of Pittsfield and the whole Suncook valley, for his is no circumscribed nature. He has seen beyond the circle of his own particular calling and identified himself with the whole life of the community. Thus it has been, and is today, that the church finds him a willing helper, the educational interests a warm supporter, and the corporate life of the

Henry W. Osgood

town an earnest citizen. He has, and has had for years, a hobby—the study of ornithology—and few men in New Hampshire are his superiors in

knowledge of this phase of natural history. A carefully prepared lecture on "Birds of Prey: Their Value to the Farmer," has been given by him before many organizations in the state, and he has never as yet been called a "nature fakir." Taxidermy he took up for its own sake and today he has a comprehensive collection of birds, both large and small.

Born in Pittsfield, October 9, 1842, he attended the local schools and Gilmanton Academy with the intention of entering college, but continued ill health compelled the giving up of the idea. Upon leaving school he studied photography and in 1861 opened a studio in Pittsfield. In 1875 he added to this the furniture business and both he continues to this day. For nine years he served on the school board and seven of these as treasurer, for which service he never received a cent. For years he has been a warden of the Congregational church and for twenty-six years was librarian of its Sunday school. Together with the late E. L. Carr, M. D., and F. E. Randall, he suggested the idea of the present high school system of the town. As a member of the Masonic order he served for sixteen years as secretary of Corinthian lodge and four years as its master. He is also an Odd Fellow. He married in 1866 Frances H. Tilton of Pittsfield. Two daughters were born to them, one of whom died at the age of eight years. The other, Annie True Osgood, is a valued member of Pittsfield's social life.

One of the two representatives from Pittsfield in the last legislature was Herbert Brainerd Fischer, who served as a member and clerk of the committee on retrenchment and reform. His election to the legislature as a Republican from a town in which the party political strength is closely balanced came to him without the expenditure of a single dollar. He won on merit and the recognition by his townsmen of his fitness, disinterestedness and worth. The fact that he is only in his early thirties and that he had been in Pittsfield and New Hampshire only six years at the time of his election, further emphasizes this estimate of Pittsfield voters.

But Mr. Fischer had already received repeated honors from his townsmen prior to his election to the

Herbert B. Fischer

legislature. Twice he had been town treasurer, made a director of Pittsfield academy and elected to positions in semi-public local corporations. In the legislature Mr. Fischer was no cipher. An ardent Republican he nevertheless placed the welfare of state and people above party. He introduced and stood sponsor for the $3 per diem juror bill which was enacted into law and all legislation that had the betterment of the state for its object found in him an earnest worker. His every natural trait, his temperament, and his innate earnestness of purpose admirably qualify

him for any service of a public nature.

As a citizen of Pittsfield he is active in all that pertains to the town's welfare, lending a willing hand to each and every project designed to make Pittsfield a pleasanter place to live in. He has talent and taste for music, and these take form in an ability to play the piano and organ, and he is the present organist in the local Congregational church.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., July 26, 1872, he is the son of Anson B. and Carrie F. Fischer. Upon reaching manhood he entered the employ of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company as a clerk. In 1900 he married Miss Clara H. M. Goss, daughter of the late John A. and Electa A. Goss of Pittsfield. Shortly after his marriage he made Pittsfield his home, becoming identified with the Pittsfield National and Farmers' Savings banks, and so continues to this day.

On September 22, 1906, Mrs. Fischer, who in childhood and womanhood had the love of all Pittsfield, passed away. Two children, both boys, had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, one rests with her in beautiful Floral Park Cemetery and the other lives to brighten and make glad the home of his father.

On May 8, 1905, there died in Pittsfield at the age of eighty-eight years one who for sixty years had been a resident and a wise and active promoter of its general interests. This was Lewis Bunker, who belonged not alone to Pittsfield but to all the Suncook valley. A native of Tuftonborough, born in January, 1817, the son of Silas and Betsey (Jackson) Bunker, he passed his boyhood in his native town. His mother was a cousin of President Andrew Jackson. In early manhood he learned the cabinetmaker's trade and for two years lived in Reading, Mass., and then located in Pittsfield, where he ever after had his home. His life's business calling was that of an undertaker. He was one of those men who by nature endeared himself to others, for his conception of life was broad and catholic. For his more than sixty years' residence in Pittsfield he was a zealous worker in the Congregational church, and it is told of him that he rarely absented himself from a Lord's day service. July 18, 1842, he married Miss Jane S. Osgood and the couple lived to see

Lewis Bunker

that rare event in human life, their diamond wedding anniversary. Mrs. Bunker died in 1903. For more than fifty years the family home was in the same house, and it is still the home of a daughter, Mrs. Myra B. Hurst. In 1868 Mr. Bunker joined Corinthian lodge, A. F. & A. M., and at the date of his death was the oldest Mason in Pittsfield.

Sargent Hall, the home of Frank H. Sargent, M. D., was known until it came into possession of Dr. Sargent, as Mountain View Farm. It is one of the most delightfully located estates in all New Hampshire. From the site views are had of the summit

Sargent Hall

and western slope of the "Catamount" and the broad valleys below. It is but a short mile from the Suncook valley railroad station, over a gradual rise, and passing estates of great beauty and interest.

Upon the purchase of the property by Dr. Sargent the stately mansion was installed with steam heat, hot and cold water, bathrooms, long distance telephones and every desirable requisite.

The especial purpose of Sargent Hall is a place for the care and treatment of those afflicted with alcoholic and narcotic inebriety, under a system adopted and put into practice by Dr. Sargent after years of study and research. It is in no sense a "Keeley cure," as it is radically different from that system. Dr. Sargent is a native of Pittsfield, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1889, with an extensive post graduate course in New York City. Dr. Sargent contends that alcoholic and narcotic inebriety are results of a diseased condition of the nervous system, rather than the outgrowth of vicious habits, and the wholesome influence of environment and association are called upon to contribute, along with the special medical treatment, to a complete recovery. Each patient receives from Dr. Sargent his personal attention and he does not hesitate to guarantee a complete removal of all desire for liquor or drugs in from four to six weeks, provided honest compliance has been made with his prescribed treatment.

Sargent Hall is conducted on the

Frank H. Sargent, M. D.

principle of a home, in the highest conception of the word. All told there are 250 acres in the estate, af-

fording opportunity for walks and rambles free from streets and roads, and nothing is spared to promote the comfort and pleasure of the patient. The success of the institution since its inception has abundantly justified its creation.

Of Dr. Sargent personally, it may be said that as a general practitioner he ranks with the most successful physicians in the state. Naturally fond of research and investigation, his specialty as outlined in the description of Sargent Hall is the culmination of deep analytical study and just reasoning—the discovery of a means to an end. His willingness to stake his reputation as man and physician illustrates his faith and candor. The most advanced thought in science today agrees with him that inebriety is a disease and that it can be successfully treated by the employment of scientific agencies.

William H. Brown is one of Pittsfield's leading merchants and most popular younger business men. While not of Pittsfield birth the town has nevertheless been his home since he was four years old. He was born in Hampton Falls, February 7, 1875, the son of George D. and Mary I. Brown, and both parents are yet living in Pittsfield. After passing through the several grades of the Pittsfield schools, he selected pharmacy as his life calling, and to this end worked in Pittsfield, Concord and Manchester. In 1901 he began business on his own account in Pittsfield and his is today one of the largest and best stocked pharmacies in the Suncook valley. Mr. Brown is a member of Pittsfield's board of trade and a citizen who is alert to the town's best interests. He is this year worshipful master of Corinthian lodge, A. F. & A. M., and is a member of Suncook lodge, I. O. O. F.

The medical fraternity in Pittsfield and the Suncook valley has a valued representative in Albion Hubbard French, who is also thoroughly representative of New Hampshire's best citizenship. Born in Gilmanton, March 27, 1849, he was the son of Thomas H. and Sarah Ann S. R. (Brown) French. When only three years old he was bereft of both parents and thenceforth he was a mem-

Albion H. French, M. D.

ber of his grandfather's household. His preparatory education was obtained in the Gilmanton schools, Pembroke and Pittsfield academies, Northwood Seminary and Gilmanton Academy. After a year's course in languages under Prof. E. R. Avery of Gilmanton he entered the medical department of the University of Vermont, continuing there for four years. He also studied with Dr. Naham Wight at Gilmanton, being his one hundred and third student. He still further pursued his medical studies in New York City. In 1875 he located in Epsom, remaining for eight years, when he went to Leominster, Mass., where he practised four years. In 1892 he located in Pittsfield and

Residence of Albion H. French, M. D.

in the years since has built up an extensive practice.

Dr. French has ever held an ardent love for his native Gilmanton, and is today the owner of Pioneer Farm in that town. The estate contains 400 acres and includes his own homestead farm. The entire area is carefully and intelligently carried on under the direction of Dr. French. A Republican in politics, Dr. French served as a member of the school board for nine years, three of which as chairman.

He married in 1892 Miss Lila M. Thompson of Chichester.

It has been Pittsfield's great good fortune in these recent years to secure as permanent residents a goodly number of men from beyond her borders. One among these is Charles V. Dudley, esteemed throughout the Suncook valley for his all around worth as man and citizen.

Born in the adjoining town of Barnstead, January 2, 1838, a son of William and Harriet Dudley, he passed his boyhood and school life in his native town. At the age of sixteen he began an apprenticeship to the shoemaker's trade. In 1862 he went to Concord where he accepted a position in the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, now known as the State Hospital. After a service of eight years in different capacities he left the hospital and engaged in business in Concord, but after an interval returned to the hospital as clerk and steward, remaining for four years, when, in 1879, he was offered and accepted the office of superintendent of the Brooklyn General Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. This important and highly responsible posi-

Charles V. Dudley

Residence of Charles V. Dudley

tion he filled for twenty years, discharging its delicate and exacting duties with wise discretion, tact and skill. The value of his services at the Brooklyn institution are demonstrated by a testimonial from the officers and trustees, presented upon his retirement. This testimonial is signed by men then and now among New York's leaders in finance, business and philanthropy.

Leaving Brooklyn in 1899, he passed the summer in his native Barnstead; the succeeding winter in California. After that year he alternated his summers and winters between Barnstead and Concord until 1904, when he bought a two-acre tract in Pittsfield and built his present charming home, where he lives in quiet retirement, yet maintains an interest in the general life of town and nation.

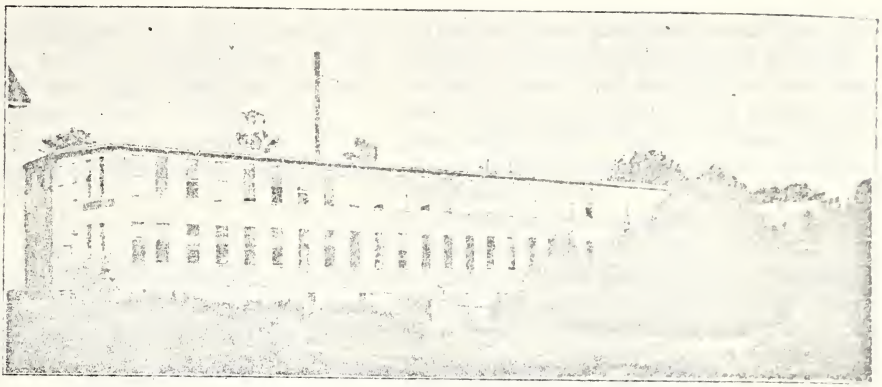
Mr. Dudley, in 1865, married Miss Diana P. Miller, a native of Hartland, Vt., but at the time a resident of Concord. A son born of this union died in infancy. Mrs. Dudley died in Brooklyn in 1881 and is buried in Concord. Mr. Dudley is a member of the Concord Universalist church and is a Republican in politics.

One of the most recent of Pittsfield's industries is that one established by P. Jay Donnelly in May, 1905, for the production of wood specialties, especially toilet cabinets and medicine chests.

At the start four men were em-

P. J. Donnelly

ployed, while in 1907 the number has increased to twenty-five, and never from the day of starting the plant has a man been laid off for an hour



F. B. Adams Shoe Company

from lack of orders. Practically all of the articles made had their origin and invention with Mr. Donnelly. As most of the articles produced are made of hard woods, his factory affords a growing market for Pittsfield and New Hampshire farmers and lumbermen. Mr. Donnelly came to Pittsfield from New York and was formerly a traveling salesman, covering Vermont and New Hampshire.

Among the more recent and important additions to the list of Pittsfield's business men and manufacturers is Frederick B. Adams, who came to the town from Lynn, Mass., in July, 1906, to engage in shoe manufacturing. He is one of New Hampshire's youngest shoe manufacturers, but young as he is he owes his financial success to his own skill, foresight and ability. His extensive plant is devoted to the production of English barefoot sandals in welts, turns and stitchdowns, and specialty shoes, novelties that are fast becoming popular.

Mr. Adams was born in the village of South Royalton, Vermont, May 12, 1872, and named Frederick Billings after the builder of the Northern Pacific railroad, a native and resident of Woodstock, Vt. The parents of Mr. Adams were Frederick B. and Mary (Doe) Adams. In childhood his parents removed to West Windsor, Vt., and later to Pembroke, N. H., which town remained the family home until the death of both parents. Upon the close of his school life Mr. Adams went to Chicago and entered the employ of the Wells-Fargo Express Company. After some years of successful business life in the West he returned East and settled in Boston and entered the shoe jobbing trade, and from that became a shoe manufacturer in Lynn. Desiring to increase his business he found his opportunity in Pittsfield, with the result that today he owns a building

Frederick B. Adams

and plant that are in every way finely adapted to the requirements of the business and that bids fair to give employment soon to 100 people.

Mr. Adams was married in 1899 to Miss Anna V. Sheehan of East Lebanon.

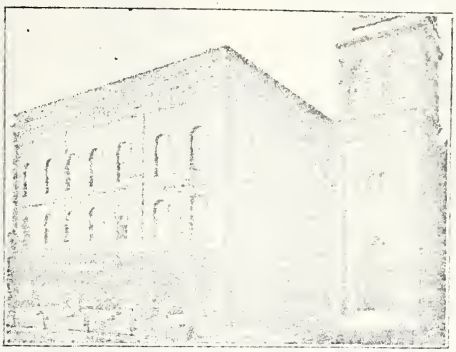
For nearly forty years a valued personality in Pittsfield has been Alburn L. Page, who is one of those genuine sons of New England, capable and willing to assume the work of the hour. For sixteen years he was identified with Pittsfield's fire department as assistant chief and chief. Throughout New Hampshire he is known and esteemed for the prominence of his services as an Odd Fellow and in local and state Odd Fellowship he has been honored repeatedly by election to office in the order. Among these positions was that of grand patriarch of the grand encampment, grand representative to the sovereign grand lodge, and trustee of the state Odd Fellows' Home. Mr. Page is also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

Alburn L. Page

Born in the neighboring town of Epsom, March 20, 1847, the son of James D. and Elizabeth P. (Locke) Page, he went to Pittsfield in 1871 and has ever since been a resident of the town. His first work in the town was in one of its shoe factories, but he early engaged in lumber manufacturing as the junior member of the firm of Evans & Page, and with the lumber business he has ever since been identified. His earlier partner, the late William C. Evans, whose daughter he married, was an honored man of affairs in Pittsfield, con-

tinuing in active service close to his ninetieth year with his mental faculties scarcely impaired.

Mr. and Mrs. Page, who were married December 11, 1874, have had four children, one of whom died in infancy. A son, William J., lives in Haverhill. A daughter, Dora Evans, is a graduate of the State Normal School and a Pittsfield teacher. A second son, Albert E., also lives in Pittsfield.



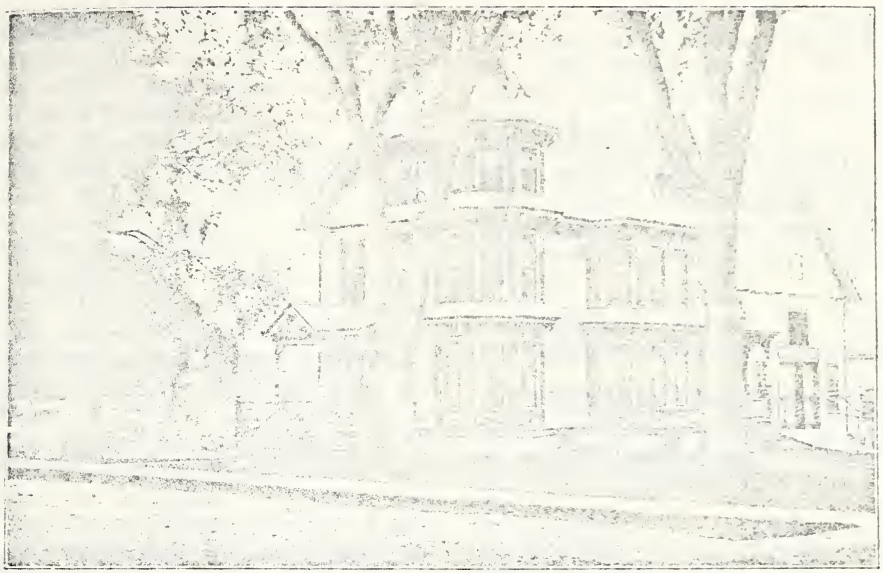
Union Block—I. O. O. F. Hall

One of the soldiers in the war for independence from Barnstead was Dea. Ebenezer Nutter, descendants of whom are in this day carrying on the work in New Hampshire which the fathers so worthily began. A grandson is Matthew Harvey Nutter of Pittsfield, born there July 6, 1858, a son of Franklin C. and Susan E. On the conclusion of his school life in Pittsfield and after learning the tinsmith's trade he studied in the Concord high school. In 1887 he began business on his own account and has so continued to this day, owning today one of the largest general hardware stores in his part of the state. His lines include steam and hot water heating, plumbing, and everything in that line for the home, stable, barn and workshop.

Mr. Nutter is a working force in all those interests that have for their end the advancement of Pittsfield's moral, social and educational life. At the age of twenty-six he was made a deacon in the Congregational church and holds the office to this day, and has been clerk of the same for an equal number of years. For three years he was chairman of the board of education. In fraternal life he is an Odd Fellow.

May 8, 1883, he married Miss Minerva J. Merrill of Deerfield. Eight children were born of this union, seven of whom are living and constitute a family that adds much to Pittsfield's life. The eldest son, Carl N., graduated from Brown University in 1906 and took a post graduate course through 1907, when he received the degree of A. M. The second son, Lewis H., is a member of the senior class in Brown University, while the eldest daughter, Helen R., is a member of the junior class in Mt. Holyoke College. It is a rare circumstance in any community, no matter how large, when three children of the same family are in college, as has been the case with that of Mr. and Mrs. Nutter.

Matthew H. Nutter



Residence of Edward A. Lane

In Edward A. Lane Pittsfield not only has a lawyer known throughout the state's legal circles, but a citizen who is alert to its every interest. He is public-spirited, broad-minded and kind-hearted, faithful and true in all the relations of life.

Among Pittsfield's own sons who are doing much for her present material growth and welfare is Howell Alvah Potter, who is now serving his fourth consecutive term as a member of the board of selectmen. Born at the "old homestead" farm, Pittsfield, Upper City, November 20, 1866, his education was acquired in the district school, Pittsfield Academy and the New Hampton Commercial College. At the age of sixteen he taught school in the town of Barnstead and, early in life, showed mechanical and constructive ability, taking up the trade of watchmaking and engraving, starting a jewelry business at the age of seventeen in which he was very successful for twelve years. During this time Mr. Potter was interested and active in musical and dramatic circles, conducting an orchestra and band.

In 1891 he married Bertha B. Butman of Bradford, and they have

Howell A. Potter

three children: Waldo Butman, Olive Berry and John Alvah.

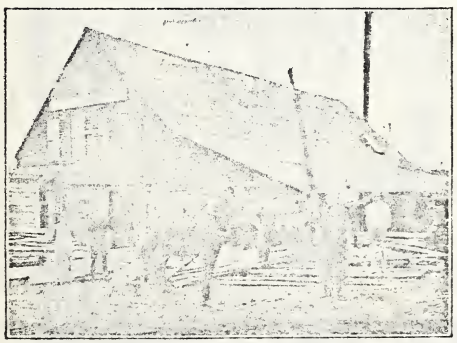
After several years in business he gratified his desire to travel across the States and, the charms of South-

ern California having attracted his attention, he came back and sold his business and removed to San Diego, building himself a home on a beautiful spot on Point Loma, where he resided for about two years. During this time he was interested in real estate and held a position in charge of the watch department in a large jewelry establishment.

In 1897 Mr. Potter returned to assist his father at the home farm and soon added the real estate business, in which he was so successful that in a few years the demands were sufficient to induce him to relinquish farming and purchase a home in the village. This estate on the Fair View Road is beautiful in every way, shaded by a pleasing variety of trees and surrounded by lawns and gardens.

Mr. Potter's realty business covers the entire Suncook valley, and that his activity in this work is of great advantage to the welfare of Pittsfield goes without saying. There is one hobby to which he has devoted much time and study since boyhood, the art of constructing a fine violin, and having had the opportunity of copying some of the fine old masterpieces, a visit to his workshop would be interesting to lovers of the king of musical instruments.

In the F. E. Abbott lumber mill is



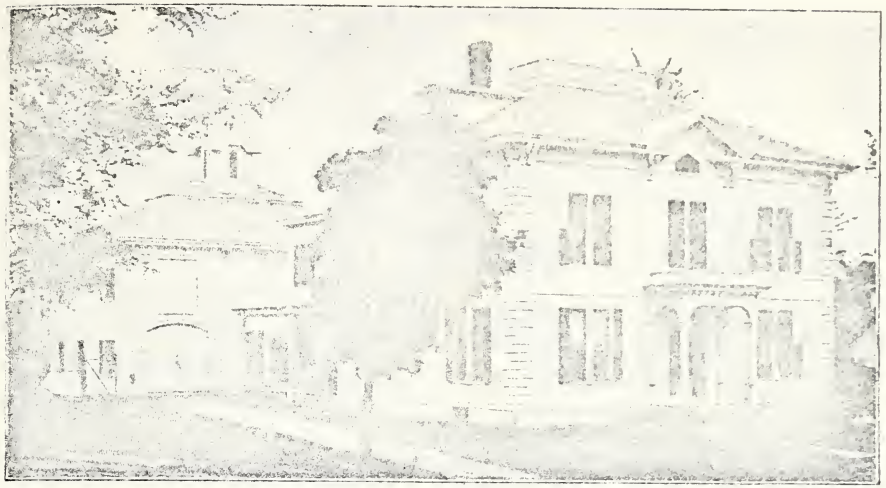
F. E. Abbott's Mill

a successful Pittsfield manufacturing interest. Some dozen skilled workmen are employed in the production of shingles, box shooks, interior finish and hard wood flooring. The mill makes a home market for all descriptions of lumber, but more particularly of fine and soft woods. The plant is splendidly equipped with the latest designs in machinery and Mr. Abbott is one who has the skill and experience to direct its operation with success.

Conspicuous among the younger merchants in Pittsfield is Mayland P.

Mayland P. Foss

Foss, whose jewelry and optical goods store is among the largest of its kind in the entire Suncook valley. He is Pittsfield born and reared and the town has ever been his home. His father was the late George N. Foss, a long time Pittsfield merchant, and his mother, Susan (Leavitt) Foss. At the conclusion of his school days the son entered his father's store, going later to Waltham, Mass., to learn the jeweler's trade. On the completion of his apprenticeship he returned to Pittsfield and entered business on his own account. At the time he was only twenty-two and was



Residence of Geo. D. Merrill

the youngest merchant in Pittsfield, as he continues to be in this year of 1907. His business record is one of continuous success and expansion.

In 1905–06 he was town clerk. In fraternal life he has membership in the local lodge of Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and the Grange. He is a past chancellor of the K. of P. His church home is the Free Will Baptist and in politics he is a Republican. His natal day was April 24, 1878. In 1902 he married Miss Blanche James of Pittsfield. Mr. and Mrs. Foss have a charming home on Blake Street, the grounds of which are adorned with a profusion of flowers and plants.

One of the largest of Pittsfield's numerous manufacturing interests is the George D. Merrill Shoe Company. The factory and its entire equipment of machinery are of the best. The entire management of the corporation is in the hands of George D. Merrill, one of Pittsfield's representative men, popular alike with those in his employ and the public at large.

A veteran merchant in Pittsfield is Peabody H. Adams and he is withal

Residence of Peabody H. Adams

"The Orchard"—Residence of John T. Harvey

a man and citizen who has in highest degree the esteem and regard of the entire town. In all the years that he has been a merchant he has met every demand and promise. In these later years of his life, he passes much of his time in a well-earned retirement, leaving the active management of the extensive grocery, flour and grain store of P. H. Adams & Son to the oversight of the son.

Few men are better known in New Hampshire horticultural circles than is John T. Harvey of Pittsfield. His beautiful home, "The Orchards," is one of the sights of rural life in the town. Here are upwards of 600 apple trees and Mr. Harvey's skill as a fruit grower is shown by many loaded trees in this lean apple year of 1907. But not all of Mr. Harvey's activities are confined to fruit culture; he is likewise a valued factor in the life of the town, participating in the general affairs and ever ready to put his shoulder to the wheel to help along every worthy project.

Though at present a resident of the capital city, that he may more conveniently perform the duties of the office of Grand Keeper of Records and Seals for the New Hampshire Knights of Pythias, which position he has held since 1904, Edward K. Webster is essentially a Pittsfield man, having spent thirty-two years of active business life in the town. Mr. Webster is

Edward K. Webster

a native of Boscawen, born August 5, 1848, a son of Dr. Eliphalet K. and Emily Webster. Three of his four grandparents were of the Webster blood and name, Sarah, his maternal grandmother, being a sister of Daniel

Webster. He was educated at Boscawen and Pembroke academies and at the Putnam School in Newburyport, Mass. He commenced business in Pittsfield as a druggist, in January, 1872, and remained there continuously until his removal to Concord, as above stated, in 1904, taking an active part in the business and social life of the town. He served several years as a trustee of the public library, and has been prominent in political life as a Democrat. He served as a delegate in the last Constitutional Convention, and was the Democratic candidate for treasurer of Merrimack County at the last election, receiving a larger vote than any other nominee of his party on the ticket. He has been many years a member of the Democratic State Committee, and was for eight years a deputy sheriff for Merrimack County, having been appointed by Sheriff Norton. He has long been prominent in the order of the Knights of Pythias, having passed the chairs in the grand lodge, and served as supreme representative in 1888.

NOTE:—Practically all of the half tones in this article on Pittsfield were made from photographs taken by that veteran photographer of Pittsfield, Henry W. Osgood, whose studio has been a feature of the town and the Suncook Valley for almost a half century.

A Summer Picture

By Mary H. Wheeler

Under the pine trees by the Suncook river,
  Where the bright water from the dam below
Frets the green margin with recessive quiver,
  Tremulent at finding aught to stay its flow;

Here, on the ledges where the moss is creeping,
  Feeling its way along the lichened stone;
Here let us rest and, each care quiescent keeping,
  Breathe Summer's calm till we make it our own.

Hark! there's a catbird in the alders singing,
  Mimicking the robin who sings his song of rain,
Now wilder notes, like the bob-o-link's, outflinging,
  Pausing to mew ere he finishes the strain.

Over the river the birches are bending,
In the pale green of their earlier attire;
Beauty and gracefulness airily lending
To the dark background of trees that grow higher.

There leaps a fish; did you see it? In this quarter
Where the first pine casts its shadow on the clear,
See how the circles of ripple on the water
Whisper the tale in their outward career!

Listen, O Suncook, while we sing thy praises!
Surely was never a water half so fair,
Bounded by shores of such exquisite mazes,
Ferny and green, under health-breathing air.

Memory, O Memory, take thou amid thy treasures
This happy day, and hold it very fast;
Picture this scene, enwoven all with pleasures,
Let me retain it when Summer days are past.

PITTSFIELD, June 13, 1907.

In Spirit and In Truth

By Mary M. Gray

This is our need, that 'twixt our souls and God
Shall no illusions be: tho' in nice phrase
And with the best intent, before the world
We state our *purpose* to be His alone,
We must *be* His if we would grow in grace.
His Spirit in our hearts, a monitor,
Approves or disapproves of all we do.
Comes Flattery often in Religion's garb
With patting hand commending simple deeds
[But natural actions of a child of God]
Till we with satisfaction are puffed up
And placid feel "'tis with the righteous well";
Then speaks our little monitor—"This deed,
Wast thine or His who works his will through thee;
And whose the glory?" till recalled we sit
Again at Jesus' feet, our hands in His,
Content to feel "He leadeth us," and know
That wondrous peace the world can ne'er bestow.

Down *the* Connecticut

By Jesse H. Buffum

It is to be regretted that Americans, and especially New Englanders, should feel it necessary to travel in other countries in search of picturesque and beautiful scenery. For Switzerlandic effect, what can equal the lake region of New Hampshire? If any are in search of rugged climbing, with a possible chance of losing life, where can you find the equal of Mt. Washington? Indeed, it is deplorable that Americans do not fully appreciate the beauties of their own land.

A long winter spent in the printing office, followed by the long, hot afternoons of the late spring and early summer; sweating over contrary forms and obstinate presses, made me the more appreciate one of the most beautiful vacation trips ever indulged in by an upholder of the "art preservative."

And who can better appreciate a vacation of rest and recreation than the laborer? Who is more susceptible to the beauties of nature,—expressed in scenery, rugged or peaceful,—than the printer who has spent many long months over the platen, stone or feed-boards? And here I wish to say a word in regard to vacations for the business man.

Imagine if you can the surprise of the angels—my position happens to be the lowest in the office—when I declared I would take a six weeks' vacation. If, to hold your position, it is necessary for you to labor twelve months in the year, very well, provided your position more than counterbalances that which you must surely lose; or, putting it in a less positive way, that which you do not gain. But I would not engage in a position covering any lengthy period that necessarily prevented my taking a vacation of sufficient length to ensure proper health and stability of body and elasticity of mind. Almost any business man who has tried it will tell you that a vacation of one or more months is a good investment.

To the traveler in search of scenery that pleases, or environments that recuperate, I would ask: Have you ever seen the Crawford Notch? Have you ever received the benign smile of the "Old Man of the Mountain," the "Sentinel of the Northland?" Have you ever sported in the waters of Lake Winnipesaukee, or hunted on its shores? Have you ever passed through Longfellow's "Gateway of the Northland at the Merrimack's Headwaters," through the busy city of Franklin, by the soldiers' home,—a monument to New Hampshire's living and a memorial to her dead; and then through the beautiful village of Tilton, one of the prettiest in New Hampshire? Have you ever floated down the peaceful Connecticut, the scene of Indian tragedies and American industrialism? What a trip for one who for nine months had been shut up in an office amidst the odors of benzine, ink and glue!

A ride down the Connecticut, for pleasure, for rest and for tranquility, yet beauty, of scenery is unsurpassed, is ideal. The rich farms, the broad stretches of fields with the lowlying hills in the distance, present an enchanting scene for many miles of the river's course. A turn in the river or road—which follows close to the river's banks, the greater part of its length—often presents a picture of romantic beauty.

On a fine morning in June, at about five o'clock, we made our start, leaving

the beautiful village of Meriden, N. H., where we had spent several days, the occasion being the commencement exercises of Kimball Union Academy —one of the best institutions of its kind in New England. We pedaled over a down grade of fifteen miles to the valley of the Connecticut. Approaching the river from the east we came upon the charming village of Windsor, nestled at the foot of grand old Ascutney, just as the morning sun in all its freshness and beauty burst on the Green Mountain Range, casting deep shadows across the intervening valleys. Crossing the long toll bridge—happily, now without a keeper—we stopped long enough for coffee and sodas and to admire the beautiful public buildings, and then, re-crossing to the New Hampshire side, we continued our trip down the valley. The scenery in the vicinity of Windsor and above is, perhaps, more beautifully rugged than elsewhere, but the peaceful scenes, suggestive of rest and tranquility, appear as we near the Massachusetts line.

Many beautiful pictures opened to our view as we descended the valley. As we neared Bellows Falls, our next stopping place, the valley began to broaden, the hills appeared more level and farms rather than manufactories predominated. This is the land the scenery of which Kipling has written so much about in poetry and prose; this, the land of his childhood, where he spent so many years and where he learned so much of life, tales of which he has written more true to life, perhaps, than those of any other writer.

Many a spot we passed was at some time the scene of Indian tragedy or Yankee victory. The imagination is likely to excite itself to great activity when we are told that this is the region where Ethan Allen pursued his activities against the Indians and English. You would feel well repaid if you left your wheels at Bellows Falls and took the boat, and for twenty-five miles or more you would have an experience that would well repay any delay or inconvenience.

Your next stopping place would be at one of the earliest settlements on the Connecticut River. Colonel Brattle, under Ethan Allen, established the now thriving town of Brattleboro. Here are some of the prettiest residences in the state. Rudyard Kipling built a beautiful summer home, where he spent many summers. Brattleboro contains the best equipped printing establishment in the state of Vermont. Again we took to our wheels—not, however, until we had learned where to find the best soda water we ever tasted—and wheeled toward the Massachusetts line, and here as nowhere else we found the rich farms of the richest portion of New England. Not for the size of the farms are they noted, but their wealth lies in their productiveness. Passing on, we soon cross the line and are in the Bay State.

Rising above us on our left lie the beautiful and picturesque buildings of Northfield Seminary, a monument and memory to the "greatest man that ever lived." Again we are reminded of D. L. Moody as we see on our right "Mount Hermon," where lies Mr. Moody's heart. It was there in life and that it is there in death you would not doubt should you visit the school today and see its spirit, see its work, see its *boys* and then see its *men*.

A trip down the Connecticut delights and interests us not only by its scenery—beautiful, grand, picturesque—but we are lifted up, are enlarged and perhaps our souls are awakened by the many wonders we observe. Along its shores great men have lived and died; savagery has departed and civilization dawned; poets have been born and professionals educated; merchants have succeeded and mechanics triumphed; and in this

beautiful valley flows one of the most peaceful yet powerful rivers of the world.

My vacation trip down the Connecticut was a long-to-be-remembered event, one of the most agreeable occasions I ever experienced. To those who are undecided where to spend their summer month, I would say:

Seek the valley where the red man hunted, camped and fished; where the pale face camped, hunted and conquered; go where the morning sun shines with a glory nowhere else known, as he kisses the lofty canopy of Mt. Ascutney or dances in the vales of the Green Mountains. The peaceful river, the low-lying hills; the fragrant meadows and pleasant pastures, musical with the chimes of tinkling cowbells; herds of sheep; corrals of horses—all betoken prosperity, happiness and peace. If you are in search of civilization, in search of peace, here you have it; if you are looking for life and industry, or seek for the smiles of Nature, you find them all happily intermingled in the valley of the Connecticut.

An Army with Banners

By Frederick Myron Colby

An army brilliant with banners,
  Crimson and purple and gold—
The creeping frost tints of Autumn—
  Orchards and forests enfold.

Gaily the fluttering pennons
  O'er valley and hillside shine;
The sheen of the marching squadrons
  Draws nearer, a glittering line.

Ruddy and amber in orchards
  Where the ripening apples fall;
Scarlet in flames of the sumac,
  Along the old pasture wall.

Bistre and dun in the uplands,
  Where the harvests have been shorn;
Yellow in the silken tassels
  Of meadows of rustling corn.

Russet and gold in the maples;
  Crimson by the country ways;
These are the banners of autumn
  That blazon these shortening days.

The conquering army advances;
  'Tis glorious, and yet we sigh:
For we bid farewell to Summer
  When the Autumn flags march by.

Concord Literary Institution

By Alma J. Herbert

In the spring of 1833, Mr. Timothy Dwight Porter Stone, a nephew of Dr. Porter of Andover Theological Seminary, and a Southern gentleman, Mr. D. H. Fackler, came to Concord and gave a course of free lectures on reading, forming a large class of clergymen, lawyers and citizens generally, for instruction and practice in the art, using the "Rhetorical Reader," prepared by Mr. Stone.

These gentlemen expressed much surprise that the town had no school of a high grade; though there had been terms of select school from the day of Benjamin Thompson, subsequently created Count Rumford, of Bavaria, and, later, Nathaniel H. Carter, who introduced the study of geography, and others. Young ladies, also, had received instruction from the Misses White, Boardman, Farnum, E. McFarland and others, who occupied the grand jury rooms in the old court house.

The people confessed the urgent need and set in motion subscriptions for a building. A tract of land was given by Samual A. Kimball, Esq., on Sand Hill, so called, between Center and Washington streets, west of Union Street. The edifice grew with the summer and was completed in 1835. Concord Literary Institution had materialized meanwhile. Whoever ventured to call it "Academy" when the longer name was so sonorous?

The enterprising elocutionist had secured the court house, and maintained a large and most prosperous school during the winter of 1834–35. The spring term opened there in March after wide advertising. Mr. Stone had himself canvassed all families in the vicinity to secure board for the many applicants for admission. Some dozen teachers were employed. Miss McFarland, preceptress, from the high moderator's desk, overlooked the eager students who packed the desks on the floor and the long benches—a monitor at the door, and the sexes separated by a white cotton curtain down the hall.

May morning saw the usual cavalcade of youth. A large party of teachers and young ladies on returning from a walk to Rattlesnake Hill visited by the roadside, while two teachers inquired at Mr. Bradley's for one of the pupils, ill with scarlet fever. A favorable report left no pall on the evening festivities, though the sweet little girl died soon after, and only adults were allowed to attend the funeral. The lower room was decorated with evergreen festoons and trees hung with oranges, and after music and an address by Mr. Stone, abundant refreshments were served. The term closed with rhetorical and gymnastic exercises and a dirge on the death of Miss Harriet C. Ayer.

The fall term consecrated the new imposing edifice. It was 58x54 feet in dimensions, two stories high, with a cupola. There were two doors on the east side—the north for the male department—with stairways and recitation rooms each side. Deep windows overlooked the large school rooms, divided by partitions of folding doors. There was a high enclosed desk for the teachers and a monitor's desk on a dais at the west end. Above were a large, light hall, three recitation rooms, and a closet for apparatus valued at $200. The total cost of the building was $3,500. Those who subscribed $100 were given a bond granting preference to their children in case the school became crowded. The writer's father had such a bond.

Rev. Nathaniel Bouton was president of the trustees; Rev. E. E. Cummings, secretary, and William Gault, treasurer, succeeded by Hon. D. L. Morrill, who came in the first week of each term to receive tuition fees. Mr. Stone followed the morning devotions with a short lecture on some topic of general interest, and "bells" till closing devotions. For several years this was the school of the heart of the state, before "high school" was in the air. Two literary societies varied by their efforts the Wednesday afternoon exercises with elocution and "composition," and for some years the public exhibitions at the close of each term were a feature in the life of the town.

Mr. Fackler left early. In 1857 Mr. Stone resigned to take a pastorate. A Mr. Berry succeeded; then Eden B. Foster of Hanover, afterward the eloquent preacher at Henniker, Lowell and West Springfield; Charles Peabody of Newport, subsequently in the work of the American Tract Society at St. Louis; William C. Foster, who died a few years since in Connecticut; Austin C. Heaton; Clark S. Brown, who was murdered in Mississippi, and others, followed. At the last only boys were received as students.

Of early assistants we recall the gifted Cyrus P. Bradley, Harrison C. Hunt, the Misses Elizabeth Fuller, Rowena Coffin, Mary K. Coffin, Sarah C. Allison, Miss Holt, and, later, the Misses Rogers, French, Peabody and Pillsbury. Miss Sarah Foster, introduced by her brother, Eden B., was preceptress for five years.

Among the pupils who attended the school were Henry Wilson, afterwards vice-president of the United States, Judge Mellen (then Moses) Chamberlain, Rev. J. E. Rankin, long pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington, D. C., and president of Howard University; George H. Moore, of the New York Historical Society, and his brothers, Charles C. and Frank; John Bell Bouton, author and editor; John and Samuel Bell; Joseph B. Walker, J. R. French, John H. George, Moses Woolson; Revs. Charles A. Downs, Davis, Baxter and Roswell Foster, Thomas Archibald, the Hutchins brothers, and D. A. Leavitt.

At last the school ended. The building was closed and stood vacant for a time. Debts pressed on the association and it was finally sold, for $550, to Ex-Governor Hill, taken down and the materials converted into tenements at the South End.

Summer Joys

By Lucius Hervey Woodward

Summer joys are passing now,
The birds have lost their charming lays;
The flowerets gay now droop and bow,
And lose those hues of summer days.

The hillside's green is seen no more,
While granite peaks appear to view;
The sun still shines, has shone before.
In tints and shades still ever new.

But from his beams one thought is mine,
A thought that soon we all shall know;
That summer joys have crossed the line,
And Earth will don her shroud of snow.

Nativity

By Alice P. Sargent

Oh, Sweet, last night, the flowers everywhere
Held fairy folk a-singing in their bed
A murmured song. I knew not what they said,
Only 'twas musical beyond compare!
And when a poppied perfume, rich and rare,
Like flowers, bursting all at once in bloom,
O'ercome with drowsiness the summer moon,
Dreaming on cloudlet pillows of the air,
Methought: "What spell upon this night is thrown!"
But when the daybreak came, all white and red,
Bringing the glee and glamour of the May,
'Twas then I knew the day was *yours* alone.
Your perfumed life was come, the fairies said.
Oh, joy, dear heart! it is your natal day!

Sunbeams

By George Warren Parker

Darting rays of golden light,
Scattering vestiges of night,
Ushering in the gladsome day,
Making nature fresh and gay.
Wakes man now to new found pleasure;
Life abounds in fullest measure.
Every dumb, created thing
Fain would of its joy now sing.

Sparkling dew on blade and tree,
Growing wheat upon the lea,
Modest floweret by the brook;
Every hill and dell and nook,
Vivified with thine own leaven,
Utters psalms of praise to heaven.
Far and near the anthem swells;
Of thy warmth and love it tells.

From *the* German of Heine

Laura Garland Carr

Have you much? O then be glad!
More good things your joy will waken;
Have you little? Good or bad—
Even that will soon be taken.

Have you nothing? Die, clod, die!
O'er the Stygian stream be ferried!
Why the hand of fate defy?
You've no right save to be buried!

Love's Way

By Frank Monroe Beverly

With bucket on her graceful arm,
Irene, the milkmaid went
Out to the gap, the pasture bars,
Her thoughts on love intent.
For Johnny May
Pass'd 'long that way.

"Where do you go, my pretty maid?"
He asked in accents mild;
"I'm going to milk the cows," she said,
By his fair speech beguiled;
And Johnny May
Stopp'd on his way.

"May I stay with you, pretty maid,
Until the cows shall come?"
Then with a blush of modest mien,
She said, "Stay—yes—er—some."
Then Johnny May
Knew love's sweet way.

They talked, but dare not mention love,
Irene and Johnny May;
But each one felt the inly touch,
And knew the cardi'c way,
Did Johnny May
And Irene Day.

The cows from off the hillside came,
These love-lit souls to part.
But bird-songs from the willow tree
Stirred deep the lover's heart—
O, Johnny May!
O, Irene Day!

The bird sang from the willow tree,
"Before, before you part,"
And Johnny May the milkmaid kissed
With wildly beating heart—
O, Johnny May!
O, Irene Day!

Osborn's Gap, Va.

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. FRANCIS S. FISKE.

Francis S. Fiske, born in Keene, N. H., November 9, 1825, died at Milton, Mass., August 5, 1907.

Colonel Fiske was the son of Phineas and Isabella (Brigham) Fiske. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1843, at the age of eighteen years, being a classmate of the late Hon. Harry Bingham. He read law with Hon. William P. Wheeler of Keene and graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1846, commencing practice in Keene in 1847. Two years later he went abroad, and in 1850 was captured by Arabs, and for some time held a prisoner. Returning home after his escape, he engaged in business in Boston. On the outbreak of the civil war he was among the first to offer his services to the state of New Hampshire, going out as lieutenant colonel in the Second N. H. Regiment, with which he served with distinction through the war, and at its close resumed business in Boston, and later was appointed bankruptcy clerk in the U. S. District Court at Boston, holding the position thirty-four years, resigning two years since. He was also for a long time U. S. Commissioner. He was a member of the G. A. R., and the Loyal Legion.

December 14, 1858, he was united in marriage with Annie Farnsworth, daughter of the late Gen. James Wilson of Keene. He leaves three daughters—Mary Wilson Fiske of Milton; Mrs. E. H. Bradford of Boston, and Mrs. George C. Hitchcock of St. Louis—and one son, Redington Fiske of Boston.

HORACE G. LESLIE, M. D.

Dr. Horace Granville Leslie, born in Haverhill, N. H., April 13, 1842, died at Amesbury, Mass., August 22, 1907.

He was educated at the Newbury, Vt., Seminary and Norwich University, and pursued the study of medicine. At the outbreak of the civil war he was in the South, where he joined the First Tennessee Union Regiment, serving as a surgeon. Subsequently returning North he continued medical study, graduating from the Medical Department of the University of Vermont. February 28, 1866, he married Helen M. Glines of Northfield, N. H., and the following year located in practice in Amesbury, where he ever after remained.

He attained success and prominence in his profession and was an active member of the Essex North Medical Society. He also took a deep interest in public affairs, serving as a member of the school board, and was twice elected to the legislature, as a Democrat. He was an active member and first president of the Village Improvement Society, and was also prominent in Masonic circles and in the Grange, particularly in the latter, in which he took a deep interest, often speaking before local and Pomona Granges in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He was also an interested member of Clan Fraser, a Scottish organization, himself coming of Scotch ancestry, being a descendant of Rev. George Leslie, who came from Scotland and settled in Washington, N. H., more than a century ago. He possessed strong literary tastes, and contributed extensively to the press, many of the productions of his pen appearing in the GRANITE MONTHLY in recent years.

Dr. Leslie is survived by his wife and two children—Dr. Herbert G. Leslie, and Mrs. Grace Lovering of Amesbury.

CAPT. GEORGE F. LONG.

Capt. George F. Long, one of the last of the old-time whaling captains, sailing from New Bedford, Mass., in the days when the whaling industry was prominent, died in Claremont, August 19. He was a native of that town, a son of Capt. George and Lucretia Hathaway Long, born February 11, 1842. He went to sea, on a whaling voyage, in early youth and soon rose to the command of a vessel, and continued in the business till about twenty-five years ago, when he retired, and purchased a fine farm on the Connecticut River in Claremont, where he resided until his death.

He married Mary Putnam of Claremont, who accompanied him on some of his whaling trips, and who survives him, with one son, Dr. John H. Long, a physician of Brooklyn, N. Y.

REV. JOSIAH H. BENTON.

Rev. Josiah H. Benton, born in Waterford, Vt., August 8, 1816, died in Lancaster, August 12, 1907.

Mr. Benton was a teacher in early manhood, but studied for the ministry and preached in Vermont and Michigan for

some years, and subsequently at Orfordville in this state. Retiring on account of poor health, he lived some time at Maidstone, Vt., but for the last ten years had been a resident of Lancaster. He was twice married—first to Martha Ellen Danforth of Walpole, N. H., who died in 1855, and subsequently to Harriet Buxton Niles of Newbury, Vt. A large family of children survive, the eldest son by the first marriage being Josiah H. Benton, Jr., the well-known Boston lawyer. Among other children by the second marriage are John E. Benton of Keene, a leading member of the last New Hampshire legislature, and Joseph Benton of Concord.

PROF. G. LEROY NOYES.

Prof. G. Leroy Noyes, for six years, up to last spring, professor of pedagogy in Claflin University, at Orangebury, S. C., died August 23, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Noyes in the town of Landaff, where he was born thirty-three years ago.

Prof. Noyes graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in the class of 1898. He taught Latin and Greek in the Middletown High school for two years, subsequently, but relinquished his position on account of ill health. After a period of rest and partial recuperation, he went South and accepted the position in Claflin University, which he was compelled to resign last spring.

Prof Noyes was united in marriage in 1899, with Miss Margaret Gaine of Hawley, Pa., a member of his class in college, by whom he is survived.

CHARLES S. DAVIS

Charles S. Davis, born in Hancock, N. H., August 28, 1821, died at Newton Center, Mass., July 26, 1907.

He was a son of Jonathan and Nancy (Allen) Davis, and in early manhood kept a country store in the town of New Ipswich; but in 1851 he removed to Boston and engaged in the piano manufacturing business with a brother, founding the long famous firm of Hallet, Davis & Co., which was a pioneer concern in the piano business of this country. He continued many years with the firm, establishing his home at Newton Center over half a century ago. Withdrawing ultimately from the business, he was for a few years connected with the firm of Billings & Clapp, but retired from active business some years ago.

Mr. Davis enjoyed an extensive acquaintance in musical circles from a quarter to a half a century ago, and was deeply interested in local affairs in Newton. He was long deacon of the First Congregational Church, and superintendent of the Sunday school. While in New Hampshire he was active in the state militia and held a commission as adjutant in the old 22d regiment.

He is survived by a widow and two children, Dr. Charles A. Davis of Washington, D. C.; and Ida S., wife of Professor W. Z. Ripley of Harvard University.

FRANCIS F. HASKELL

Francis F. Haskell, for thirty consecutive years last past the town clerk of Claremont, died at his home in that town on the second day of the month at the age of seventy-two years, having been born in Weathersfield, Vt., August 3, 1835. He was a dry goods clerk in early life, but later engaged in business for himself. He was associated many years in the furniture business with the late Edward Tolles of Claremont.

Mr. Haskell was a fine singer and greatly interested in musical matters, and was for over forty years chorister of the Methodist Church in Claremont. He had been twice married, his first wife being Eleanor, daughter of the late Samuel Blodgett. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Maria Smith. He also leaves three sons, Henry A. of Toledo, O., Robert F. of Boston and E. Perry of Manchester.

DR. SULLIVAN L. WARD.

Dr. Sullivan Lawrence Ward, born in Thornton, N. H., July 4, 1826, died in Lowell, Mass., July 11, 1907.

He was a son of Dr. George Ward of Thornton, who removed to Lowell in 1837, where he was long engaged in the practice of dentistry. He attended school at Plymouth until 1846, when he went to Lowell and engaged in dentistry with his father.

In 1860-'61 Dr. Ward was a member of the Lowell common council and was chairman of the committee on aid for volunteers. In 1864-'65, he was a member of the legislature. He was one of the founders of the Merrimack Valley Dental Society, which eventually became known as the North Eastern Society, one of the strongest organizations of its kind in America.

In 1870, Dr. Ward was president of the Lowell Y. M. C. A. He was a member of the Kirk Street Congregational Church.

On August 12, 1852, Dr. Ward married Mary F. Morgan, a teacher in the Lowell high school, and two children resulted from this union, George M., who is president of Wells College at Aurora, N. Y., and Adelaide Ward, who lived with her father in Lowell.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

The present month closes another "vacation season," during which the state of New Hampshire enjoyed, in increased measure, the advantage which her eligibility as a summer pleasure ground insures. More people came into the state for rest and recreation than in any former year, and, barring temporary contingencies which may affect particular seasons, the increase will be constant for decades to come. The automobile, notwithstanding the popular aversion in which it is held in many sections of the state, has been a powerful factor in increasing the tide of summer travel into New Hampshire, and will be more and more so in the future, as it becomes less expensive and more readily controlled. Meanwhile it behooves the people of the various towns, instead of making war upon the automobile, to improve their highways to the extent of their ability, making them safer and more pleasant not only for the automobilist but for the general traveler. It may be added in this connection, however, that it is a matter for congratulation that there have been relatively few serious accidents resulting from the use of automobiles in this state the present season. While these "machines" are still held in terror by the people in many of our rural regions, the fact must be recognized that, not only have they come to stay, as a factor of ever increasing importance in our system of locomotion, but also that as such they may and will be made to play an important part in the future development and prosperity of the state.

Wednesday, September 5, was "New Hampshire Day" at the Jamestown Ter-centennial Exposition, and the Governor and staff, and other representatives of the state were in attendance, being accorded formal honors by the exposition authorities. While this exposition was not in readiness at the time when it was officially opened, and the work of preparation continued through the summer, and a great deal of criticism and complaint found its way into the newspapers, on account thereof; and while, even now, it is in no sense to be compared with some of its predecessors as a "world's fair," or great industrial exposition, it now seems to be regarded, by intelligent observers, as equal in interest to any heretofore held in the country, not only because it celebrates a most important epoch in the national history, but because of the peculiarly interesting scenes and associations surrounding its site. It is to the credit of New Hampshire that the state finally fell into line and was duly represented on the grounds, the New Hampshire building, although one of the last erected, being also both creditable and attractive.

Attention is called to the fact that while the GRANITE MONTHLY is sent to all subscribers until discontinuance is ordered and all arrearages paid, the subscription price is, as advertised, $1.00 per year *in advance*, or $1.50 if not paid in advance. There are many names of subscribers in arrears, on the list at the present. All such may now settle at the advanced rate for the full period, if including payment for a year in advance at the same time. A little care on the part of the former, in looking after this matter, will be of advantage both to subscribers and publisher.

NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, CONCORD, N. H., COMPLETED 1907

[See Page 358]

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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First Church in Hopkinton

By C. C. Lord

On the 28th day of August last, the First Congregational church in Hopkinton observed with appropriate exercises the 150th anniversary of its organization. The date was not a strict one in the annals of the church nor the place an exact one in the geography of the town. Correctly speaking, the church was organized on November 23, 1757, and the place was at Putney's garrison, on Mt. Putney, as it is often called, the distance being a mile from the present house of worship of the organization.

In the inceptive history of this organization, it were proper to call the church that of, as well as in, the town. This is true because, by the grant of the township now named Hopkinton, by the Massachusetts Bay colony, the proprietors of the township were to establish a church and support a "learned and orthodox minister." Hence we of necessity contemplate a union of church and state which existed potentially from 1757 till 1819, though for many years before the later date the separation was virtually effected.

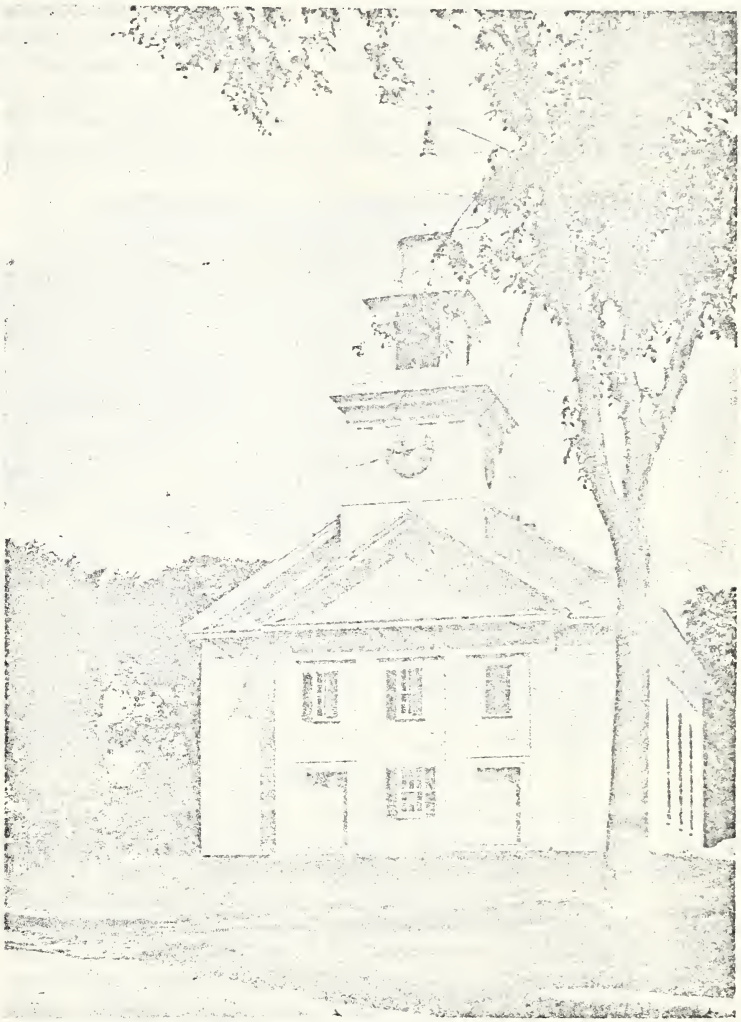
In regarding the church as an ecclesiastical function, we must for many years recognize it as a civil power. The first minister of the church was also a personal character who maintained an influence hardly comprehended by people who now know a clergyman of a town as only an incident in the civil body of the community. More than this, society in New England at the time when Hopkinton was settled, while it affirmed and advocated liberty, had scarcely an idea of popular independent action such as is now often manifested. People in their social status were not sufficiently removed from inbred monarchical ideas to dare to feel free to act in any important public matter except by the example and advice of a personal guide. So necessarily subordinate in this way was the early American community that, looking to their minister as civil and ecclesiastical guide, he, easily and by a natural social process, became the "prophet, priest and king." Hence it was of supreme importance that the minister of a church and town, which in a sense were both one, should be a capable, executive and honest man. This was true of Hopkinton in the beginning of its religious history.

The church in Hopkinton was organized with ten members, of whom the first minister was the Rev. James Scales, a native of Boxford, Mass. He was ordained at Putney's garrison on the day of the organization of the church. The remains of the parsonage, built for the Rev. Mr. Scales, are now seen a few rods distant from the site of the garrison, both places being identified by tablets erected by the town. That the Rev. James Scales was "orthodox," in that he was a Calvinist Congregationalist, practically goes without saying in the history of Hopkinton, as well as his recognition as a "learned" man when we remember that he was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1733.

The Rev. James Scales was a man of versatile genius. In the course of

his life he practised medicine and law as well as preached the Gospel. However it is as an executive character that we desire to specially consider him. In the primitive social situation of the township which became

liberty. An individual man who cannot sue and be sued is less a freeman than a bond servant. So is the association of men that cannot exercise corporate responsibility less a free town than a servile protectorate. The



Congregational Church, Hopkinton

Hopkinton, the history of the organization of the first church reveals not only his handiwork but also his handwriting. The Rev. James Scales had also executive legal acumen. As the civil agent of the community, he saw the force of the sentiment of judicial

Rev. James Scales set his mind on the incorporation of the township. He found a social community without even a legal name but only a number, subject in all its executive acts to the approval of the parent colony, and he made it a town, with the legal name

of Hopkinton, and gave it incorporate and responsible legal powers in itself. This was in the year 1765. The recognition of this service to the public was attested by the vote of the town this same year "to allow him twenty five pounds, old tennor, therefor."

The Rev. James Scales was the minister of the church and town till July 4, 1770. His successor was the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, a native of Westport, Mass. Yet we must mark an important change in the social conditions of the town in the meanwhile. The center of the town's affairs was no longer on Mt. Putney. Worship was no longer maintained at Putney's garrison. A meeting-house had been built on the "Plain," now the village. The minister no longer lived at the Scales parsonage. Events were in progress that eventually, in 1798, effected the lease of the "parsonage lot" for 999 years. The present village was becoming a civil and commercial place of importance. The meeting-house eventually became the place of assembling the new state legislature four times, the body being in its itinerant period. The march of time has seen many and not expected changes. Yet the Rev. James Scales is not forgotten. Though his old parsonage is falling into decay, his remains are known to be lying in the old cemetery on Mt. Putney in company with those of many citizens of his time. Though no man can point out his grave at this day, a tablet located in 1905, under the auspices of the Hopkinton Old Home Week Association, and particularly by the exertion of the Rev. Louis Ellms, pastor of the Congregational church, forever keeps his memory green. The Rev. James Scales died in Henniker, July 26, 1776, aged 69.

Congregational Parsonage, Hopkinton

Important changes have occurred in 150 years in the status of church and state in New Hampshire. The advent of the Revolution and the adoption of a new constitution intensified a sentiment that had already been broached and which culminated in the Toleration act of 1819, forever separating ecclesiastical and civil functions in our state. In the meantime a Congregational meeting-house was erected in Hopkinton in 1766, to be consumed by fire in 1789. The

same year a new one was erected and afterwards improved in its appointments till it had two towers, seven entrances, a belfry and a bell. It has also been a matter of proud recollection that its bell was cast in the famous foundry of Revere & Co. in Massachusetts in 1811. A reconstruction of the house of worship in 1839 resulted in the present church.

The church has had eminent clergymen in its service. The Rev. Elijah Fletcher, the second minister, died here on April 8, 1786, being the father of Grace Fletcher, the first wife of Daniel Webster. The Rev. Eathan Smith, fourth minister of the church and town, was a native of Belchertown, Mass., and a profound theologian, writing and publishing works that were a credit to the professional reputation of the town. The Rev. Roger C. Hatch, a native of Middletown, Ct., and the Rev. Moses Kimball, native of Hopkinton, may properly be named in the list of distinguished pastors of this church.

It is worthy of note in this connection that the Home Mission Society, organized in this church, in 1801, had a resulting influence that still ramifies many states of the Union.

Autumn

By George Warren Parker

O'er hill and glen is seen again
The earth in varied hue;
In bright array, look where we may,
Full joyous is the view.
The fruitful land on every hand
Teems with its bounteous store;
The wheat and corn from fields late shorn
Is heaped on threshing floor.
Now husking bees and merry glees
Call swain and maid together;
The baying hound whose notes resound
Proclaims 'tis hunting weather.
In crimson, brown or yellow gown
The trees stand richly clad;
And why should I, 'neath clearest sky,
Forsooth, be grave or sad?
The mellow tone when summer's gone
Is fair as vernal green;
Earth's youthful age becomes more sage
And wears a sober mien.

A Famous Institution

Miss Catherine Fiske's Boarding School of the Early Days

By Gardner C. Hill, M. D.

One of the famous educational institutions of Keene was Miss Catherine Fiske's boarding school, which was under the supervision of Miss Fiske from 1814 until her death in 1837.

Miss Fiske came to Keene in 1811, and began teaching, but did not open her "Female Seminary" until May, 1814. She purchased what is now known as the "Thayer" property,

Miss Catherine Fiske

Miss Fiske, the founder, was born in Worcester, Mass., July 30, 1784, and began her career as a teacher at the early age of fifteen. It is estimated that twenty-five hundred pupils received instruction from Miss Fiske. which then was a large farm, and established her boarding school for young ladies, although she received both boarding and day scholars. At one time a class of boys was also admitted as day scholars; among them

were the late Colonel Fiske, Dr. George B. Twitchell, Hon. Geo. S. Hale, Dr. Charles G. Adams, Jr., and Dr. J. Whitney Barstow, the only one now living in this list.

Miss Fiske's corps of teachers was large and carefully selected, and the school was of the highest character. It numbered at one time between eighty and one hundred pupils.

The following character sketch and tribute recently offered by one of her old pupils (Dr. J. Whitney Barstow), will best describe Miss Fiske:

"Thayer House," Formerly Occupied by Miss Fiske's School

"Miss Fiske may well be regarded as a remarkable woman. Her daily life was one of great responsibility, and her labors were incessant, in spite of constant physical disability. Both school and farm were managed exclusively by herself, but with numerous helpers, loyal, well chosen and well trained. Her vigilance was never relaxed and no detail, whether educational or domestic, was overlooked in her daily routine. Her business tact was unusual, her knowledge of human nature was exceptional and served her well in the management of her affairs, combining economy with strict integrity in all her dealings. To these qualities she also added a dignity which approached sternness, an unusual degree of mental culture and a high Christian character which never failed to command the respect both of her patrons and her fellow citizens. It will not be deemed strange that with all the excellent qualities of heart and mind which distinguished Miss Fiske, there were combined a degree of sternness of demeanor and a habitual reserve which did not render her genial and companionable with her pupils, or make her a general favorite in society, but it was a distinction which she never sought. She was essentially an old fashioned teacher and her methods were those of another day and age."

This school was the first of its kind in the state and the second school of its kind in the country, Bradford Academy (Mass.) being the first. Miss Fiske's Seminary antedated Robinson's Female Seminary at Exeter, which was founded in 1859, by fifty-five years, and Mary Lyon's Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley, Mass., by thirty-six years.

The scope of instruction, the tuition, the faculty and other facts regarding it in its first year may be obtained from the prospectus issued in the year it was founded. The prospectus reads:

"Miss Catherine Fiske's Boarding School

Established in Keene, 1814.

Mrs. Newcomb, and Miss Fiske, beg leave to inform their friends and the public that they propose opening a school for the admission of pupils, who can be instructed in the following branches of education, viz.,—Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Composition, Arithmetic, History, Geography, with the use of maps and globes, drawing and painting in the various branches, plain and ornamental needle work.

"Strict attention will be paid to the improvement of the young ladies and their morals and manners.

"Board and tuition on reasonable terms.

"School to commence on the first day of May, in the home now occupied by Mr. J. G. Bond.

"A mantuamaker and milliner will be provided for those pupils who may wish to employ them.

"February 22nd, 1814.

"Catalogue of the Inspecting Committee, Teachers and Pupils, of the Ladies' Boarding School in Keene, New Hampshire, for the year ending October 1823.

VISITING COMMITTEE

"Gentlemen.—Rev. Z. S. Barstow, Hon. Salma Hale, Dr. Charles G. Adams, Joel Parker, Esq., Thos. M. Edwards, Samuel Dinsmoor, Jr., Esq.

"Ladies.—Mrs. Samuel Dinsmoor, Mrs. Aaron Appleton, Mrs. James Wilson, Mrs. Z. S. Barstow.

TEACHERS.

"Miss Catherine Fiske, Principal and Teacher in the English studies.

"Miss Mary B. Ware, teacher in the languages and assistant in the English studies.

"Miss Eliza P. Withington, teacher in music."

There were eighty-four pupils enrolled this year.

The catalogue of 1836, the last year that Miss Fiske was principal, shows that Miss Abigail Barnes and Miss Charlotte Foxcroft were associate teachers in the English studies and the languages, and Miss Eliza P. Withington was teacher in music.

The catalogue continues:

TERMS.

"The winter term for the year 1837. Board, lights, fuel and tuition in the English studies, 20 weeks, $50.00. For the summer term, $50.00. Board per week, in vacation, not including washing or fuel, $1.75 in addition to the above.

"Per quarter in the languages, $6.00; per quarter in music, $10.00; per quarter, drawing and painting, $3.00.

"The instruction at the Young Ladies' Seminary, Keene, N. H., is divided into four courses: First: spelling, reading, arithmetic, plain sewing, first books of geography and history. Second: reading English grammar, geography, with use of maps and globes, arithmetic, writing, bookkeeping and composition, and what the law requires to qualify a lady to instruct a district school. Third: the same, with political class, book rhetoric, natural philosophy and astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, philosophy of natural history, algebra and geometry. Fourth: logic, moral and intellectual philosophy, natural theology and evidences of Christianity. The Latin and modern languages."

After the death of Miss Fiske, the prospectus, dated Sept. 25, 1838, said:

"Young Ladies' Seminary,
Keene, N. H.

"The school continues under the

care of those teachers who were associated with Miss Fiske, the late Principal. Every exertion will be made for the mental, moral and religious improvement of the pupils; particular attention will also be given to their health and manners. As only a limited number will be received into the family, it is desirable that applications should be made as early as possible.

TERMS.

"The winter term for the year 1838. Board, lights, fuel and tuition in the English studies, 20 weeks, $50.00. For the summer term, 22 weeks, $55.00. Per quarter in the languages, $6.00. Per quarter in drawing and painting, $3.00.

"Eliza P. Withington, Principal. Abigail Barnes, S. C. G. Swasey, L. H. P. Withington, Associate teachers."

It was Miss Fiske's custom at the close of the school to present a pair of silver salt spoons to each young lady who had not left anything on her plate at the table during the year, to which she had helped herself.

After the death of Miss Fiske, Miss Withington, who had been connected with the school as teacher of music from the beginning was promoted to principal, with Miss Barnes and others as assistants.

After the Keene Academy was established in 1836, the day pupils of Keene who had attended the school gradually left for the academy. Also other academies soon after were established in the county, which reduced the students, and the school closed its doors in the early forties, after thirty years of prosperity.

Miss Fiske left the income of her property, about $10,000. to Miss Withington, as long as she was connected with the school, after which it went to the New Hampshire Insane Asylum, the state paying Miss Withington $275 annuity during her lifetime.

In God's Acre, on Washington Street, a monument was erected to her memory, with the following epitaph: "Catherine Fiske, Founder and Principal of the Female Seminary, in Keene, N. H., and for thirty-eight years a teacher of youth, died May, 20, 1837, aged 53."

Perhaps no better idea can be obtained of Miss Fiske and her methods than through the following letter, which, with other relics, is preserved by a daughter of one of Miss Fiske's honored teachers:

"My dear Pupils,—

"I have just received a Petition from you, requesting that our School may not be kept on Christmas day. Permit me to say, that there is no impropriety in your making the request, but I do object to the *time* and *manner* in which it is made.

"First, you probably debated on the subject & composed the petition in *School hours*, a time which you should consider as sacred to your school pursuits, as you consider your accountability to God for the improvement of your talents. Secondly, I object to the *manner* in which it is done. It is imperfect in its construction & five words are spelt incorrectly, it bears no date and contains twenty-seven names written by the same hand.

"My dear young friends, I beg you will make no more requests that school may not keep, until you are more perfect in scholarship.

"Accept my best wishes for your improvement in application, learning and rectitude.

"From your affectionate
teacher and friend
C. FISKE.

"Keene, Dec. 25, 1835."

The Proprietors of Peterborough

By Jonathan Smith

It has been said many times, and it is true, that the settlement of Peterborough had its inception in the speculative spirit of the age. The same is also true of the foundation of many New Hampshire towns, for the period covering fifty years prior to the Revolution. Outside of the seaports, buying and selling wild land was the only outlet to this form of energy which seems innate in the race. There were no stocks or bonds to be had, no manufacturing and railroad enterprises to engage in, nor, in the New England States, mines to be worked. The forests had little worth, and the granite and marble quarries, concealed beneath the surface, practically none at all. But wild lands were abundant and had definite value. Much of western Massachusetts, large portions of New Hampshire, and nearly the whole of the state of Maine were unappropriated and uninhabited. Certain obvious facts stimulated the speculative spirit. Immigrants were constantly arriving eager to acquire farms and homesteads, and that spirit of restlessness which seems irrepressible in man was then as manifest in the more thickly settled areas of our New England states as it is today among the dwellers on the western frontier. These were favorable conditions for the growth of the speculative "disease," and the wild lands, lying almost before the eyes, furnished tempting opportunities for its indulgence.

In the original petition for the grant from which Peterborough came, there were forty-nine signers, one of them a woman—Mehitable "Horsemore" (Hosmer). Its allowance by the Massachusetts legislature contained the stipulation that each grantee should give a bond for £40, conditioned to faithfully perform and carry out the terms of the grant, and in case of failure such grantee's rights were to revert to the province. It is not known whether a single bond was ever given; and how much the requirement had to do with the subsequent action of the petitioners cannot be told. The committee appointed by the legislature to admit grantees into the award held a meeting in Woburn, Mass., March 17, 1738, and admitted sixty-three, none of these having received a grant of land within the previous three years. For their names, see Proprietors' Records, page 5. Between the granting of the petition, January 16, 1738, and the meeting at Woburn, ten of the forty-nine petitioners appear to have transferred their rights to other parties, whose names, with those of twelve others, appear among the grantees and not in the original petition. The legislature accepted the plan on January 16, 1738, and authorized Jonathan Prescott to call the first meeting, which was held at the house of Luke Verdy in Boston, July 25th following. Verdy kept a hotel and was himself deep in land speculation, though not concerned in this one.

It was at this meeting, or at an adjournment of it held on July 31, 1738, that the names of Gridley, Hill, Fowle and Peter Prescott first appear in the Proprietors' Records. However, they were properly there. Within a week or ten days from the granting of the petition, on January 16, 1738, before any survey had been made, or the chance to take a single step to utilize the legislative grant had occurred, Gridley, Hill, Fowle and Peter Prescott had bought up the

rights of nearly all the original petitioners and of those also who were admitted grantees at the meeting of March 17. Most of these conveyances were dated January 23, 24 and 25, 1738, within nine days after the legislature had granted the petition. These conveyances are found in the Middlesex (Mass.) Registry of Deeds, Vol. 38, pages 572 to 581, and pages 630 and 631, Vol. 39, pages 528, 529, 530 and 531, and in some of the subsequent volumes of the same registry. The considerations paid for each lot, or right, varied from one pound to five pounds, most of them at two or three pounds each. Herewith is a copy of one of the deeds of these rights, which are all alike.

I, John Brown of Concord in the County of Middlesex and in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England Blacksmith do hereby in consideration of one pound by me received of Peter Prescott of Boston in the County of Suffolk and province aforesaid Gentn give grant & convey to him all my right Interest and share in a township granted me by the great and general Court of the aforesaid province (being one sixty third part or share) upon the Petition of Samuel Haywood and others preferred to their session of the thirtieth of November last to have and to hold my aforesaid Right Interest and Share and the appurtenances thereof to him the said Peter and to his heirs forever. In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty third day of January A. D. 1737 and in the eleventh year of his majesty's Reign John Brown and seal. Signed sealed and delivered before Simon Davis Junr. Benja Barron. Middlesex ss. Concord January 24th 1737 Personally appeared the above named John Brown and acknowledged the above instrument to be his free act and deed before me John Flint Just. Peace.

Midd. ss Camb. Janury 30, 1737 Receed and entred by

Fras. Foxcroft Regr

Some rights were not acquired until as late as April of that year, but very soon Gridley et als had gathered them all in. This action explains why, at the first business meeting, July 25, 1738, Gridley, Hill, Fowle and Peter Prescott took entire charge, electing Hill moderator, and Prescott clerk; but it does not explain why, at a subsequent meeting, August 12, 1738, they should vote to have future meetings called at Concord, "where great numbers of the proprietors dwell" (for none of these four men lived in that town), "or at Luke Verdy's in Boston, or elsewhere."

By the deeds above referred to, Prescott purchased the rights of John Dodd, Ebenezer Hubbard, John Brown, Joseph Hubbard, Samuel Woolley, John Miles, Jonathan Woolley, Joseph Flagg, Joseph Barrett, Alex Cochran, Jonathan Whitney, Charles Prescott, John Prescott, Edward Bulkley and Joseph Stratton; John Fowle, the rights of Uriah Wheeler, Joseph Wheeler, Asa Douglass, Mehitable Hosmer, Hezekiah Wheeler, Amos Barron, Andrew Dunn (grantee of James McFarland's right), Solomon Taylor, Andrew Dunn (his own right), Nath'l Paige, Nath'l Wheeler, Nathan Brooks, Edward Fennell, Rowland Cotton, John Wilson and John Healey. John Hill bought those of Isaac Whitney, Thomas Fox, Richard Wheeler, Benjamin Barrows, Nath'l Hosmer, Thomas Jones, Samuel Haywood, Thomas Wheeler, Ebenezer Heath, Henry Hyde, James Smart, Hugh Sanderson, John Wheeler, Wm. Wheeler and Samuel Corks; and Jeremiah Gridley acquired the claims of Timothy Minot, Thomas Cutler, Benjamin Barrett, Josiah Jones, Peter Holden, Eleazer Stearns, James Hosmer, John Whiting, Israel Putnam, Jonathan Harris, Dudson Kilup, Amos Wood, William Clark, Richard Gridley, Isaac Gridley, and Ezekiel Lewis. Of the originally named grantees, only Jonathan Prescott and Hubbard remained in and they soon after disposed of their interests.

In view of this action of the petitioners, in selling their rights as soon as the legislature had favorably answered their prayers, the grounds on which they asked for the grant are interesting. In their petition they say they desired the land so they could all

settle "*together.*" They expressed their dissatisfaction with former grants because the circumstances were such they could not do this. Apparently they wanted it to appear that they wished to found a settlement by themselves, and have none others in it. A century later they might have been suspected of wishing to found another Brook Farm Community. This petition once allowed, and before the ink was hardly dry on the governor's signature, however, they sold out for from 1 to £5 apiece, and not one of them ever saw the "promised land." There can be no doubt of the speculative character of the whole proceeding.

And the same motive was quite as strong in the four men purchasing the grant. No one has ever attributed to them any other purpose, and the spirit of philanthropy or patriotism is not betrayed in anything they did to further the enterprise. There is nothing to show that they ever performed one act for the settlers, or did one thing to further the settlement, beyond what it was for their pecuniary interest to do. On their part it was purely a business transaction, and if they showed mercy or forgiveness to any delinquent settler, or laid or carried out any plans for the permanent good of the town or future happiness of the people, further than was for their own benefit, such action has not been preserved in any memorial or record. In justice, let it be said that on the other hand there is no evidence of a contrary disposition in their business relations with the settlers. Beyond the proprietors' minutes of the meetings there is nothing to tell us of the personal dealings between the immigrants and the proprietors, their negotiations with each other, what complaints were made and answered, nor what requests were submitted and granted or denied. Neither the settlers nor the proprietors left letters or memorials bearing on the matter, nor does any tradition survive of what any such contained, except what have already been printed.

As their names are inseparably linked with the history of the town, and with one exception are unknown to historic fame, it will be interesting to inquire who the four proprietors were, what sort of men they proved themselves to be, and what was their standing in the communities where they had their homes. It is very little we can learn of them, except Jeremiah Gridley, but to that little those interested in the town are entitled. Fortunately the children of Peterborough have no reason to blush for the name or fame of any one of the four original proprietors.

JEREMIAH GRIDLEY

Of the four original proprietors, Jeremiah Gridley, or Jeremy Gridley, as he was sometimes called, was the most distinguished. In fact, he was one of the eminent men of his day, and filled a large place in social and public affairs in the city and state of his nativity. He was born in Boston, March 10, 1702, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1725. After leaving Harvard he taught as an assistant in a grammar school for a few years and then studied theology, and advanced so far in clerical study that he occasionally preached. Finding either that the ministry was not suited to his tastes, or that he could not bear the cross with true Christian meekness, he turned his attention to the law, and about 1730 was admitted to the bar. In the first years of his professional life, having much leisure time, and possessed of an active, energetic mind, he established the *Rehearsal*, a weekly paper, the first issue of which was September 29, 1731. To this publication he was a frequent contributor. "His articles give lasting proof," says a sketch of him, "that he was one of the most elegant and classical writers of his age." His style was free from the quaintness of expression which sig-

nalized the writings of the period, and was remarkable for its purity and splendor, as much as for the originality, depth and shrewdness of his thought. He took prominent part in the events of his day. At one time he was a member of the legislature from Brookline and was active in devising plans for the advancement of knowledge and for the peace, comfort and prosperity of the state. He persuaded the merchants of Boston to insure their merchandise at home rather than in England, as was the custom at the time. Gridley was a staunch friend of the colonies, and a firm opponent to the pretensions of the British ministry in its policy toward the people. His brother, Richard Gridley, laid out the fortifications for Colonel Prescott and supervised their construction on Bunker Hill, the night before the battle of June 17, 1775, and afterwards filled many high places of trust for the colonies during the Revolutionary War. His brother, Jeremiah, while often called, as a lawyer, to defend opinions not congenial to his real sympathies as a foe to British usurpations, yet so discharged his duties as to give no offence to the patriots of Boston.

As a lawyer, Jeremiah Gridley stood at the head of his profession. In the preparation and trial of causes, he went to first principles and based his reasoning on the immutable foundations of truth and justice. His influence it was, aided by Edmund Trowbridge, which gave, in Massachusetts, the first impetus in the direction of profound legal learning and a high professional spirit. At the bar his speech was rough and his manner hesitating, but energetic, while his language was well chosen, forcible and emphatic. John Adams, who in his famous diary speaks with the utmost frankness of the different people he met, thus describes him: "Gridley's grandeur consists in his great learning, his great parts and his majestic manner; but it is diminished by stiffness and affectation. He has a bold-spirited manner of speaking, but is too stiff, has too little command of the muscles of his face; his words seem to pierce and search, to have something quick and animating; he is a great reasoner and has a very vivid imagination."

Gridley's ideas of the legal profession, and a lawyer's duty to it, are well summed up in his advice to John Adams, when the latter applied to him for assistance in getting admitted to the bar of Boston in 1758. In his diary Adams says, "Mr. Gridley received me kindly, and among other things said, 'A lawyer in this country must study Common Law and Civil Law and Natural Law and Admiralty Law, and must do the duty of counsellor, a lawyer, an attorney, a solicitor and even a scrivener, so that the difficulties of the profession are much greater here than in England. The difficulties that attend the study may discourage some, but they never discouraged me. I have a few pieces of advice to give you, Mr. Adams. One is, to pursue the study of law rather than the gain of it; pursue the gain of it enough to keep out of the briers, but give your main attention to the study of it. The next is, not to marry early, for an early marriage will obstruct your improvement, and in the next place it will involve you in expense. Another thing is, do not keep much company, for the application of a man who aims to be a lawyer must be incessant; his attention to his books must be constant. In the study of the law, the Common Law, be sure, deserves your first and last attention; and he has conquered all the difficulties of the law who is master of the Institutes. The road of the Sciences is much easier now than it was when I set out. I began with Coke-Littleton and broke through.'" Adams says that "this advice made so deep an impression on my mind, that I believe no lawyer in America ever did so much business as I did afterward

in the seventeen years that I passed in the practice at the bar, for so little profit." Works of John Adams, Vol. 2, page 45.

Soon after this interview, when Mr. Adams came to be admitted, Mr. Gridley introduced him to the court and recommended his admission. "After the oath was administered to me," continued Mr. Adams, "Mr. Gridley took me by the hand, wished me much joy and recommended me to the bar. I shook hands with the bar and received their congratulations and invited them over to Stone's to drink some punch, where most of us resorted, and had a very cheerful chat." (Same, page 50.)

Mr. Gridley had a large practice at the bar and was counsel in nearly all the important actions before the courts of Suffolk County for twenty-seven years. In the trial of cases he went down to first principles, and built up his argument by a force of reasoning and citations of authorities which carried great weight with the court. His fame as a lawyer attracted many students, and among those who studied under him were Benjamin Pratt, afterward chief justice of New York, James Otis, Jr., Oxenbridge Thatcher, John Cushing and John Adams, who afterward won the highest honors in their profession. In speaking of his law students, James Otis, Jr., and John Adams, he once remarked that he "had reared two young eagles who were one day to peck out his eyes." Sketches of Boston bar by Knapp, page 171. In 1760 he was appointed attorney general for the province, and held this office until his death. As attorney general, he had to defend the writs of assistance, which he did in several instances which came before the courts between 1760 and 1765. His most famous case was one where James Otis, Jr., was opposed to him, and which is fully described by John Adams in his diary.

These writs of assistance, or, as they were sometimes called, writs of aid, had been in use in England as early as the reign of Edward the First. Their scope had been extended by James I, who employed them for the collection of debts due the Prince of Wales. They were issued out of the courts of exchequer. By the statutes of 13 and 14, Charles II, the writ was further broadened so as to authorize the seizure of goods which had escaped the payment of customs dues. It gave the power to whom it was issued to take a constable or other officer of the town where the suspected person lived, and enter any house, shop, or cellar, ware house, room or other place, in the daytime, and in case of resistance to break open doors, chests, trunks and other packages, and seize and take away any prohibited goods there found, and also those which had not paid customs duties. Under the statute of 7 and 8, William and Mary, the law had been extended to the colonies. By an act of parliament, these writs once issued, continued in force during the life of the king and for a period of six months after his death. The name of the party to be searched was not given in the writ, the process was not sworn to, nor had the officer to make any return of his doings to the court. It gave a general right to break the doors and search the house of any party at any time during the lifetime of the writ. From this can be seen what an instrument of tyranny and oppression it was in the hands of enemies. Thomas Lechmere, the surveyor general of his majesty's customs for the northern district of America, had held one of these writs during the lifetime of George II. The king died October 25, 1760, and the writ held by Lechmere would expire on April 25, 1761. The merchants of Boston, knowing this, determined to prevent its renewal. At the February term, 1761, of the Superior Court

of Judicature in Boston, sixty-three Boston merchants filed the following petition:

"Petition:

"To the Hon'ble the Justices of the Superior Court of Judicature, Court of Assise and General Goal Delivery to be holden at Boston within and for the County of Suffolk on the third Tuesday of February A Dom 1761. The Petitioners Inhabitants of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay Humbly Pray That they may be heard by themselves and Council upon the subject of Writs of Assistance and your Petitioners shall (as in Duty bound, ever pray.

(Signed) Samuel Austin, and sixty-two others."

To this Lechmere filed a counter petition as follows:

"Province of the

"Massachusetts Bay,

"Suffolk SS.

"To the Honorable His Majesty's Justices of the Superior Court of Judicature Court of Assise and General Goal Delivery held at Boston within and for said County on the third Tuesday of February, 1761.

"The Memorial of Thomas Lechmere Surveyor General of His Majesty's Customs for the Northern District of America.

"Whereas a petition is enter'd in this Hon'ble Court signed by a great number of Merchants and Traders belonging to the Town of Boston praying to be heard upon the subject of Writs of Assistance your memorialist therefore prays that Council may be heard on his Majesty's behalf on the Subject; and that Writs of Assistance may be granted to him and his officers as usual.

Thomas Lechmere."

These petitions came on to be heard before the court on the 24th day of February, 1761. Thatcher and James Otis, Jr., appeared for the merchants and Jeremiah Gridley for the crown. It was a trial pregnant with mighty issues for the future of the colonies, and excited intense interest. John Adams has left the only description of the trial and arguments which has been preserved. "In the Chamber," he says, "were seated the five judges with Lt. Gov. Hutchinson at their head as chief justice; all in their fresh robes of Scarlet English cloth with their broad bands and enormous judicial wigs. In this Chamber were seated at a long table all the barristers of Boston and its neighboring county of Middlesex in their gowns and bands and tye wigs. They were not seated on Ivory chairs, but their dress was more solemn and more pompous than that of the Roman Senate when the Gauls broke in upon them."

In favor of the writs, Mr. Gridley argued that it was the practice of the courts of exchequer in England to issue them, and that the superior court of judicature had also issued them in this province; that the statute of 2nd William and Mary establishing this court gave it all the powers possessed by the courts of the king's bench, common pleas and exchequer in England.

That the powers granted by the writ related to the collection of the revenue for the support of the government and the maintenance of its fleets and armies necessary for the common defense. Its powers were similar to those given by the laws of province to treasurers toward the collectors and to them toward the subject. "A Collector," he said, "may when he pleases distrain my goods and in want of them arrest me and throw me into gaol. The necessity of having public taxes collected effectually and speedily is of infinitely greater moment than the liberty of any individual, and that while the subject has the privilege of his house only against his fellow-subject he does not have it against the King either in matters of crime or fine."

The hearing was continued until the following November, when the case was re-argued by the same coun-

sel for the merchants and by Gridley and Auchmuty for the king. Hutchinson says (in his History of Massachusetts, Vol. 3, page 94), that at the close of the first argument, some of the judges were in doubt whether such writs were still in use in England, and that if judgment had then been rendered, it is doubtful on which side it would have been given. In the interval between the first and second hearings, it was learned that such writs were still in use there, issued by the court of exchequer, and this was judged sufficient to warrant their issue here by the superior court. After the second argument of the case, November 18, 1761, the judgment of the court was unanimous in favor of issuing the writs, which was accordingly done on the second of the following month.

Mr. Gridley may have been led into the Peterborough venture though his brother, Richard Gridley, who took an assignment of the rights of Josiah Jones, one of the original petitioners. He acquired an equal number of lots with the other proprietors, and as proprietor and counsel took an active share in the enterprise. He was frequently moderator of the meetings, and presided at the only one held in the town, September 26 and 27, 1753. The last meeting was held at his house in Boston, March 25, 1767, but a short time before his death.

He was the counsel of the Masonian Proprietors to examine into the validity of their title to Peterborough, and in reward for his services they granted him, January 28, 1753, "so much of the land adjoining on the North and East of Peterborough as he should think best." State Papers, Vol. XXIX, page 455. He was also counsel for John Hill and his co-grantees of Hillsborough in their trouble with the Masonian Proprietors. State Papers, Vol. XXVII, page 352. The legislature of New Hampshire even sought his and Benjamin Pratt's opinion "as to the best way to secure money for the Province from England," and inquired of him what they should charge for their services. State Papers, Vol. VI, page 254. The land speculators of the day, no doubt, brought him much legal business, and it is not unlikely that he made quite as much by his services as attorney in these matters, as his clients did from their land speculations.

But this was not Mr. Gridley's only venture in New Hampshire wild lands. In 1754 the Masonian Proprietors granted to him, Peter Prescott, John Hill, John Fowle and others the town of Newbury, first called Dantzic, a tract of 23,040 acres, and in August of the same year a further tract of 24,000 acres of land in a place called Hereford, which included a part of Newbury. State Papers, Vol. XVIII, pages 78 and 80. The outcome of this scheme is not traced.

Besides these activities, he was counsel for one or the other parties in very many of the most important cases before the courts of Massachusetts between 1740 and 1767. Nor did his professional labors absorb his whole attention. He was president of the Boston Marine Society for many years, and colonel of one of the regiments of militia. In 1755 he was appointed grand master of all the Masons in America, and held the office until his death. Serious dissensions arose among the Craft during his term of office about 1757, but by his tact and good sense he healed them all.

He is described by his contemporaries as too chivalrous for his own interests, and as ardent, warm-hearted and generous in his feelings, free from any spirit of rivalry or envy. Few men stood so well in the opinion of the day, and he held the esteem and confidence of the public, and the admiration of those who knew his character as a man and his professional learning and abilities as a lawyer. He died poor. The papers, in an-

nouncing his death, paid tribute to his worth for his elevated views, his professional attainments and to the warmth, purity and steadfastness of his friendship. He died September 10, 1767. His executors were going to give his remains a private burial, but the bar, the judges of the courts and the Masonic bodies interfered and ruled that he should be buried with ceremonials worthy of his character and fame. John Rowe in his Diary (see Mass. Historical Society Proceedings, 2nd series, Vol. X, page 28) describes the funeral, and says: "The most august rites accompanied, September 12, 1767, the burial of Jeremiah Gridley, the great lawyer of the Province, father of the Bar of Boston, master and guide of John Adams in his legal studies, Grand Master of the Masons. Preceeding the remains were the officers of his regiment and 161 Masons in full regalia and bearing the symbols of the order; following these were the Lt. Governors, the Judges and James Otis as bearers, then relatives, lawyers in their robes, gentlemen of the town, a great many coaches and chaises with such a multitude of spectators as I have never before seen since I have been in New England." He left a record unsullied by any act of meanness or dishonor, and distinguished through a long and active life, in the stormiest period of our colonial history, for its probity, integrity and good faith.

PETER PRESCOTT

Peter Prescott was a descendant of the famous John Prescott, the pioneer and founder of Lancaster, Massachusetts. His father, Jonathan Prescott, was a physician in Concord, Mass., where the son was born, April 17, 1709. His mother, Rebecca Bulkley, was a descendant of Peter Bulkley, the first settler of Concord. The Prescott family through its whole history in this country has been distinguished for its ardent patriotism, which was specially manifested during the colonial period and the Revolutionary War, and has given to the state and nation, through its direct or collateral lines, some of its most eminent authors, statesmen and soldiers. The military spirit has been a prominent feature of its character. This trait was fully sustained in Peter Prescott's career. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1730; then he studied law and afterward practised his profession in Concord and Boston. Evidently he gave very little attention to it; at least, he attained no particular distinction as a lawyer, and indeed, from the record we have, the most of his time was apparently given to other pursuits.

His first military service was in the war of 1745. February 9, 1744, he was commissioned captain of the Sixth Company of Colonel Moulton's regiment, though the expedition did not sail for Cape Breton until March 24th of the following year. He was present at the siege and capture of Louisburg, and after the fall of the place Captain Prescott was chosen agent of the regiment to act for the men in obtaining the bounty and share in the spoils of that great victory. He was mustered out with his regiment on its return home (N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register, Vol. 25, page 257). In the great struggle between France and England for the possession of America, 1755-1763, he served many enlistments, covering substantially the entire period of the war, as follows:

Private in Capt. Jonathan Hoar's company of Colonel Ruggles' regiment; enlisted June 2, 1755, discharged September 8, 1755

Sergeant and Ensign in Captain Nixon's Co. of Colonel Ruggles' regiment; enlisted September 9, 1755, discharged December 17, 1755.

Second Lieutenant in Col. Richard Gridley's train of Artillery; enlisted February 18, 1756, discharged June 15, 1757.

Reported "sick" on the rolls.

Ensign in Capt. Samuel Thatcher's company of Colonel Frye's regiment in 1757; was present at the capture of Fort William Henry.

Private in Capt. Benjamin Pratt's company of Colonel Doty's regiment; enlisted May 2, 1758, discharged November 24, 1758.

Lieutenant in Capt. Daniel Fletcher's company of Colonel Frye's regiment; enlisted November 2, 1759, discharged July 1, 1760.

Lieutenant in Capt. Jabez Snow's company of Colonel Thwing's regiment; enlisted July 2, 1760, discharged December 16, 1760.

Lieutenant in Capt. Leonard Whiting's company of Col. Richard Saltonstall's regiment; enlisted April 18, discharged July 1, 1761.

Lieutenant in Capt. Silas Brown's company of Colonel Saltonstall's regiment; enlisted November 18, 1761, discharged July 1, 1762.

Lieutenant in Capt. Gideon Parker's company of Lt. Col. Gay (or Goldthwaite's) regiment; enlisted July 1, 1762, discharged November 30, 1762.

Both before and after his military service he was deeply immersed in speculating in wild lands.

Mr. Prescott was in the famous Land Bank scheme of 1740, an incorporated company with headquarters at Boston, organized for the purpose of buying up land and merchandise and issuing notes and scrip called the "Land Bank or Manufacturing Bills" (Mass. Archives, Vol. 103, page 107). Its main object, aside from its speculative features, was to increase the circulating medium by the issue of notes and bills based on land and merchandise. To this scheme Peter Prescott subscribed 200 pounds (Mass. Archives, Vol. 100, page 112). But very soon, indeed, the same year, 1740, he mortgaged his interest in the company to the directors. (Mass. Archives, Vol. 103, page 109.) The venture failed completely and the outcome was so disastrous that the legislature finally interfered and wound it up. (Journal Mass. Legislature for 1757, pages 329 and 379.) In 1754, he, with Gridley, was one of the grantees of Newbury, N. H., and Hereford. Of this grant he was also proprietor's clerk. Two years previously (1752), with sixty others he was named one of the grantees of Washington in Hillsborough County, N. H. The grant was made by the Masonian Proprietors. In this scheme he was chosen proprietor's clerk also. The grant was accepted by the proprietors, but afterwards, for some reason, was declared forfeited and then re-granted to others. (State papers, Vol. XXVIII, page 394–405.) In the same year he petitioned the Masonian Proprietors for a grant out of what was called the Society lands, which included what are now the towns of Deering, Antrim, Hancock, Bennington and Francestown. The outcome of this petition is not given. (State papers, Vol. XXVII, 256–257.) In 1753 he was included among the grantees of New London, N. H. (State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, page 128.) He owned lands at different times in Concord and Littleton, Mass., but his New Hampshire enterprises were his chief interest in this direction.

Peter Prescott's name first appears upon the Proprietors' Records, at the meeting held July 25, 1738, when he was chosen clerk. His original entrance into the movement has already been stated. He continued to act as clerk until December 21, 1744, when he resigned and John Hill was elected to succeed him. From that day his name disappears from the records, with one exception. When he retired he was granted "four hundred acres of land to be laid out as the Proprietors shall hereafter agree." (See P. R., pages 56 and 57.) There is no record of any further meeting of the proprietors until October 16, 1749 (adjourned to October 23), when

they voted "that the whole or greatest part of the Township be laid out in lots not exceeding 200 acres and not less than 100, as the land will best allow." And that the "grant to Peter Prescott of Dec. 21, 1744, be drawn with the said Proprietors after the land is laid out as above said." In December the following year (1750) Prescott conveyed this land to Benjamin Pollard of Boston for thirty-five pounds. (See Prop. Records, page 57.) It is improbable that he had anything to do with the settlement after January, 1744, for in February of that year he entered the service and his time was fully occupied with his military duties. This four-hundred-acre grant was his share of the land that had not, in 1744, been divided into lots. His connection, real or nominal, with Peterborough lasted a little over five years.

Soon as Prescott got his first assignment of lots, November 29, 1738, he began selling them. December 5, 1738, he sold lots 43 and 105 to John Hill. (Middlesex Records, Vol. 39, page 562.) November 13, 1739, he sold one half part of lot 15, also to John Hill. (See Middlesex Records, Vol. 40, page 314.) And two weeks later he sold his five-hundred-acre lot, Farm C, to John Hill for 500 pounds. (M. R., Vol. 39, page 563.) November 14, 1739, he sold lots 7 and 70 to William Scott of Lancaster, Mass. (Province Deeds, Vol. 98, page 53.) On May 26, 1740, he sold to Albert Deering of Boston, Mass., lots No. one, two, three, seven, eight, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty-one, forty-five, forty-six, fifty, fifty-two, sixty and sixty-one, and in another deed of the same day, to the same party, one right and one half right of land in Peterborough. (See Middlesex Deeds, Vol. 39, page 587–589.) He had apparently by May, 1740, disposed of all his lands in the town, excepting the 400 acres before referred to. The foregoing are all the deeds from Peter Prescott of land in Peterborough found in the province deeds, of Hillsborough County records of New Hampshire, the Middlesex County Records, or in the Proprietors' Records.

It has been strongly asserted that of the four proprietors, Prescott had the most to do with the early settlement of the place. The foundation of this claim rests on a paragraph found in Sawtelle's History of Townsend, published 1878, pages 75 and 76, and a note thereto. The note says: "It is a tradition that Peter Prescott during the time he was in Peterborough lived in a semi-subterranean cave snugly ensconced in an abrupt hillside with a sunny outlook; and that his Concord friends and the land spectators would talk about Peter's burrow, of going up to Peter's burrow." This Munchausen story is nowhere else previously mentioned. Rev. Elijah Dunbar, minister of Peterborough from 1799 to 1826, and a resident many years after, was the first to write a sketch of the town's history. (See N. H. Historical Collections, Vol. I, page 129.) He was a historical scholar and personally knew many of the first settlers, and all their children were members of his parish; but though fully informed in the early traditions of the town, he does not speak of it. Rev. Dr. Morrison, a descendant of one of the first settlers, who gave the centennial address in 1739, does not refer to it. Samuel Smith, son of one of the first settlers, knew nothing of it, nor did his son, Dr. Albert Smith, who wrote the history of the town. Surely if this was known to them or had any foundation in fact, some one of these students of the town's history would at least have paid it the "cold respect of a passing glance." The other statement of Mr. Sawtelle, that "Peter Prescott was the principal proprietor of the town," is refuted by the facts of record.

In the first division of lots, in 1738, Prescott was assigned the same

number as each of the other three; of the undivided lands he afterwards received 400 acres, much less than either Hill, Fowle or Gridley. So, far from being the "principal proprietor," he was the smallest—getting less than any of the others.

The inference to be drawn from all reliable sources of information strengthens this denial. There is not the slightest intimation in the Proprietors' Records, the twenty-nine volumes of state papers; in any allusion to him, the town or its proprietors in the fifty-eight volumes of the N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register, in the Massachusetts collections; nor in any deed on record, nor even in the Prescott Memorial volume, that while connected with the enterprise, he was on the ground any oftener, or was any more active in it, or was as much so, as the others. On the contrary, the records do show that he got out of the enterprise as quickly as possible, and disposed of all his interests long before either of his three partners.

It even does not appear that he was voted any compensation for his services as clerk, or for what he did in inducing settlers to go there, more than the others, if he did anything, which does not anywhere appear; and in the controversies over the Masonian Claim, and in resettling the town he had no part. In face of these facts, the statements of Mr. Sawtelle, in his Townsend History, seem to be conclusively discredited.

After his retirement from the army in December, 1762, there is very little information of Peter Prescott. All that can be learned is that some time prior to the Revolution he went to Annapolis, Nova Scotia, taking his family and all his belongings with him. It has been said that he was "undoubtedly a Tory," but this fact is not clear, though if he emigrated after 1773 or 1774, it would be a warrantable inference. The year of his departure is unknown. Very few Tories voluntarily expatriated themselves before 1775, and those who left after hostilities became imminent, or had begun, did not take their personal property with them. At Annapolis he was appointed clerk of the courts, and died there in 1784, aged seventy-five years. November 13, 1735, he married Elizabeth Call of Boston, by whom he had eight children:

Peter, born August 16, 1737.
Edward, born October 6, 1739.
Bulkley, born September 21, 1740.
Elizabeth, born September 2, 1742.
John, born July 13, 1748.
Oliver, born March 22, 1751.
Thomas, born June 2, 1754.
Mary, born 1758.

The first four were born in Boston and John, Oliver and Thomas in Concord. Mary's birthplace is not recorded, but was probably Concord. His wife died in Concord in 1804, and the daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, also died there eleven or twelve years later. It is unknown whether any of their descendants are now living, either in this country or Nova Scotia.

JOHN FOWLE

John Fowle was the son of James and Mary (Richardson) Fowle and was born in Woburn, Mass., where he lived all his life, November 11, 1695. James Fowle was the son of James, a lieutenant in Phillip's expedition to Quebec in 1690, and died the same year from the hardships and exposures of the campaign, aged forty-nine years. The elder James was probably the son of George Fowle of Concord, Mass., who settled in Woburn about 1667. (Sewall's History of Woburn, page 613.) John Fowle married Mary Convers, December 25, 1718, by whom he had six children. He was one of the foremost men of Woburn, active in the affairs of the town for many years, and in 1741 was one of the selectmen. In 1738 he was made captain in the militia and held the office ten years, and then promoted to major, holding that appointment from 1749 until his

death. While too old to enter service in the war for independence, he was a staunch patriot and some of his descendants served in the army of Washington and one of them was a commissioned officer.

It may be surmised that he was first attracted to the Peterborough enterprise through his acquaintance with the people of Lunenburg. In 1664 the Massachusetts legislature had granted to Woburn 2,000 acres of land to be located outside the township. This grant was suffered to lapse; in 1714 it was renewed and the land located on Turkey Hill, Lunenburg. The matter drifted along until 1733 when the town voted to sell, and appointed a committee of five, of whom John Fowle was one, to make the sale and give the deeds. The committee sold in parcels and took notes and bonds in payment, as they were authorized under the vote. These were defaulted and the claim was made that the committee had not accounted for the funds. The controversy drifted along many years, finally ending in lawsuits. But John Fowle came out of the trouble with his financial honor unimpeached. This affair necessitated many visits to Lunenburg and close contact with some of its people. Through them John Fowle may have learned of the Peterborough grant; while there is no evidence it is significant that the earliest settlers of the town came from Lunenburg and vicinity, and after Fowle had acquired an interest, which was in January, 1738, he may have been active in starting the first immigration to the new town from Lunenburg and vicinity.

This was not his first land speculation, however, and he probably had the disease fastened upon him before he allied himself with the Peterborough grant, and it certainly followed him afterward. He was one of the proprietors, by assignment, of a grant near Yarmouth, now the town of Buxton, Me., in 1735, called the Narragansett grantees. See N. E. H. & G. Register, Vol. 22, page 277. A partner in the land bank scheme of 1740, and a grantee of Newbury and Hereford, before mentioned. Beside these enterprises he was one of the grantees of the town of Gray, Me., in 1736 (Mass. Archives, Vol. 116, page 18); of Westmoreland, N. H., in 1752 (State Papers, Vol. XXV, page 624); of Northumberland in 1761 (S. P. XXV, page 396); of Wilmington, or Draper, N. H., in 1763 (S. P. XXVI, page 565); of one share (17 lots) of Lyndeborough, N. H., in 1753 (S. P. XXVII–402) by Joseph Blanchard, agent of the Masonian Proprietors; of Peterborough Slip, afterwards Temple, in 1750 (S. P. XXVIII–336); of Alstead in 1752 (S. P. XXIV–407), and one of the non-resident proprietors of Dunstable (XXIV–89). He also owned and sold lands in the towns of Chichester and Hollis (see Province Deeds). In 1761 he was a grantee of the town of Cavendish, Vt., granted by Governor Wentworth that year (S. P. XXVI–86). Probably those do not include all his interests, but they give an idea of the magnitude of his operations.

His acquisition of title in the Peterborough grant has been described. From that time on he appears to have attended every proprietors' meeting until the end, and next to John Hill was evidently the most active man in the enterprise. With Hill he had a prominent part in the settlement with the Masonian proprietors, as appears by the following petition:

"Portsmouth, Jan. 26, 1748.

"To the Prop^{rs} Purchasers of the Grant made to Capt^{n} John Mason, Merch^{t} in London, by the Council of Plimouth Lying in the Province of New Hampshire in New England.

"Gentle^{n};

"The Town of Peterborough which Now we suppose falls within said Clame was Granted by the Massachusetts Government to a number of Settlers; Jere' Gridley Esq^{r} John Vassal

Esq^r Major John Fowle & John Hill purchas^d of s^d Grantees for & p^d a Valuable Consideration for said Township and have since bin at Great Charg and Expene in bringing forward said settlement by Laying oute the Hom lots Building A Meeting House and Bridges. Contracting for a Saw & Grist Mill & Bulding nigh 40 Dwelling Houses and Bringing forward the settlements that at the time of Breaking oute of the warr there were there 30 familys settled in said Township able to rase provitions to support Each family which we are ready to return there again; Wee pray that wee may settle under your Clame and Meet with such encurgiment as you in your Great wisdom shall see meet Wee in Behalf of our Brethern and Gentl^mn

"Your Most Obedient
"Humble Servante
"John Hill
"John Fowle."

State Papers, Vol. XXVIII, page 185.

The answer to this petition is found in Smith's History of Peterborough, page 47.

This petition contains some interesting statements, which disagree with what has hitherto been accepted as to the progress of the settlement prior to the year of 1744. It is hard to believe that these petitioners in seeking a great concession from the Masonian proprietors, who must have known the facts, would base their claim on the assertion that they had built a meeting-house, bridges, contracted for a saw and gristmill, erected nigh forty dwellings and had settled thirty families in the town able to raise provisions for their own support, if these statements had not been true. Neither Mr. Dunbar's account of the early settlement, Samuel Smith in his notes, Dr. Smith in his history nor Dr. Morison in his address name more than fourteen different people as having been there prior to 1748 or 1749, and both Dr. Smith and Dr. Morison say there were no families in town prior to the latter year. (See Hist., P., pages 41 and 254.) In a note on page 254 it is stated that "Catherine Gregg, mother of Gen. Miller, is said to have been baptized here in 1743," but Dr. Morison apparently was not certain of the fact. If the claim of Hill and Fowle be true there is a chapter in the early history of the town yet to be written, and it is at least doubtful if John Richey was the first child born there; but of this there is no information to the contrary.

Bearing on this point was an obligation entered into by Gridley, Hill, Fowle and Vassall with Rev. William Johnson, of Londonderry, dated December 21, 1744 (see Province deeds, book 36, page 403), whereby they agreed with Johnson that if he would go and settle in said township with a sufficient number of settlers, they would lay out of the undivided lands lots of 100 acres each and would sell them to such settlers at ten shillings per acre. The contract promises to pay Mr. Johnson £25, in old tender bills, for the term of four years, if he will settle and continue there with a sufficient number of settlers, besides all lands falling to him as first minister. If he would stay there one year they agreed to pay him £200, and the second year £200, "exclusive of all other encouragements." The penalty of the bond was £1,000. The contract says "that sundry persons have begun and carried on settlements there," which seems to sustain the claims of Hill and Fowle in their petition to the Masonian proprietors. On November 17, 1746, Gridley did convey to this Johnson or Johnston (it is spelled both ways) land in Peterborough (Province Deeds, book 32, page 227), and January 11 of the following year he deeded to Johnson another lot (Province Deeds, book 32, page 209). On the same day, January 11, Fowle conveyed to the same party lots 58 and 120 (Province

Deeds, Vol. 32, page 210). But whether those conveyances had any connection with the contract there is nothing in them to show.

These papers intimate very clearly the strong effort which the three proprietors were making to build up the settlement between 1744 and 1748. Peter Prescott had no part in them. They strongly tend to show, also, that much more had been done prior to 1744 than has hitherto been supposed, but how much is still an open question.

Fowle had not disposed of all his lands in this town at his death in 1775. His heirs conveyed the last of his holdings, Lot 91, to Henry Ferguson in 1781 (see Hillsborough Co. Records).

He died at Woburn, September 28, 1775, aged eighty years. About 1735 he built a large, and for the period, imposing house in Woburn, which is still standing in the center of the town, nearly opposite his father's hotel. It is now used for business purposes. He owned extensive tracts of real estate in Woburn, and while his estate was never settled in the probate court, he evidently left a great deal of property. Many of his descendants are now living and the family name is perpetuated still in many ways in the town of his nativity.

John Fowle's father was an innkeeper. The son continued the business, but for how long a period is uncertain. He was deeply interested in land speculation the whole of his active life and certainly his enterprises were sufficient in number to absorb all his time. He was a man of high character, honored and respected by his fellow citizens, and possessed their confidence and esteem to an unusual degree.

JOHN HILL.

Henry Hill, the father of John Hill, came to Boston a short time prior to 1691 from Isle Thanet, County of Kent, England. In the old country the name was spelled Hills, but in his will he signs his name as here given, "Hill," and it is so spelled by his descendants in this country. Henry Hill was a prominent man in Boston and accumulated a handsome property for those days. In 1699 he was tything man and held the office for several years, constable one year, elected an assessor in 1713, but refused to serve, and was much employed in the business of the town. At one time he kept a public house, and in 1714 was licensed as an innholder and dealer in spirits. It appears that in 1701 he bought land and built a still house at the southwest corner of South and Essex streets, and continued the business of distiller until his death. He was one of the founders of the New South Church, Boston, in 1715, which stood on "Church Green" at the juncture of Summer and Bedford streets, and held the office of deacon in it for many years. He died July 8, 1726, and was buried in the Old Granary Burying Ground. The inscription on his tomb (No. 45) says it was "built by his sons, John and Thomas Hill." He left four children living at his death, two sons and two daughters, the oldest son, John, being the subject of this sketch. To him and his brother, Thomas, the father bequeathed his still business, and left an estate "estimated at £15,000." N. E. Hist. and Genealogical Register, Vol. XV, page 309. The sons got the larger proportion of the property, the share of the daughters being about £2,000 each. See Probate Records, Suffolk County, Mass.

John Hill continued his father's business for several years, and was also interested in many other enterprises aside from his land speculations. He was closely connected with public affairs through his active life. For twenty consecutive years, from 1732 to 1752, he was an overseer of the poor, constable in 1729, 1754 and 1755, fire warden in 1745 and 1756, and one of the citizens selected by the

school committee to visit, inspect and report upon the condition of the public schools in 1747 and 1751. He also served on many important town committees. In 1735 he was one of the committee chosen to divide the town into wards. The same year he subscribed £25 toward building and furnishing an almshouse. His brother, Thomas, subscribed an equal sum. In 1740 he was one of a committee to report on the best method of supplying the town with cordwood; six years later he was one of several selected to repair the shops on the north side of Faneuil Hall Market. In 1747 to choose a site for a burial ground in South Boston and to repair the town warehouses. In 1750 he was on the committee to investigate the town finances, and two years later to revise the by-laws of the town, and to place the revision in the hands of the representatives to the general court for adoption. Among other positions he was named on a committee to reduce the price of provisions sold in the town, and to prevent persons bringing them in from "cumbering the lands and highways about Faneuil Hall Market." In the same year, 1752, he was one of several chosen to draft a petition to the legislature to "relieve the Town of its present distressing circumstances." One of his last appointments was on a committee to "examine the Accounts of the Faneuil Hall lotteries and other lotteries that may hereafter be drawn." Boston Municipal Records, Vols. 1729 to 1742, 1742 to 1757, 1758 to 1769. In 1746 he was one of the petitioners for the laying out of Congress Street, Boston. "Bounded North by Milk St., South by Cow Lane." N. E. Hist. and Gen. Reg'r, Vol. 17, page 348.

But these were not all his activities; in 1752, '3, '4, '5, '6, '7, '8 and '9, he was a member of the governor's council, took an efficient part in its transactions, and in 1757 signed the commission of Sir William Pepperell as commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts militia. See Journals of Mass. Legislature for 1752–'59. He was further connected with private banking enterprises. N. E. Hist. & Gen. Reg'r, Vol. 57, pages 274–285. Among them was the Land Bank scheme of 1740, to which he subscribed £3,000. He was also a stockholder in the Silver Bank, organized about the same time and in opposition to the Land Bank. It issued bills and notes based on silver, and it was its policy to refuse to take or recognize the Land Bank bills. Whether the enterprise shared the fate of the Land Bank has not been traced. N. E. Hist. & Gen. Reg'r, Vol. 57, page 274.

He was in the militia, holding the ranks successively of captain, major and colonel. During the Revolution he was on the side of the colonies, as was his son, William Hill. The latter was urged to take service under the Crown, but peremptorily refused. In Vol. 13 (page 329) of the N. E. Historical & Genealogical Register, are found several letters stating his views on the burning question of that day.

Of the four proprietors of Peterborough he was the deepest in land speculations. The first one of which there is record was the town of Buxton, Me., formerly North Yarmouth, above named. The following are some of his New Hampshire enterprises in which he was concerned, either as grantee or proprietor: The town of Groton, in 1761, State Papers, XXV, page 63; Peterborough Slip (Temple), in 1750, S. P. XXVIII–336; Newbury and Hereford in 1754, S. P. XXVIII–78–80; Alstead in 1750, S. P. XXIV–407; Cornish in 1763, S. P. XXIV–665; Bow in 1727, S. P. XXIV–491; New Boston in 1736, S. P. XXVIII–52; see also S. P. XXIV–215; Rindge in 1749, S. P. XXVIII–198; Hillsborough, granted by Mass., in 1735–6, S. P. XXVIII–350. In 1750 he was one of the petitioners to Governor

Wentworth for a township six miles square. It was allowed in 1752, but it does not appear that any settlement was made under it. S. P. Vol. XI–22. In 1736 he was one of the proprietors of the town of Gray, Me. N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register, Vol. 10, page 165. Of this enterprise he was proprietors' clerk. He also owned lands in Hancock. Some of these grants were made by the legislature of Massachusetts, some by Governor Wentworth, and others directly by the Masonian proprietors. His grant of Hillsborough evidently gave him much trouble. In his petition to the Masonian proprietors for confirmation of the grant, already made by the Massachusetts legislature in 1735 and 1736, he sets out his grievances very fully and claims that he had already spent "nigh £20,000" in the venture. S. P. XXVII–351. The controversy was finally settled by his releasing to the Masonian proprietors 1,700 acres of land. The town was named for him, Hillsborough.

His share in the settlement of Peterborough was prominent, and so far as the Proprietors' Records show, appears to be greater than any of the others. He was present at every meeting of which there is record, and from Prescott's resignation in 1744 on to the end he was clerk of the proprietors. With John Fowle, and the assistance of Mr. Gridley as counsel, he settled the claim of the Masonian proprietors to the town. The controversy was a very long one, and the interests involved of serious import both to the proprietors and settlers and extended over several years. With other grants of New Hampshire lands made by the Massachusetts legislature there was a similar trouble and finally a satisfactory adjustment.

In February, 1774, he sold to the town of Peterborough two acres of land where the old cemetery is and where the first meeting-house stood, also by the same deed lots 71, 76 and 13. The first two were conveyed by Hill and Fowle in 1768 to John Morrison, the first minister. See Hillsborough Co. Records. Whether he owned any lands in Peterborough at his death does not appear. But in Hillsborough he had large tracts. In 1774 he purchased from Jeremiah Green, of Boston, an undivided half of 1,700 acres, probably a moiety of the lot taken by the Masonian proprietors in the settlement of their claim. Two years after his death, in 1779, his son and grandson bought of his daughters the latters' interest in 1,424 acres of land in that town. Hillsborough County Records. The outcome of his other speculations has not been traced.

John Hill died in Boston about October 18, 1777. His will is dated March 16, 1773, and in it he says that he is seventy-two years old. A codicil was added dated October 17, 1777, but a day or two before his decease. In his will he divides his estate equally among his five living children and grandson, John, child of his deceased son, John. The codicil gives one or two small legacies to others. Probate Records, Suffolk County, Vol. 76, page 467. The inventory, also on file, shows estate in Masachusetts to the amount of £1,815. 11s, 4d. Suffolk P. Records, Vol. 79, page 490. The will and codicil were proved October 24, 1777. Sixteen years later, in 1803, a petition was filed in the probate court of Hillsborough County by his heirs, praying for leave to file the will and codicil there, on the ground that it operated on estate in Hillsborough County. Where this land was, or its quantity, is not stated, nor whether it was still unsold. His estate in Massachusetts at his death was less than what he took under his father's will. Further than this nothing is known of John Hill. That he was a public spirited citizen is shown by the municipal records of his native town, and that he was an exceedingly busy man all his life, with an ambition for great enterprises, is

amply proven by his many and varied business interests.

May 15, 1722, he married Elizabeth Maxwell, by whom he had ten children, namely:

Mary, born ——, married —— Marsh.

Elizabeth, born June 28, 1724, died young.

Anna, born December 17, 1725, died young.

Christian, born July 6, 1727, died young.

John, born March 27, 1732, died prior to 1777, leaving children.

Elizabeth, born May 27, 1734, married Gowen Brown, of Boston, watchmaker.

William, born April 15, 1737, graduated Harvard College, 1756, went to North Carolina.

Henry Maxwell, born September 20, 1739.

Fenton, born March 7, 1742, married Sarson Belcher of Boston, a hatmaker.

Katherine, born August 25, 1745, married Joshua Henshaw, of Boston, a distiller, who succeeded to the business of his father-in-law.

Beyond what is here recorded of their business and public activities, little is known of these four proprietors. None of them, so far as yet discovered, left any diaries, letters or other papers throwing light upon their character or social standing, except as may be inferred from what has been set down herein. Even their personal "descriptive" lists have not been preserved. This may be safely said: that Gridley, Hill and Fowle were men of large and generous public spirit, alive to their duties as citizens, took prominent part in what was going on in the places where they lived, and held high place in the social life of the day.

It is reasonably certain that Peter Prescott found his Peterborough venture a profitable one. Assuming that the price of lots he sold are correctly stated in the deeds, and they are very likely correct, his debtor and creditor account is thus presented.

His rights cost him the sum of		£52.
He sold one half part of lot No. 15 to John Hill for,	£37	10s.
He sold 43 and 105 to John Hill for,	43	
He sold Farm C 500 Acres to John Hill for,	500	
He sold Lot No. 7 to Wm. Scott for,		
He sold Lots to Albert Denny for,	2400	
He sold to Albert Denney and others on same day, one and one-half rights for	400	
He sold 400 Acres in 1751 to Benjamin Pollard for	35	
Total Received	£3415	10
less cost	52	
Leaving balance in his favor of	£3363	10s.

Out of this, of course, must be deducted his share in the expense of settlement, surveys and improvements up to May, 1740, of which there is no knowledge. It is safe to assume he had left a handsome surplus.

John Fowle's share cost him £47.10s. John Hill paid £64,10s, and Jeremiah Gridley, £48.5s, making the original cost of the town to the proprietors, £212, 5s. How in the end the three latter fared in the speculation has not been figured out, as very many of their deeds were not recorded and there is no way of estimating the expense. These figures are based on the assumption that the deeds state correctly the consideration paid.

Excepting Prescott, it is doubtful if they made very much out of the enterprise. The risks were great and the expenses must have been heavy.

There were the different surveys for the division into lots, the construction of highways, and the advertising, which was done in a more expensive way than through newspapers, for it must have been largely through paid

agents or personal solicitation. It is likely that they assisted the earliest settlers in building their dwellings. At least these same men did so in some of their other land ventures, and from time to time purchased and sent them supplies. The war of 1744 and consequent abandonment of the place by the settlers, with the exception of roads already built, made a loss of all they had previously done and compelled them to begin anew.

It was here that Prescott had a great advantage. He had sold out, excepting small interests in some unlotted lands, before the war was even threatened, and was virtually out of the scheme, which made the subsequent expense of resettling heavier to the other three. Hill and Fowle had a similar experience in the settlement of the town of Gray, Me., before mentioned. The war of 1744 destroyed the settlement, and in 1751 John Hill, for the proprietors, made affidavit that the proprietors had built a meeting-house; that the major part of them (the proprietors) had built houses on their respective lots, and agreed to build a sawmill; "but the war breaking out, the meeting-house, all the dwelling houses and bridges had been burnt," and the proprietors assessed themselves £20 "to renew the bounds of the town and house-lots". (Mass. Archives, Vol. 116, page 18.) This was pretty nearly what happened in Peterborough.

The conditions in the grant were similar to those inserted in every act of the kind by the Massachusetts legislature, and required heavy outlay, making the risk of forfeiture a constant anxiety. The settlers were men of limited means and no doubt their calls upon the proprietors for assistance were many and importunate. Then there was the long and anxious controversy with the Masonian Proprietors. All these things increased the burden of expense to Hill, Gridley and Fowle. They may have come out of it on the right side financially, but it is uncertain. However it may have been in this instance, the conclusion of all their land speculations did not leave them any richer. Gridley died poor and Hill left an estate no larger than the one he inherited from his father. With Fowle it is uncertain, the chances being even either way; and Prescott probably carried to Nova Scotia very little property.

Prescott died holding a responsible public office in a strange land. Gridley, Hill and Fowle lived and died in the places of their birth, leaving honorable names and unblemished reputations for social and business honor. Whether they did much or little for the lasting good of Peterborough, at least they were not unworthy men to found this progressive and prosperous town, which has from the beginning sustained a large part in the history of the state, and has always held first and permanent place in the hearts of its sons and daughters.

Light Through Darkness

By Earl Anderson

There is no way of life so dark and narrow—
Hemmed in by care and curtained o'er with grief—
But that some gleam of glorious coming morrow
Sends in its light and gives the heart relief.

Retrospective

By Cyrus A. Stone

O meadows green, cool walks, and shady places
In woodland wilds and on the wavebeat shore!
O recollections of long-vanished faces
That we may joy to greet on earth no more!

O flying seasons! Treasures without number,
With which our early paths were thickly strown!
They throng around me in the dreams of slumber,
Though half a century's fleet-winged years have flown.

Across those years of changeful life expanding
With views of promised good or threatened ill,
I seem to see the old brown schoolhouse standing
Upon the summit of the windswept hill.

Faded its walls, but rich in song and story,
It told of learning's heights supremely fair,
And yet with all its tinsel gleams of glory
What sad heart histories have been written there!

Ah! who that crossed the well-worn threshold, scanning
With eager gaze ambition's frowning slopes,
Has found for all his searching and his planning
The bright fulfillment of his early hopes?

Many, indeed, have long ceased to wander,
Now free forever from all care and pain,
Their tired feet resting in the graveyard yonder
Will never roam o'er the green hills again.

The rippling waves still sing along the beaches
And clasp with cool white hands the shingled shore,
But leave no footprints on their sandy reaches,
Of those who passed that way in years before.

Calmly our sun swings westward to its setting,
"Spanning the blue waves with a bridge of gold,"
While far beyond remembering and forgetting,
New life awakes and brighter scenes unfold.

Yet ever through the eternal spaces beaming
Like some lone star, with hope the heart to thrill,
Shall memory picture to my soul's sweet dreaming
The old brown schoolhouse on the wind-swept hill.

Educational Progress

By an Occasional Contributor

One of the most forcible illustrations of the marked progress which has been made in the cause of education in this state in recent years is found in the rapid increase in attendance at the various high schools —an increase vastly out of proportion to that in population. Take, for instance, the high school enrolment in the five larger cities of the state—Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Portsmouth and Dover. In 1896 the number of pupils enrolled was substantially as follows: Concord, 200; Manchester, 400; Nashua, 257; Portsmouth, 210; Dover, 175. The enrolment for the present year in the same cities is about as follows: Concord, 373; Manchester, 558; Nashua, 325; Portsmouth, 325; Dover, 300. Here is shown a net increase in high school attendance, during the period covered, of more than 50 per cent., which is far greater in proportion than the increase in population. It may be added that the rate of increase has also been gaining from year to year, and is now such as to indicate the doubling of the enrolment in the next twelve years, in all the high schools of the state.

This rapid increase in attendance has necessitated the erection of new buildings for the accommodation of the high schools in all the cities above named, as well as in other places, and all are now provided with spacious and well-appointed buildings, which will be adequate to all demands for several years to come, the last to be completed being that in the city of Concord, opened for use with the beginning of the present school year, last month, a cut of which appears as a frontispiece for this number of the GRANITE MONTHLY. This building is a plain, substantial structure, without ornamentation, but built in accordance with the most improved plans, at a cost of $90,000, and designed to easily accommodate 500 pupils. The building which it succeeds, completed only seventeen years ago, at a cost nearly as great, is one of the most ornate structures devoted to educational purposes to be found in the country; but was designed for the accommodation of only 180 pupils, and was almost immediately outgrown, so that it has been uncomfortably crowded for several years past, and the erection of a new building became an absolute necessity. The building vacated by the high school is now used as a central grammar school, all the ninth grade pupils in the compact portion of the city being accommodated, in charge of a lady principal and four assistants.

Another illustration of educational progress is found in the increase in the teaching force employed in our high schools. Whereas, in the Concord high school, for instance, the teaching force included a principal and four lady assistants twenty years ago, it embraces today a principal, a submaster and twelve lady assistants, the increase in this school being, doubtless, about the same proportionately as in the high schools throughout the state.

New Hampshire Necrology

REV. MOSES B. BOARDMAN.

Moses Bradford Boardman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Boardman, long residents of Newport, died in New Britain, Conn., September 22.

He was born in Francestown, May 25, 1835, fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, and graduated at Amherst in 1860. He studied theology in Union Seminary, New York, and at Andover, Mass., graduating from the latter institution in 1863. He was ordained and installed in the Congregational Church at Lynfield Center, Mass., remaining till 1870. He filled several other pastorates in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and had traveled extensively abroad.

HON. RUFUS G. BURLEIGH.

Rufus Gregg Burleigh, born at Webster Place in Franklin, January 9, 1842, died at his home in that city, September 27, 1907.

He was a son of Henry and Eliza (Gregg) Burleigh, and a grandson of Joseph Burleigh, a soldier of the Revolution. He was educated at the Franklin and Boscawen academies. When the civil war broke out he was a clerk in a store in Wentworth, but enlisted in the navy and served through the war. At the close of his service he engaged in trade in Andover, where he married Mary A. Fellows, a sister of the late Hon. Joseph W. Fellows of Manchester, but removed to Franklin in 1867, where he ever after remained, extensively engaged in mercantile business. He served as a member of the city council in 1897, and as Mayor of Franklin, in 1900 and 1901, being elected as a Republican. He was prominent in Masonry and was also an Odd Fellow and a member of the G. A. R. He was an active member of the Unitarian Society in Franklin and had been treasurer of the Franklin Building and Loan Association for eighteen years.

MRS. ELLA L. FOLLANSBY.

Mrs. Ella Laville, wife of William H. C. Follansby of Exeter, one of New Hampshire's best known women, in social life and in charitable and benevolent work, died at her home in Exeter on Sunday, September 22.

Mrs. Follansby was a native of the town of Northfield, daughter of Darius and Hannah Haines Winslow, born June 1, 1846. She was educated at Tilton Seminary and a young ladies' school in Ipswich, Mass., and taught in early life in Holderness and Northfield. She was married to Mr. Follansby December 31, 1866, at Ashland, and resided there, where her husband was engaged in business, for several years. Subsequently they were located a few years in Barre, Mass., but removed to Exeter in 1875, where their home has since been. Without children of her own, Mrs. Follansby devoted her attention largely to the care and well-being of the unfortunate children of others, and was actively instrumental in securing the passage of the law removing children from the county almshouses. She was for years one of the most active and helpful members of the State Board of Charities and Correction, in whose work she took a deep interest. She was also prominently identified with the management of the Exeter Cottage Hospital. She was a helpful and zealous member of several woman's clubs in Exeter, of New Hampshire's Daughters, and prominent in the work of the State Federation. She was a member of the First Church of Exeter and active in its parish work. But with all her other activities, she was mindful of the claims of social life, dispensing a kindly and generous hospitality. No woman in the state enjoyed a wider friendship, and none could be more deeply mourned.

REAR ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER.

John Grimes Walker, Rear Admiral, U. S. A., retired, who died at York Beach, Me., September 15, was a native of this state, born in Hillsborough, March 20, 1835. He went to Iowa in childhood, upon the death of his mother, where he was cared for by his uncle, Ex-Governor Grimes of that state, himself a New Hampshire man. He graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1856, and immediately entered the service, in which he was active during the war of the rebellion, displaying great gallantry throughout. He was assistant superintendent of the Naval Academy from 1866 to 1869, and chief of the Bureau of Navigation from 1881 to 1889, when he was promoted to the rank of commodore and given command of the "squadron of evolution," which had just been organized. He commanded the South and North Atlantic stations from 1890 to 1893, and attained the rank of rear admiral in 1894, when he was given command of the Pacific station. He returned to shore duty the following year, and, reaching the age limit, went on the retired list March 20, 1897. He subsequently served as chairman of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, to which position he was appointed the following year.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

One of the most regrettable acts of executive power noted in the state for a long time was the nomination of an untried and practically unknown man, with no experience in, or known taste for library work, as a trustee of the state library, in place of James F. Brennan of Peterborough, who has rendered conspicuously efficient service for the last eight years, as commissioner and trustee, and whose continuance in the position had been hoped for by all friends of the library who believe in making the most of the same as a supplementary force in the educational system of the state. Whatever may have been the motive actuating the practical "turning down" of Mr. Brennan, whose service —entirely unremunerated, as is that of all the trustees—has been of inestimable value, the circumstance is a most lamentable one and is universally so regarded by those who are aware of the situation, and the value of the work which he has done. It is not Mr. Brennan, but the state, which loses his valuable service, that will be the sufferer in this case.

At the last meeting of the governor and council Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester, an associate justice of the Superior Court, was nominated for associate justice of the Supreme Court, in place of William M. Chase of Concord, who is to retire from the bench on the twenty-eighth of next December, when he reaches the age of 70 years, the limit of judicial service set by the constitution. Judge Chase has been a member of our highest judicial tribunal for more than sixteen years, having been appointed an associate justice under the old system, March 24, 1891, and serving until the dual court system went into operation, March 28, 1901, when he became a member of the present Supreme Court. He has served throughout with conspicuous fidelity, and his compulsory retirement, under the constitution at this time, although unavoidable, is much regretted. Judge Peaslee was appointed an associate justice on the bench of the old Supreme Court, June 28, 1898, being then, as now, the youngest man on the bench and less than thirty-five years of age at that time. He became a member of the Superior Court bench when the system was changed and his promotion at this time has been generally expected for some time past, on account of his recognized fitness for service on the law bench. Mr. Plummer, who has been named to succeed Judge Peaslee on the Superior Court bench, has been a practicing lawyer in Laconia for more than fifteen years, and has won an enviable reputation at the bar. He is a member of the firm of Jewett & Plummer, and served as a representative from his ward in the last legislature, in which he was the Democratic candidate for speaker and a member of the judiciary committee, making a record for efficient legislative service.

The annual meeting of the N. H. Teachers' Association will be held at the Auditorium in the city hall building at Concord, on Friday and Saturday, October 18 and 19. This meeting will bring together from 1,000 to 1,200 of the teachers of the state, who by organization and annual gathering for the consideration of methods are doing much to advance the standard of their profession in the state. It is a matter of regret that there is no hall anywhere in the central portion of the state of suitable size for the comfortable accommodation of the Association.

361-362

HON. WILLIAM M. CHASE

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Hon. William M. Chase

By H. H. Metcalf

A free government, so-called, is no better, and may be worse, than an autocracy, unless the law is fairly and justly administered. Under our form of government, the rights and obligations of citizens in their relation to each other and the government itself, are determined, whenever question involving the same arises, by the courts or the judicial department. It is all important, therefore, in order to the protection of the rights and the preservation of the liberties of the people that the judges of our courts, the men who stand between the people and the law, and through whose interpretation and decison, if at all, the latter becomes the shield of the weak and the oppressed and the restraint and terror of the evil-doer, should be men of probity and honor, of learning and judgment, of unfaltering courage and unswerving devotion to duty, seeking the favor of none and jealous of the rights of all.

The judiciary of New Hampshire, from the establishment of the government to the present day, in the average character, ability and devotion of its judges, has compared favorably with that of other states. Its judges may not all have been men of brilliant endowments, or profound learning, but they have generally been men of pure character, honest purpose, the capacity to ascertain the law and the courage to apply it in any given case. Their decisions have commanded respect in their own jurisdiction, and have been as generally cited beyond its borders as those of any other state.

Whatever may be said of the comparative merits and demerits of that provision of the state constitution which makes the retirement of a judge compulsory upon the attainment of the age of seventy years, which provision may have proved advantageous in some instances, there is no question but that it sends some men into retirement when they are as well equipped for efficient service as at any time in their career, and in this respect it may be truly said to operate disadvantageously to the state, for the time being, whatever the ultimate result may be. That such will be the case in the retirement of Associate Justice William M. Chase, who reaches his seventieth birthday anniversary on the twenty-eighth day of December next, and must therefore relinquish his position, regardless of his undisputed capacity for the thorough performance of its duties, no one will question for a moment.

In view of this approaching retirement of one who has been a member of the highest judicial tribunal of the state for nearly seventeen years, a brief outline of his career may most appropriately be presented in the *Granite Monthly* at this time.

WILLIAM MARTIN CHASE was born in the town of Canaan, December 28, 1837, the son of Horace and Abigail S. (Martin) Chase. His father was the son of Joseph, who was the third son of Moody, who was the tenth son of Joseph, who was the eighth child

of Moses, who was the eleventh child of Aquila, who came with his brother, Thomas, from Cornwall, England, to Hampton, N. H., about 1639. Aquila Chase married Anna Wheeler and settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1646, and from his son, Moses, above named, it is said that a majority of all the Chases in the United States are descended, among the representatives of this line having been the late Salmon P. Chase, chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the late Rt.-Rev. Carleton Chase, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire, and Philander Chase, bishop of Ohio and later of Illinois, and the late Horace Chase, long judge of probate for the county of Merrimack and eminent in the Masonic order.

Horace Chase, the father of William M., was a native of the town of Chester, but removed with his parents to Dorchester, in Grafton County, when quite young. He left home early in life, making his own way in the world and finally buying a farm in Canaan, about a mile from the "Street," upon which he settled at marriage, his wife, Abigail S. Martin, being a native of the town of Pembroke, and a daughter of William Martin, for whom their son was named. The Martins were of Scotch-Irish descent, their ancestors in this country being among the first settlers of the town of Londonderry. Robert Martin, the father of William, was a Revolutionary pensioner and a prominent citizen of Pembroke, but removed late in life to Canaan. He enlisted early in the winter of 1775–'76, in the patriot cause, marched to Winter Hill and was engaged in the siege of Boston. After his term of enlistment expired, he again enlisted and in fact served six or eight periods of enlistment during the course of the war, at one time holding the office of sergeant.

When William M. Chase was about seven years of age, his father sold the farm upon which he was born and moved to the place on Canaan Street then owned and occupied by the grandfather, William Martin, where the boy grew to manhood, devoting his time somewhat to farm labor, but more to study, it being the desire of his father, who had himself enjoyed scant educational opportunities, that the son should be better favored in that respect. He attended the village school and Canaan Union Academy, with the exception of a single term at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, until fitted for college, entering the Chandler Scientific department at Dartmouth in 1856, a year in advance, and graduating in 1858.

During his college course, and in the year previous thereto, he had taught district schools in the winter, his last term being at Enfield village, and had developed a strong love for teaching. The fall after his graduation he accepted a position as assistant preceptor in the Henniker Academy, teaching mathematics, French and natural sciences, where he remained for two years during such portion of the time as was covered by the academy terms. He took great pleasure in his work, was interested in the progress of the students and commanded their respect and interest in turn. This school numbered about 100 pupils in those days, many attending from neighboring as well as distant towns, and sustained an enviable reputation among educational institutions of its class.

Among those who were students here during Judge Chase's service as a teacher were quite a number who subsequently became substantial citizens of the state, among them being William O. Folsom of Henniker, a leading citizen and prominent member of the last legislature, the late Capt. Grosvenor A. Curtice of Contoocook, U. S. pension agent for the district of New Hampshire and Vermont, Col. William S. Carter of Lebanon and others of like character and

standing. The memory of his teaching days at this academy is still fondly cherished by Judge Chase, and he has been heard to remark that in no work of his long and active life has he ever taken greater satisfaction than in that in which he was then engaged.

It was during the time of his connection with the Henniker school that he definitely determined his future course in life. The late Chief Justice Isaac N. Blodgett, who was also a Canaan boy and an intimate friend of Judge Chase, had been studying law in the office of the late Anson S. Marshall, then a rising lawyer in the capital city, and was about completing his preparations for admission to the bar. He urged his friend to take up the study of the same profession and to take the place in the office as a student which he was about to vacate, and after due deliberation he concluded to do so, and commenced study late in the fall of 1859, after the close of the fall term at the academy at Henniker. He pursued his studies in Mr. Marshall's office except during the spring and fall terms of the academy in 1860, and one summer at home, when he read in the office of Hon. William P. Weeks, until his admission to the bar in Concord, August 21, 1862. After admission he was employed by Mr. Marshall as an assistant until January following—1863—when the two formed a partnership which continued upon the most friendly and intimate terms until July 4, 1874, when severed by the untimely death, from accidental shooting, of the senior partner, then in the prime of robust physical manhood and intellectual power, and the enjoyment of a state-wide reputation as an

Residence of Hon. William M. Chase

able counsellor and brilliant advocate.

In 1870 Mr. Chase had been elected professor of mathematics in the Chandler Scientific department at Dartmouth, where he had graduated twelve years previously, but, although duly appreciating the honor, declined the position, being thoroughly devoted to the profession in which he had already made a creditable mark and was winning his way to success. After the death of Mr. Marshall he continued alone in practice for a short time, but very soon formed a partnership with the late Ex-Chief Justice Jonathan E. Sargent, which continued five years until 1879, when Judge Sargent retired to devote his attention to banking and other business affairs. Shortly after, Frank S. Streeter, then a young lawyer just coming into prominence, who had been associated in another firm in the city, was joined in partnership with Mr. Chase, and this relation continued for more than ten years, until the appointment of Mr. Chase as an associate justice of the Supreme Court, which position he assumed April 1, 1901. At this time there was a single court, with seven judges, individual members presiding at the trial terms in the several counties and all sitting together as a law court, at stated times, in Concord. Mr. Chase was named as the successor of the late Hon. George A. Bingham of Littleton, who had resigned for personal reasons shortly before.

Upon ascending the bench Judge Chase found himself associated with Charles Doe, chief justice, and William H. H. Allen, Isaac W. Smith, Lewis W. Clark, Alonzo P. Carpenter and Isaac N. Blodgett, associate justices, all considerably older than himself, with the exception of the last named, his school-boy friend and companion, upon whose solicitation and advice he had himself entered the legal profession, and no one of whom is living at the present time to welcome him back to private life or professional service upon his own approaching retirement.

During the ten years in which this court existed after Judge Chase's accession, Judge Doe presided as chief justice until his death in 1896, when he was succeeded by Judge Carpenter, who died May 21, 1898, and was succeeded by Judge Clark, who held the position until his own retirement by constitutional limitation, August 19 following. Judge Blodgett was next promoted to the vacancy and continued until the court went out of existence by legislative enactment, March 28, 1901, giving place to the present dual system, or Superior and Supreme Courts.

At this time the court was composed of Chief Justice Isaac N. Blodgett and Associate Justices William M. Chase, Robert M. Wallace, Frank N. Parsons, Robert G. Pike, Robert J. Peaslee and John E. Young. The new Supreme Court of five judges, appointed upon the date last named, included Isaac N. Blodgett, as chief justice and Associate Justices William M. Chase, Frank N. Parsons, Reuben E. Walker and James W. Remick. July 1, 1902, Chief Justice Blodgett resigned, and was succeeded by Judge Parsons as chief justice, George H. Bingham being named to succeed the latter as an associate justice. January, 1904, Judge Remick resigned and Judge John E. Young was promoted from the Superior Court bench to fill the vacancy. As thus constituted the court has continued to the present time. When Judge Chase retires, next month, the vacancy will be filled by Robert J. Peaslee, present associate justice of the Superior Court, who has already been named for the position, William A. Plummer of Laconia succeeding him upon the latter bench.

Judge Chase ascended the bench after nearly thirty years' experience in active practice at the bar, during which time he had been brought in

close professional contact with many lawyers of character and ability. Such names as George, Foster, Pike, Mugridge, Shirley, Tappan and Barnard suggest the quality of the men, aside from his own partners, with whom he associated or contended in the course of his experience in the courts of Merrimack County, not to mention those of their equally able compeers in other counties of the state, into which the practice of his

Summer Home of Hon. William M. Chase at Canaan Street

firm extended. Under such circumstances, and determined at the outset to make professional success, in the true sense of the word, the main object of his life, diligently and studiously applying himself to the work in hand, mastering the details of every case and familiarizing himself with the law bearing thereon, as to principle and application, it is safe to say that he had established during this time a reputation for conscientious devotion to the interests of his clients, for sound judgment and knowledge of the law and a general standing in the profession surpassed by that of no lawyer of his age in the county or state. His practice had not been specialized but was general in character, covering every branch of the law with which our New Hampshire courts are accustomed to deal. He had been connected with much important litigation in various lines, notable among which was that growing out of the protracted controversies incident to the development of the present railroad system of the state, and in which his work, if not of the spectacular order, involved much of labor, application and research. Especially should it be said he had gained a wide reputation as a safe and honest counsellor, and his advice was extensively sought by men who had become involved in legal difficulties or who desired to avoid them.

It was generally conceded, when

his appointment as a judge was announced, that he was well equipped for the position and that the administration of justice in New Hampshire would suffer no detriment at his hands. The course of his judicial career, covering a sixth of a century, proves that the popular idea formed at the outset was no mistaken one. On the bench Judge Chase has been as faithful, as industrious, as painstaking and conscientious as he had been at the bar. He has been solicitous for the maintenance of exact justice between individual litigants, or the respondent and the state in every case with which he has had occasion to deal. It has been his design to apply the law as he has found it, in its true spirit and purpose, to every situation that has arisen, rather than to mould and adapt it to any individual notion as to what it ought to be, or what the exigencies of the situation might demand. Abiding by this purpose, he has not hesitated to dissent from the conclusions of his associates whenever his understanding of the law has required it. While a member of the old court, his trial decisions, when excepted to and carried to the full bench, were seldom overruled; while his written opinions, whether voicing the judgment of the court or given in dissent, have been clear, cogent, luminous and exhaustive, commanding the attention and respect of the legal fraternity and contributing to maintain the high regard in which New Hampshire judicial opinion has been held, at home and abroad.

Politically, Judge Chase is a Democrat of the school of Jefferson and Jackson, but has never been active in party affairs and has never been before the people as a candidate for political office. He served as clerk of the state senate in 1871, when the Democrats organized that body, which was the only position of a political character that he has ever held. Under the Concord city government, however, he served for many years as a member of the board of water commissioners and has been a member of the board of education in Union School District, nearly twenty years in all, for some time being clerk of the board and for several years, during the last of his service, president—his early experience and continued interest in educational work admirably qualifying him for service in this position. He was a trustee of the New Hampshire Normal School from 1876 to 1879, and also served for several years as a trustee of the state library. He was chosen a member of the board of trustees of Dartmouth College in 1890, and has since continued in that position, giving no little attention to the welfare of the institution which he has honored and which in turn has honored him. He is a member of the finance committee of the board, chairman of its legal committee and has been clerk of the corporation since the death of Hon. Isaac W. Smith. He is an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth, was given the honorary degree of master of arts by the college in 1879 and that of doctor of laws in 1898.

Judge Chase was chairman of the commission appointed by the governor and council, under authority of the legislature, to revise and codify the laws of the state in 1889. Upon him fell the burden of the work and it was performed with painstaking care and fidelity, greatly to the satisfaction of the bar and all who have occasion to consult the statute law.

He was for several years a director of the Merrimack County Savings Bank; has been a director of the First National Bank of Concord since 1875 and was its president in 1885–'86. He was clerk of the Concord and Concord & Montreal railroads for many years.

While at the bar, Judge Chase served for a number of years as a member of the committee to examine

students who were candidates for admission. It may also be added that he had very extensive experience in presiding at referee trials, nearly two hundred cases, in some form or other, many involving questions of no small magnitude, having been referred to him by the court altogether, the experience thus gained materially enhancing his equipment for the bench.

Judge Chase has had his home in Concord practically since 1860, and has been from the first a loyal and public-spirited citizen, ever ready to lend his aid in the promotion of any worthy enterprise calculated to enhance the welfare of the community. On March 18, 1863, he was united in marriage with Ellen Sherwood Abbott, daughter of Aaron and Nancy (Badger) Abbott, who has been his faithful, trusting and trusted companion and helpmeet through all these intervening years. Mrs. Chase was a sister of the late Gen. Joseph C. Abbott, who was for a time adjutant-general of New Hampshire, commander of the Seventh N. H. regiment in the Civil War and afterwards United States Senator from North Carolina. She is a woman of unusual vigor of mind and strength of character, and while thoroughly mindful of the duties and appreciative of the charms of domestic life, has not been neglectful of her opportunities and obligations in other directions, but has been an active factor in the social, intellectual and charitable life of the community. She is an interested member and has been president of the Concord Woman's Club. She has long been active in the work of the famous Concord Charitable Society and has served as its president; and also served many years as secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society.

They have one son, Arthur Horace Chase, born February 16, 1864. He is a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1886; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1889, but has been for the last thirteen years librarian of the New Hampshire State Library. He married Miss Alice Fiske of Boston. They have two children—Marjorie Fiske and Robert Martin—both attending the public schools, the former now in the high school. The family residence is a pleasant and homelike dwelling on School Street, furnished to the taste of the occupants, in which not the least important feature is the cosy and well equipped library, where the judge and Mrs. Chase pass many of their happiest hours. Judge Chase also owns the old home at Canaan, where his boyhood life was spent and which is occupied by the family as a summer residence.

In religious affiliation Judge Chase is a Congregationalist, having been a constant attendant at the South Church since his residence in the city, and having, with his wife, occupied practically the same pew ever since their marriage.

Far Away

By Clara B. Heath

How far away
The years of childhood seem today!
Not for the years that we have known,
Not for the fancies that have flown;
It is the thoughts that intervene;
The wants and woes that drift between;
The gales that left our gardens bare,
The joys and griefs that none could share—
These make the years of childhood seem,
Sometimes, a half-forgotten dream

Hon. William A. Plummer

Hon. William A. Plummer

By H. H. Metcalf

Belknap is among the smallest counties in the state and its bar has never been a numerous body; but its members, on the whole, have compared favorably with those of other counties in character and ability. It has so happened, moreover, that a majority of those among them who have attained prominence have been politically affiliated with the Democratic party. The fact is still recalled by elderly residents familiar with the political history of the time that during the exciting campaign of 1856, when the general result in November was well understood to hinge upon the outcome of the state election in Pennsylvania in October, and both parties throughout the country were drawn upon for all their available speaking talent for service upon the stump in that state, three young Democratic lawyers went out from Laconia, alone, and performed yeoman service for the cause to which they were attached, in the Keystone State. All subsequently became conspicuous at the bar and well known to the public for their general ability. They were George W. Stevens, Thomas J. Whipple and Ellery A. Hibbard. The first named died in the prime of life in the midst of a brilliant legal career. Colonel Whipple led the Fourth N. H. Regiment in the Civil War and fought in many a hotly contested battle in the courts in the following years. Mr. Hibbard had a successful career at the bar, served one term in congress, was for some time a judge, afterward resumed practice and continued for a number of years. All are now "on the other side of the river," but are remembered by older citizens for their sterling worth and acknowledged ability.

When, in view of the close approaching retirement of Associate Justice William M. Chase of the Supreme Court, the governor and council determined upon the transfer of Judge Peaslee from the Superior Court bench to fill the vacancy to be thus occasioned, and it became necessary to select some one to fill the place to be left by the latter. The question of locality seems to have been left out of the account, and the two large central cities of Concord and Manchester, together furnishing about one third of the trial business of the entire state, will have no representative on the bench of the trial court, a condition of things which has not existed before in the memory of living men. This fact naturally leads to the conclusion that the appointing power, in making final selection, was governed by its judgment in the matter of fitness alone, especially as the choice fell upon one residing in another city where another member of the same court also has his home. The appointment of William A. Plummer of Laconia, therefore, to succeed Judge Peaslee, must be regarded as more than ordinarily complimentary,—a high tribute to his merits and qualifications.

William Alberto Plummer, of the well known law firm of Jewett & Plummer, is a native of the town of Gilmanton, son of the late Charles E. and Mary H. (Moody) Plumer,* born December 2, 1865.

Charles E. Plumer, father of William A., although thrown upon his own resources in early youth, had be-

*The original spelling of this name was with the single m, and many branches of the family and some members of all branches continue to follow the original, as did Charles E.; while his son, William A., early adopted the more common style of the present day, doubling the m.—Ed.

come one of the most prosperous and successful farmers in Belknap County, the largest landowner in the town of Gilmanton. He was a staunch and lifelong Democrat in politics, and though never an aspirant for public honors, one of the best known men in Belknap County. He died July 27, 1906, in his seventy-fifth year. His mother is a daughter of the late Stephen S. Moody, a prominent citizen of Gilmanton and a collateral descendant of William Moody, who settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1635, about the same time that the original American ancestor, on the Plummer side, settled in Newburyport. Her great grandfather, Capt. John Moody, who moved from Kingston to Gilmanton in 1764, was a Revolutionary soldier and served as a captain in the army under Washington.

William A. spent his childhood and youth, while not attending school, on the Gilmanton farm, and became familiar with the active demands of farm life.

His education was acquired in the common school, Gilmanton Academy, Dartmouth College and the Boston University Law School, from which latter he graduated in June, 1889, having previously read law with J. C. Story at Plymouth, George W. Murray at Canaan and C. T. and T. H. Russell of Boston. He was admitted to the bar July 26, 1889, and on September 2, following, formed the partnership with Stephen S. Jewett, which continued up to the time of his selection for the high position to which he has just been appointed.

During the eighteen years in which he was engaged in practice, Mr. Plummer established an enviable reputation as an industrious, well-equipped, level-headed, all-round lawyer, growing constantly in favor at the bar and among those in his section of the state who find it necessary to seek the intervention of the courts for the protection or maintenance of their rights, developing in large measure those qualities which, in the judgment of those who know him best, will most contribute to his success in the sphere upon which he is about to enter.

In politics he is a staunch and consistent Democrat, though never neglecting his profession to engage in active partisanship. He was elected as a representative in the legislature from his ward in 1893, serving on the committees on the judiciary, education and roll of the house; was the nominee for his party for mayor of Laconia in 1895, coming within forty-five votes of an election; was a delegate from New Hampshire in the Democratic national convention at Chicago in 1896, and was again a representative from his ward in the last legislature, when he was the candidate of his party for the speakership and its recognized floorleader, serving also on the committees on the judiciary, banks and rules of the house. It should be added that his course in the house was such as to reflect credit upon himself and his party, and that whenever he was heard upon any question, his words commanded respect and carried due weight.

He is a member of the Laconia board of trade and has been for the last eleven years president of the board of education. He is also prominent in the financial affairs of his city, being a director of the Laconia National Bank, vice-president of the City Savings Bank and a director of the Laconia Building and Loan Association. In 1901 he was appointed assignee of the suspended Belknap Savings Bank, and although its property was widely scattered through the West and elsewhere, its affairs in a tangled condition and his undertaking a large one, he successfully performed the work, the last dividend bringing the total distributed to 97 per cent., having been paid in the summer of 1906.

He was made a Mason in Mt. Lebanon Lodge, Laconia, December 8, 1891, and master of the same in 1895—

'96. He has been high priest of Union Chapter, R. A. M., commander of Pilgrim Commandery, Knights Templar, T. I. M. of Pythagorean Council, grand patron of the New Hampshire Order of the Eastern Star, was elected grand master of the grand lodge of Masons of New Hampshire in May, 1906, and re-elected the present year. He is also a Knight of Pythias and an Elk.

He is a member of the society of the Laconia Congregational Church.

January 1, 1890, Mr. Plummer was united in marriage with Miss Ellen F. Murray, daughter of George W. Murray, Esq., of Canaan. They have one son, Wayne Murray Plummer, born March 21, 1891, now a member of the junior class in the Laconia High School.

Moonlight at Cumae

By Frederick Myron Colby

Gray falls the shadow of the night down purpled Appennine,
And softly creeps across the fields once rich with fruited vine.
The jewelled portals of the west fade through the sunset bars,
And one by one in darkening sky shine out the silent stars.

White gleam the ruins of the fanes of beauty-loving Greek;
A dreamland seems the region where the misty shadows creep;
Dim voices seem to whisper 'neath the tossing cypress trees,
As in and out the specters glide from sleeping centuries.

Afar across the classic lands where the Volturnus flows,
Vesuvius' bright, lofty torch amid the darkness glows.
The splendor shines, a glistening line, and lingers silently
Where Cumæ sits a fallen queen beside the murmuring sea.

A mild, soft flush is creeping down the wooded Appennine,
A low, white moon is rising slow above the slopes of pine.
To Cumæ comes another day in dreams of afterglow,
And 'midst the fallen marble shrines move Greek and Tuscan slow.

Immersed in glory brighter than what gleams in glimmering stars
We catch the old-time beauty still behind the westering bars;
Lives once again gay Cumæ in her ancient majesty,
Where bright Vesuvius afar watches the sleepless sea.

Apostrophe to *the* Old Man *of the* Mountain

By Elizabeth Emerson Dorr

Thou grand old man of stone,
Whose massive brow and features bold
Stand out, clear cut, against the sky.
Sculpture so full of majesty, so old, so rare,
Nature's own hand hath placed thee where thou art,
And holds thee there.
Thou giant sovereign of the mountain top!
Long is thy peaceful reign and undisturbed,
While countless subjects passing 'neath thy feet
Do pay thee reverent homage,
O silent, sphinx-like face!
Eyes gazing through centuries untold
Out into space!
To us, weak mortals in the vale below,
Weary and worn with care, and ofttimes
Blind with tears,
Vouchsafe the secret of thy calm repose,
Dispel our gloomy fears,
And give us of thy strength.

A Day Among the Hills

By Dana Smith Temple

The summer was yet in its glory. The birds were singing sweetly all day long, and the rural scenes on every side thrilled me through and through with poetic thoughts and magic attractions. So I determined to spend a day among the hills, to breathe of the hopes and to look out upon the surrounding scenes—the old deserted farmhouses, fast falling to decay, the rocky features of a New Hampshire landscape, while the thickly indented forests breathed their musical benediction.

So, one fine morning, I set out upon my journey with great expectation. All was fair; the sky, a sea of blue, with not even a stray cloud floating like some ship at sea, was plainly seen, while the breezes were soft and gentle—soft to the cheek and gentle to the stirring leaves; and the birds poured forth their sweetest songs. The first to greet me was robin redbreast, apparently hunting for an early breakfast, singing and hopping along, free from care, while his mate, in an old maple near by, sweetly sang, and was answered at times in notes of sweetest melody. To make still more glad the moment, a laughing rill dashes over a stony bed, glistening like silver in the morning sun. Here I stopped to think and dream. The ferns grew along its side, even bending in its spray to receive moisture from their long faithful friend. While here, being carried to the land of dreams by the sound of the brook, I thought of the lines of the immortal Tennyson as being true. And I wondered to myself, how many others had thus been wrapped in dreams on this same spot? And yet the question still arises.

Ere long I started on my way. The sound of the brook grew fainter and fainter and at last died away. As I advanced the shy squirrels darted along and New Hampshire birds, too numerous to mention, greeted me with continued song.

I passed a beautiful meadow where tall grasses waved gently and freely. Through this meadow waters flow and

journey on to meet some winding river, and, perhaps, be of service to the world. My attractions were many, for star-like blossoms bloomed there among the grass—little flowers of many kinds. All through the damp grass somewhere some jewel could be found, while yet the morning dew glistened along my path. While here it seemed to me like a paradise of song.

At last I left the meadow and journeyed on, coming to an old farmhouse standing in mute reproach. There it had braved sleet and storm for years. The old rose-bush still grew at its doorway, and the lilacs still lent their generous perfume to the silent rooms. The summer rain still beats upon the window-pane, and the sun still bathes it with living glory. Although now a ragged beggar it was once a scene of thrift. Here the plowman returned from the field after the working day was over; while, inside, the large fireplace sent up its sparks to the sky and the evening breeze sang a tender song of happiness.

So, breathing a tender hope, I thought of the hills and finally left this abandoned scene; but with heart as happy, yet tinged with an Indian summer glow that pervades the atmosphere of our lives. "Hills of New England!" How much these words mean to us, and especially after spending a day among her beautiful landscapes, and her majestic hills. When I return I find life to be new, and my burdens lighter.

Is This An Age Too Gross for Poetry?

By Mary M. Currier

Is this an age too gross for poetry?
Must we believe all hearts grown hard and cold
With ceaseless striving after place and gold,
While still the river ripples to the sea,
The daisy blossoms on the fragrant lea,
And sings the robin clearly, as of old?
While themes for song still haunt the mere and wold,
And earth's heart still is full of melody?
Oh, must the poet henceforth sing in vain,
If to his lips a song should find its way?
Will men no longer heed a joyous strain,
Mounting above the traffic of the day?
Not so. I hear a thousand voices strong:
"God send the singer! We will hear his song."

Thanksgiving

By Kate J. Colby

Two hundred and eighty-seven years ago the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in 1620. It was winter, cold and dreary. The snow came floating down, covering the hillsides and meadows; the forests were dark, and the leafless trees afforded no great shelter; but the brave men and women landed, cut down the timber, built log houses and began their first home keeping in a strange country, with still stranger inhabitants.

Many died from exposure; but, by and by, the warm spring days came and the seed was sown, without molestation from the Indians. The summer fruits ripened in the golden autumn and health, strength and plenty crowned the year. Then the good and wise Governor Bradford proclaimed a "Feast of Thanksgiving," to acknowledge the mercies of God. Thursday, the first of November, was set apart for these festivities which continued for three days. A messenger was sent to the Indian chief, Massasoit, and, early in the morning, he, with ninety warriors, arrived at this little settlement of seven dwelling houses and four public buildings. At the roll of the drum the men, women and children gathered at the meeting-house for sacred service, singing and prayer.

The feast was prepared in the large kitchen of Mrs. Brewster, under the direction of Mrs. Priscilla Alden. The Indians were given a hearty welcome. The meal—a feast—was eaten in the open air in the square in front of Governor Bradford's house. Games, athletic sports, with these friendly Indians, were indulged in. Miles Standish, the first leader of the American army of twenty men, gave a drill of arms that delighted the natives.

The true object of this Thanksgiving feast was never overlooked. Each day a special service of gratitude was observed, while the tables were overflowing with the fruits of the earth, air and water. Wild turkey, venison, fish and oysters, Indian pudding, cakes and nuts were abundantly supplied.

And now, as the years go by, we still remember these old colonial days and their feast has been a national institution since 1862. It helps us as a nation to be reminded of the brave struggles in the past and the bright future before us; of our religious and educational privileges, the security of our homes, and the great improvements and inventions in all departments of labor. It also tends to draw closer the ties of humanity and kindred, in sympathy and love,

"For we know that only we live
When we feed one another, as we have been fed,
From the Hand that gives body and spirit their bread."

What Herbs Did Our Grandmothers Gather, and Why?

By Mrs. S. W. Foss

When we read the title of this article, "What herbs did our grandmothers gather; and Why?" visions arise in our mind of a quaint old-fashioned garden where along with rows of marigold, phlox and stately hollyhocks beside the wall, we see the beds of thyme and sage, sweet marjoram, wormwood, mint and balm, planted there by patient, loving hands, in seed form or as roots, from which at the proper season, our dear, kind housemothers gathered the herbs for administering to the household necessities, sometimes as condiments to suit the palate and sometimes as medicines.

We also think of many herbs not planted in the garden, but growing as nature permits, among the grass in our meadows, in pasture lands, woods and along the roadside, which when the fullness of time had come, in flower or seed, leaf or root, were gathered, dried in the shade, tied up in brown paper parcels or bags, and transferred to the garret of the old family home. Many times, in childhood have we visited these old attics, and looked with curiosity at the scores of packages of herbs suspended by cords to nails driven in the rafters and along the beams, and heard our grandmother tell what ailments such herbs or roots were used for.

Since that period of time called the third day, when God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed," and the earth obeyed and "brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind; and God saw that it was good."

After that on the sixth day, when He had created man, He said unto him, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. And to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to everything that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb for meat; and it was so."

From that time down to the present, to a greater or less degree, to man and beast, to fowl and creeping things, the herb has been for meat, for that which nourisheth, and generally for that which destroyeth disease, which we call medicine.

Although the herb has been used to a greater or less extent for medicine, it has been said by some that the history of medicine may be divided into three eras. In the first its practice was merely empiricism. Drugs were administered concerning which there was but little scientific knowledge. In the second or heroic age, the lancet, mercury and the blister were used in medical practice. The present with its scientific knowledge of the human structure and functions and its vast resources for remedying disease may be termed the liberal era.

"We also have had different schools of medicine, among them the Allopathic, which is called the 'Old School,' where the art of curing is by inducing symptoms different from those of the primary disease. The school of Homeopathy is where the art of curing is founded on resem-

blances, or by inducing similar diseases. This was the doctrine of Doctor Hahnemann, that diseases are cured by medicines which have the power to cause similar diseases in healthy persons; or the doctrine that 'Like is cured by Like.' There is also one called the Eclectic school. Among the things which this has done is to have investigated the properties of indigenous plants, or those which are native to our climate, and discovered valuable remedies which Nature has supplied for the healing of her children."

The Indians who were the aborigines of our country, and who lived very near to Nature, almost wholly used herbs as medicines, and even now we hear of Indian doctors who make wonderful cures and are very successful in their practice.

The remedies which are mostly in domestic use are vegetable or herb in some form. Two generations ago, when our grandmothers were the housemothers, they used herbs for two reasons, if no more. It was a tradition handed down to them from their mothers, to gather, dry and preserve herbs as household remedies, and also we suppose it was not an easy thing in those days to procure a physician at short notice, for doctors were not numerous in the country and probably not so many in cities as now.

We have heard of the country doctor driving over ten miles of territory at night, to attend upon an urgent case. This was no easy thing to do, to drive for a doctor and for him to drive back again over the not too smooth roads of those times.

Then there were no electric cars, no telegraphs, no telephones, and few steam railroads available for a farming community to put itself in easy touch with a physician, and it was an important thing that the mother of a family knew and could administer her own herb remedies to her household and family of children. Perhaps if she was a young woman or rather unskilled, some village herbalist or old time nurse would be called in to help in compounding the mixture.

"The agents used for the treatment of diseases are taken from the three kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral. The largest part of medicinal substances is taken from the vegetable world." Probably now the old-fashioned herbs are administered under new names and new forms so we do not recognize them.

We will speak of some of the herbs used as medicines, describe them and tell the time for gathering them. They used the leaves, flowers, seeds, bark and roots. "The roots of annual plants are supplied with juices before they are in flower, and should be gathered then. The roots of biennials should be gathered in autumn after their first year's growth. The roots of perennials should be gathered in spring before vegetation has begun. Barks should be gathered in autumn or early in spring; flowers collected about the time of their opening; leaves when full grown; fruits and berries may be spread or hung in bunches to dry."

It has been said that there is more medicinal value in herbs in August than in any other month in the year.

There were usually three forms of preparing the medicines, infusions, decoctions and tinctures. An infusion was made by pouring boiling water on the herb and letting it stand or steeping it to extract its virtue. A decoction by boiling a substance in water. A tincture by grinding bark or root to a powder and placing over it a proper amount of alcohol, shaking it each day, for from seven to fourteen days and filtering through paper.

Probably our grandmothers did not speak of herbs and classify them as we might now; some as alteratives, which gradually change the morbid action of the system to a healthy one,

like dandelion and dock, some as anodynes, which relieve pain by blunting the sensibility of the nerves, such as the poppy and valerian (we now have opium, the hardened juice of the unripe poppy seed), some as astringents which condense and coagulate the tissues, like blackberry root. Stypties is a term applied to those astringents which arrest hemorrhage or bleeding, like tannin. Nor did they speak of them as diaphoretics, which increase perspiration, like pennyroyal and sage, nor as expectorants which relieve a cough; but they spoke of them as spring bitters, to break up a fever, to give a sweat and good for a cough.

So many herbs had different properties and were used for different things according to the way they were compounded that it seems useless to try to classify them here. Along with dandelion and dock was used bloodroot or the red puccoon, for the blood also for the bile and liver. Hops was a remedy for wakefulness. A bag of hops moistened and placed under the pillow beneath the head produced sleep, also used to relieve toothache. The concentrated principle is called humulin; the botanical name is humulus lupulus. It is said the fine yellow dust or pollen over the flower is the strong medicinal part and is called lupulin. We have often admired the hop vine decorating the piazza or trellis with its bright green leaves and light green clusters of flowers. Hops were also used as a rising for yeast.

Deadly nightshade is an herb that was used for neuralgia, whooping cough and scarlet fever. It has a great influence over the nerves. The name by which it is now known is belladonna, and as a homeopathic remedy is much used in connection with aconite. The concentrated principle or drug is called atropin.

Hardhack or spirea, botanical name spirea tomentosa, with which we are familiar, growing beside the wall in pastures and along the roadside, was much used as an astringent in cholera and like diseases. It has a long stalk and green leaves, light colored underneath, alternating up and down the stalk, which seems to terminate in a pink spiral shaped flower like small seeds. Cranesbill, or crowfoot, was also used and blackberry root steeped in loaf sugar and milk has been known to cure children of cholera infantum when taken in season.

Pleurisy root, or butterfly weed, was known to break up inflammation and diseases of the chest.

Saffron was one of the most useful remedies. As an infusion it produces perspiration, is good for humors and drives out rash. It was greatly used in measles and scarlet fever. Hardly a garden two generations ago was complete without its bed of saffron with its bright golden thistle shaped flowers. The petals were picked every morning and would grow out again the next morning. The children did not like to pick it as it made their fingers yellow.

Catnip was used freely for perspiration, a quieting medicine for infants, and from its name was liked naturally by the cat who often nipped the leaves.

Diuretics are those remedies which act on the kidneys, good for dropsy and like troubles. Among these are marshmallows, queen of the meadows or trumpet weed, dwarf elder, which grows from one-half to three-fourths of a yard high, has purple berries in a cluster.

Cleavers is a running vine, fine green leaves, white flower, grows by brooks. Boiled barley has a spike like barley, growing in grass in mossy woods. Buchu is a great remedy for these troubles. It is said to be a native of Africa. Possibly some may grow here.

Life everlasting, or poverty weed, made into a tea relieved a cough. Or take the white flowers and make a pillow for consumptives; they inhale

the odor which is healing. Juniper buds and shrubs were used for lung trouble. Sweet flag root cut in slices and preserved in sugar was a remedy which the children liked to take. Sunflower seeds steeped formed a sort of jelly like flaxseed, both of which were very loosening to a cough. Sunflower seeds were also fed to hens for their egg producing properties. Sarsaparilla root (botanical name, smilax officinalis) grows in swamps and hedges and was a pleasant remedy for lung troubles.

Lobelia was a great domestic remedy, an emetic, powerful but very depressing, as we have known to our sorrow. It has a small blue flower. The leaves and seed are used for tea, also steeped with slippery elm and put on as a poultice.

Spearmint, one of the common herbs, was good for sick headache. We now use it as a dressing for lamb, in the form of mint sauce.

Peppermint, a stimulant, good for colic and spasms, pennyroyal used for colds, old-time fevers and to produce perspiration. These three grew wild by brooks, but were generally cultivated in the garden. Feverfew was used for colds, hysterics and in poultices for pain.

Thoroughwort, now called boneset, was a powerful spring tonic. Sweetened with molasses it toned up the stomach. The active principle is called eupatorin. The leaves go way around the stem, or the stalk appears to grow up through two leaves which come out on each side. The flower at the top is usually white. In motherwort the leaves do not go way around the stem, but the flowers, of a pale lilac color, form a series up and down the stem and seem nettle like.

Tonics are remedies which moderately exert the energies of all parts of the body. Thoroughwort, mentioned, is a tonic; camomile is a mild tonic. A row of camomile in an old-fashioned garden was one of its attractions.

Before one reached the spot its perfume came to greet him. It has a pungent odor and bitter taste. It has a bright starry flower, sometimes creamy white, sometimes yellow and was much used in bouquets. Another kind was the creeping camomile used as a medicine by steeping the vines and leaves.

Goldthread is a powerful bitter tonic. It was also used for sore throat and as a gargle. It has small clover shaped leaves and grows low. By pulling on the leaves and following them into the ground one comes to the tiny gold thread root, found among pine needles.

Burdock was used by cutting the root and stringing the pieces as beads to put around the neck of a child when teething.

Its leaves were used as drafts for the feet. Horseradish leaves were used for drafts, as were plantain leaves, which grew beside the door, and plantain was also used as a dressing for a blister. Mullein leaves were dried, wet in vinegar, used as drafts for the feet or put on the neck for headache. St. Johnswort was used for a humor; gathered in June or July, so as to see its bright yellow flowers.

Of witch hazel both the bark and root were used. It is a valuable astringent, good also for the nervous system. It has yellow flowers and a pod with four black seeds. It is a very popular medicine now and is used both internally and externally, under the medical name of Hamamelis.

Yarrow, white or pink, good for the blood (botanical name, achillea millefolium, a thousand leaves). A tradition, probably connected with this genus of plants is: Achilles is said to have used the plant called Achillea in curing the wounds of Telephus. It has long narrow ser-

rated leaves and a cluster of fine flowers.

A common bush is the elder which is valuable in many ways. The flowers, berries and inner bark are used as medicine. The flowers make a driving tea, the berries a pleasant drink, and the bark compounded with lard forms a useful ointment for burns and scalds. The fine white flowers make the elder bush very decorative for shrubbery.

Red sumac berries (botanical name, rhusglabrum) were gathered and steeped for canker or sore mouth; a gargle for quinsy and a pleasant acid drink. Also the stick of blossoms was steeped for a cough. Raspberry leaves made a pleasant drink for sore throat, also much used in colds and scarlet fever. Pea green moss, as long as the hand, grown in muddy ground, made a poultice applied to sores and swelling of the joints. Rue (ruta graveolens) was used for drawing blisters, also for colic and hysterics. Pyrola made a driving tea for humors and salt rheum. It has a small white flower and green waxen leaves very glossy and pretty. Blue dandelion, or chicory, for humors, is now sometimes used as an ingredient in some kinds of coffee. It has beautiful blue flowers of the aster kind and grows by the roadside. Sweet fern was used for many purposes. As a tea for the stomach, for a humor take inwardly, and bathe outwardly for poison. It is a low green bush with long serrated leaves and a small burr or cone on it. It was also used for coloring. Soaked overnight in cold water, with a small piece of copperas put in, steeped and strained, it colored cloth a sort of gray color.

Our grandmothers did not have Diamond Dyes so they colored with herbs, roots and barks. Willow tree bark was used for coloring cotton and common tea made a drab color.

No garden was complete without its root of lovage growing by the path. Its leaves were a specific for nervous diseases. The red rose (rosa gallica), whose petals are slightly tonic and astringent, was used for inflammation of the eyes. The blossoms of the biennial plant, red clover (trifolium praetense) were used for deep and ragged burns. They are soothing and promote healthful granulation. Wild celandine, a bush about two feet high, has a small yellow flower; if touched it would snap, so was called "touch-me-not."

Elecampane, a perennial plant, native of Europe and Japan, was cultivated in the gardens of this country (botanical name inula helenium). It has a yellow flower about the size of a silver half-dollar. The root was used for chronic affections of the lungs. Balm of Gilead buds, taken from the tree, were made into a tincture by putting them into alcohol and used for sprains. Wormwood was good for bruises, pounded and used dry or steeped in vinegar. Barberry bark steeped in cider was called good for the liver.

Poke or garget, gathered in the woods, dark green leaf, long cluster of crimson berries, was used for cows in inflammation or curdling of the milk. Sometimes the root was cut up and given in Indian meal or potato. Not only for man, but also for beast were the old-time remedies used.

Mustard leaves were gathered and boiled for greens, and its seed was dried and pounded in the mortar and used for poultices as we use the powdered mustard now.

When the grown up boys left home, some perhaps to go to the city, some across country to the West, or more probably here, to become sailor lads, to go on ship on the ocean, the mother prepared some ground herbs for them to take in their medicine box in case of illness at sea.

How good our grandmother's cookies used to taste as we ate them and looked for the caraway seeds she put

in. Gathered in pints or quarts from the plants in the garden grass, and put away in the bottles for domestic use; or the coriander seed which gave a flavor to gingerbread.

One of the most common herbs was sage. The infusion was used for colds, in fevers, and induced perspiration. An old-time custom was to break up a fever by giving a sweat, and sage and catnip tea were freely used. Sage tea was applied outwardly as a remedy for falling hair. Not only for its curative properties was it used, but as Thanksgiving day approached and our grandmothers made ready for the annual gathering of the family, the children were sent to the storeroom where the dressing was kept. The turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens were made palatable with bread stuffing in which the savor was helped by pounded or ground sage, sweet marjoram, summer savory, thyme and sweet herbs. Many a man gone into a far-off clime remembers his childhood home coming and tastes and smells anew the savory poultry and roast pork, with the seasoning from grandmother's garden.

They also used sage and tansy as a coloring for cheese; they bruised the herbs, made a tea and strained it into the milk for curd. They dotted the green curd in among the white; also with St. Johnswort they made a dull orange color for their cheese.

A custom, when the grandmothers started for church or meeting, was, after going out the door and carefully locking it, as they went down the steps, to stop and pick a sprig of southern-wood, called also boy's love, from a bush by the path; also as they walked along they picked some tansy and leaves of goose's tongue to take with them to smell of, for their pleasant odor.

When we come to sentiment, who has not heard of the young girl of the household preparing her wedding outfit, and in those days, preparing much household linen, chests of bedding, linen for domestic and personal uses, and putting among the bridal outfit sprigs of lavender that the odor might be sweet. The lavender was cultivated in the garden, it had delicate green leaves, spikes of fine white flowers and a very delightful fragrance.

They gathered the violets in May and the rose petals in June and scattered them among the li' en; also the sweet clover which grew around the door, which has a fine white flower and sweet perfume. We do not wonder when we read, "Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." (Rev. 21:2.) Now the violet, heliotrope and white rose sachet take the place of the sweet scented flowers.

Not only was the sentiment shown to the bride, but when

"In that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow"

loving hands placed, with tender care flowers and vines in token of remembrance. For the child, the rosebud. For the maiden, lilies of the valley and lemon balm. For the strong man they intertwined evergreen with sprigs of box, plucked from the borders of their garden plots. And when the grandmother herself came to her long, last rest, they placed for her the sheaf of wheat and the wreath of life everlasting.

So we find, from the past ages down to the present time, the herb, in some variety of its form, as root, stalk, leaf, flower or seeds, in sickness and in health, on land and by sea, in life and in death, is still fulfilling the purpose for which it was intended by the Creator.

Practical Life on *the* Farm

By C. C. Lord

[Abstract of an address before Merrimack County Pomona Grange, at Henniker, August 16, 1907.]

Of course I am to speak of practical life on a farm in New Hampshire. I think I am entitled to speak on this subject, having lived on such a farm the most of the time for sixty-six years. If I do not give practical evidence of being a farmer, I hope to establish an idea of practical life on the farm.

There are two ways of viewing every subject—one ideal and the other actual. We oscillate between the two in our contemplation of every matter.

In the ideal aspect of life, we have the sublime utterance,—

"'Tis not the whole of life to life;"

of the actual conception, we have the ridiculous saying of the Irishman,—

"What's the world to a man when his wife's a widdy?"

I propose to make my subject so actual as in thought to ask myself the question what the world would be to me if my [ideal] wife were a widow.

In the prosy conception of things, life in New Hampshire depends upon shelter, food and raiment.

I consider the matter of shelter.

The late Elbridge Couch, of Contoocook, after a daily observation of twelve years, found the average annual temperature to be only 46° above zero, or only 14° above the freezing point, or 52° below the natural temperature of the human body. We all know that the temperature varies—say from 100° above to 20° below zero. We have a similar scale of the degrees of humidity. No one need wonder that in breathing the air of New Hampshire the respiratory system is subject to varied and sudden extreme changes trying to health. We ought not to be surprised at being told that pulmonary diseases are in excess over other diseases in our state; nor should we wonder that the "white plague," another name for consumption, has become the concern of legislators, as well as of physicians and scientific men in general. Hence also the pure air cure has become a practical subject of consideration.

No one can live in New Hampshire a large portion of the year without artificial warmth. Hence every house is provided with the means of such warmth. Yet there is barely a house in New Hampshire that is warmed except at the deterioration of the respiratory quality of the air. We should warm our houses in a different manner.

We should admit to the house a quality of air as pure as can be had in the vicinity, warm it by a furnace and send it by flues to all the habitable parts of the dwelling. At the same time provision should be made for the escape of deteriorated air. I have seen this done. It costs not much more than ordinary heating by a furnace. Indeed, it were proper to consider whether the expense of some other appointments of a home could not be discarded in order that this great desideratum be enjoyed.

I will now speak of food. It is said that the farmer feeds the world. Do the individual farmers always feed themselves as well as they might? Mindful that presumed scientific au-

thority says that ninety-five per cent of the substance of our support is derived from the air, we can contemplate what nature is doing for us. Observe how fertile are the roadsides when man lets them alone. Note how soon the waste lands spring with abundant vegetation when man and beast are kept away from them. We can properly ask if there is not a way for man and nature to work in harmony in the great scheme of production in which nature shows such a disposition to coöperate. It seems to me here is a practical point that can be exploited till every member of a farming district has more than an adequate share of food.

Suppose that the natural productive energy of a certain piece of ground be directed to the growth of a special crop and nothing else. I once heard a mirthful farmer say, "My weeds are gittin' quite 'tatery." Suppose he had seriously asked, "Why are my potatoes so weedy?" It does not require so much ground to raise a good crop, well cultivated, as it does to produce a poor one neglected. Since the subject of support has a wide range, while the farmer is weeding his fields, why not also weed his pastures and his forests? It does not require so large a piece of ground to pasture a cow when the bushes and shrubs are kept down. A piece of forest land is more profitable if nothing unprofitable is allowed to grow upon it. In a word, why is so much of the earth's friendly energy spent for that "which is not bread" and for that which "satisfieth not?"

I now approach the consideration of the farmer's raiment.

We must not forget that we live in New Hampshire. It has been said that the Atlantic coast—say from southern New England to Labrador—has the most changeable climate perhaps in the world. It is practically impossible for any one to predict in detail the weather in this region twenty-four hours in advance. When the weather bulletin tells us that we may expect fair weather tomorrow, the prediction is probably correct in that the government knows no migratory storm approaching this vicinity, but it has likewise no probable relation to a "sea turn" that may envelop New Hampshire in a fog all next day. In New Hampshire we are liable to a chill at any time of the year. This is a reason why catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, pneumonia and kindred ills so liable to culminate in the "white plague" are so prevalent.

Speaking of the wool that we seem to need for clothing, I remark that upon which I am willing to stake a measure of my veracity. Other things equal, the man who wears cotton next his skin has a greater exemption from ills that result from sudden and extreme changes of climate. I have habitually worn only cotton next my skin for many years, adding woolen outside when I needed it. The theory is that cotton is more promotive of natural activity in the skin, a condition so essential to health.

In illustration of this idea, I cite two instances that came within my personal knowledge. A man who lived on Long Island in the state of New York had chronic illness that made him extremely sensitive to changes of climate. Yet he said he found cotton next his skin warmer than woolen. He lived to a respectable age. A young man in New Hampshire wore woolen all the year round because it was a non-conductor of heat, and he died with consumption when he was yet young. I do not know how much the young man's life was shortened by a torpidity of the skin induced by wearing woolen next to it constantly.

I introduce an incidental point. What man is there who keeps and blankets a horse in bad weather, and does not know that two blankets are better than one, in that the inner one is soon dryer and warmer, while

the outer one is moister and colder? How much better or worse is a man who wears two thinner garments instead of one thicker one, especially if the inner one is more hygienic in the first instance? Indeed, I am reminded of the remark of a simple man in Hopkinton who once declared it was a good thing to work the team both in going to the field and in returning from it, for then, he said, "You kill one bird with two stones."

I have little more to say. I have not spoken as one who has a panacea for all ills. I confidently assert that for all time people who live in New Hampshire will bear the pains of existence and ultimately die. Life in our state can be ameliorated. I have tried to tell one or more ways how this can be done. Do not think I have said all that can be on the subject. In closing I invite your attention to the words of the Apostle who says, after specifying certain things, "If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Thy Will Be Done

By Stewart Everett Rowe

On the mountain's lofty summit,
In the valley far below,
On the prairie's rolling landscape,
On the ocean's ebb and flow,
In the darkness and in daylight,
In success and in defeat,
When the whole world seems so gloomy
And affords us no retreat,
When our spirits sink and lower
Till it seems they ne'er can rise,
When no friend is near to cheer us,
Bid us lift our drooping eyes,
When o'er the river, winding dark,
Soft and still, some friend has flown,
Leaving us so sad and mournful,
Mournful, sorrowing alone,—
Yes, in joy as well as sorrow,
Let us take things as they come,
Let us look to Him and murmur:
"Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done."

The Entree and Exit of A Mortal

By L. J. H. Frost

From the deep shadows of the great Unknown,
Into a land of wondrous surprises,
Came one with face of angelic sweetness
And young heart full of peace and purity.
He looked with great wonder and amazement
On the world to which he came a stranger.
He looked heavenward; a million stars
Shone out to greet him. Listening he heard
The roar of mighty cataracts rushing
Down the mountain sides. When lo! looking far
To eastward he saw night's sable curtain
Slowly lifted and a gleam of glory
Gilded the distant mountain peak. Awe-struck
He gazed upon the earth and saw the flowers
Spread wide their petals to meet the morning
Sun. The youth inhaled their fragrance, standing
Intranced with their variety and beauty.
Suddenly a sound greeted his listening
Ear. The birds were pouring forth their matins;
First near, then all around, until his soul
Was full of their glad, sweet music.

But now a thrilling *Voice was calling unto him;
"Why art thou lingering here, O mortal?
Though the world is fair, 'tis full of pitfalls;
Many a hidden snare waits for thy feet."
But he heeded not the words. He heard but
Nature's music; the melody of bird
Songs, the rustle of leaves, the murmuring
Brooklet near him, the lark singing in the
Meadow, the busy bee's soft hum. Louder
Than all the muffled roar of the distant
Cataract. Charmed with it all he lingered
For a brief space of time like one who dreams
Then suddenly wakes to find his vision
Vanished. He gazed around; he saw the tall
Trees of a forest, heard the low whisper
Of the "murmuring pines," whose cool shadow
Seemed inviting him to slumberous rest.

*Wisdom.

But now he heard the Voice again, saying—
"Tarry not. It is not always morning;
The tirelesss sun will reach the zenith, then
The shadows will begin to lengthen; and
The sweet flowers that oped their chalices
At sunrise will softly fold their petals.
The insects then will pipe their symphony;
And soon the evening star that all day long
Hid herself behind a veil of golden
Sunshine will come forth to herald the fast
Approaching night. Turn thou and follow me,
O youth, unto a place of rest and peace."

But the cool shadows lay all about him;
The zephyrs fanned him, and the birds' songs were
Never so sweet. Slowly he wandered on,
Stopping now and then to hear the glad brook
Sing as it danced over the pebbles. But
At last he reached the edge of the forest.
A sun-scorched plain lay before him, withered,
Treeless and flowerless. He looked around him
In wonder. Far across the plain he saw
A distant mountain peak all luminous
With the golden glory of the setting
Sun. The youth smiled and exclaimed—"Yes! I must
Reach the mountain peak." Then he heard the Voice

Again saying—"The way is long, the night
Is coming, you will miss the path and fall
Into the snares that wicked ones have laid
To catch unwary feet. And close at the
Mountain's feet there's a deep precipice
Down which if mortals fall they never rise again."

The youth paused a moment, then fared
Onward, saying—"But the mountain's golden
Peak! I must reach it; for there I shall find
Rest and gaze upon this strange world's beauty."
But now the shades of evening gathered round
Him while he hastened onward. The way grew
Rougher and rougher. Twice he fell and rose
Again, then stumbled forward. But now he
Met a *stranger, one with deceitful face
And wily speech, who thus addressed him—"Friend,
Whither goest thou?" and the youth answered—

*Folly.

"To yonder mountain peak." "Ah! knowest thou
The pathway, hast thou ever passed this way
Before?" "Never." "Then I will guide thee; take
My hand, the darkness deepens."

Just then the
Youth heard the Voice calling from the forest,
Bidding him beware of pitfalls. But the
Stranger clasped the youth's hand more firmly and
Drew him faster onward. At length they reached
The foot of the mountain. Here the stranger
Paused, saying—"There is but one path to the
Summit; thou canst not find it; follow me."
The sunset glory no longer gilded
The mountain peak. Thick clouds covered the sky,
The wind shrieked over the plain. The stranger
Had released the youth's hand and was hidden
In the darkness. Suddenly a wild scream
Rent the air. Then a lurid flash revealed
The gulf into which the youth had fallen.
A mocking laugh sounded through the darkness,
While a mournful echo from the forest said—
"Lost! Lost! Lost! Gone, never to return."

An October Sunset

By J. K. T.

The trees flung glory to the setting sun,
Their yellow massed in beams of frozen light
With blood poured red upon them; and the sky
Answered in glory, radiant red and gold.
'Twas Nature bursting with her wealth of soul,
Blazing, effulgent from the hand of God.
Yet creeps the death enchantment; glory fades,
And fading dulls the gold and pales the blood:
Glamour of light to mystery of night;
Glittering pearls of sunshine to the soft
And dreamy splendor of the moon and stars.
How calm and still, how calm and still it falls,
This silver pall upon that brilliant death!

October 14, 1907.

New Hampshire Necrology

REV. DANIEL C. ROBERTS, D. D.

Rev. Daniel Crane Roberts, for the last twenty-nine years vice rector of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church of Concord, died at his home in this city October 31, 1907.

Doctor Roberts was born in Binghamton, N. Y., November 5, 1841. He graduated from Kenyon College in 1857, served in the Eighty-Fourth Ohio Regiment in the Civil War, and afterward pursued theological studies and did mission work among the seamen in New York. He was admitted to the priesthood in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Williams of Connecticut in 1866. He was assistant in Christ Church, Norwich, Conn., for a time, rector of Christ Church, Montpelier, Vt., for three years, and of St. James Church, Lowell, Mass., four years, from 1869 to 1873, going thence to Brandon, Vt., whence he was called to Concord in 1878, here to remain until the end.

He was prominently identified with the work of the Episcopal Church, in all its relations, in city and state; was active in Grand Army affairs, having been chaplain of the Department of New Hampshire, and eminent in Masonry, having been at the head of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of New Hampshire, and prelate of the Sovereign Grand Commandery of the United States. He was also, for a time, chaplain of the Third Regiment, N. H. N. G. He was interested in all matters making for the welfare of the city and the state, was an active member of the Concord Commercial Club and of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of which he had been president. He was chaplain of the N. H. legislature in 1893 and had been a trustee of the State Normal School and president of the board.

Doctor Roberts had been twice married and leaves a widow, and two sons by the first marriage—Edward, engaged in business in Iowa, and Rev. Brian C., rector of St. Mark's Church, Augusta, Me.

HON. HORACE A. BROWN

Hon. Horace Ames Brown, ex-mayor of Concord, died at his home in this city, Thursday evening, October 31.

Mr. Brown was a native of Cornish, son of Ebenezer and Lucy (Walker) Brown, born October 3, 1823. After attending the common school for a time he learned the printer's trade at Windsor, Vt., and Claremont, and was engaged thereat several years in the latter place, removing to Concord in 1852, to take a position in the *Statesman* office, and here he ever after had his home, following his avocation almost constantly to the end, except during his incumbency of the mayor's office, completing seventy years of labor of active service in that line and being the oldest member of the craft in the state at the time of his death.

Originally a Whig, Mr. Brown became a Republican upon the organization of that party. He served two years as a member of the Concord board of assessors, was subsequently a member of the board of aldermen, was a representative in the legislature from Ward 4 in 1875–'76 and elected mayor in 1878, continuing till 1881. In religion he was a devoted Episcopalian, an active member of St. Paul's Church, and had been secretary of the diocesan convention for fifty years and a licensed lay reader for an equal length of time. He had been an Odd Fellow sixty-two years and a Free Mason forty years and was active and eminent in both orders.

Mr. Brown married Sarah Booth of Claremont in 1845, who survives him at the age of eighty-two, together with a son, Frank Eugene Brown, assistant general passenger agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

CAPT. GROSVENOR A. CURTICE

Grosvenor Austin Curtice, born in Lempster March 31, 1842, died at Contoocook, September 29, 1907.

He was the son of Samuel and Lenora (Sweatt) Curtice, with whom he removed to the town of Windsor in 1845, where his childhood and youth were passed. He went to Contoocook in 1861, but enlisted in the Seventh N. H. Regiment in August, 1862, and served till the close of the war, being mustered out with the rank of captain July 20, 1865. His record for gallantry was unexcelled throughout, and he was seriously wounded during the assault on Fort Wagner.

He was for many years engaged in trade at Contoocook and was also active and prominent in public life as a Republican. He served as town clerk of Hopkinton, town treasurer and member of the school board, represented the town in the legislature in 1875–'77, was a state senator in 1881 and a member of the executive council in 1883. In March, 1906, he was appointed U. S. pension agent for the district by President Roosevelt.

He was prominent in Masonry, an Odd Fellow, a member of the G. A. R. and of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion. He had been twice mar-

ried—first to Miss Sarah Augusta Johnson, who died July 4, 1869, and again, August 18, 1876, to Miss Augusta Wilson, who survives.

DR. THOMAS HILAND

Thomas Hiland, M. D., a surgeon of the U. S. navy, retired, born in Langdon, September 22, 1839, died at Bar Harbor, Me., October 29, 1907.

He was a son of Benjamin P. and Sarah (Roundy) Hiland. He attended the town schools and nearby academy, taught school and commenced the study of medicine with Dr. L. J. Graves in his native town. Subsequently he attended Harvard, Bellevue and Dartmouth medical colleges, graduating from the latter in 1862, and immediately entered the U. S. navy medical service and continued until 1884, when, disabled by an accident, he was retired with the rank of medical inspector. Subsequently he pursued postgraduate studies in Europe, and in 1885 located in practice in Concord and became physician to St. Paul's School, continuing till 1898. He married Blanche Gorringe, a sister of Commander Gorringe of the navy, who died some years since.

DR. VALENTINE MANAHAN

Valentine Manahan, M. D., long a prominent citizen and leading physician of Enfield, died at his home in that town, October 14, 1907. He was a native of the town of Sutton, the son of John and Lucintha (Felch) Manahan, born November 7, 1825. He was educated in the public schools, New London and Pembroke academies, the Dartmouth Medical School and the Jefferson Medical College at Philadelphia. He practised medicine in Manchester, Antrim and Springfield before locating in Enfield, which he did in 1866, where he ever after remained, establishing a wide and successful practice. He was a Republican, a Congregationalist, a Free Mason and a member of the N. H. Medical Society. October 21, 1851, he married Miss Abbie E. Porter of Sutton, who died January 5, 1856. William H. Manahan of Hillsborough is a brother of the deceased.

JOHN M. PERKINS

John McClary Perkins, born in Tamworth, N. H., June 3, 1834, died at Arlington Heights, September 11, 1907.

He was the son of Enoch and Clara (Page) Perkins. He was educated at Somersworth, Phillips Exeter Academy and the Yale Law School. He was two years principal of the Livingston (Me.) Academy, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. He served two years in the First Maine Cavalry in the Civil War, until broken down in health. Subsequently he studied in the Columbia Law School in Washington and organized schools for the freed slaves, in which he taught. He edited and published the *Grand Army Record* from 1890 to 1900. He married Lucy Ann Flagg of Littleton, Mass., February 24, 1869, who survives, with two sons and two daughters.

REV. HENRY H. COLBURN

Rev. Henry H. Colburn, pastor of the Congregational Church at Dalton, who died September 26 from the effects of a carriage accident, was a son of Dea. Ezekiel and Joanna (Bartlett) Colburn, born in Groton, October 4, 1833. He was educated in the district school and Thetford (Vt.) Academy, taught school in youth; became a colporteur American Bible and Tract societies, and finally prepared for and entered the ministry, being ordained at Roxbury, N. H., in 1869. He occupied mission fields in Roxbury, Washington, Stoddard, Stewarstown, Salem, Danbury, Brentwood and Dalton.

GEORGE H. ADAMS

George H. Adams, an inventor and successful needle manufacturer of Hill, died in that town October 13, 1907. He was a native of Haverhill, Mass., born June 21, 1845, but came with his parents, Harrison and Margaret (Morse) Adams to Hill in early life, where his father subsequently started a needle factory in which he later acquired an interest and subsequently became sole manager. He was a Republican in politics, had represented the town in the legislature, was a Mason, an Odd Fellow and a deacon of the Congregational Church.

OLIVER H. MOULTON

Oliver H. Moulton, who died in Lowell, Mass., September 27, 1907, was born in Dover, October 31, 1829, but spent his youth in Saco, Me., and was educated there in the public schools and Saco Academy. He learned the cotton manufacturing business in the York mills and assisted in establishing the Pepperell mills. Later he was overseer at Lawrence and subsequently for a time superintendent of the Amoskeag mills at Manchester. In 1864 he went to Lowell as superintendent and general manager of the Hamilton, continuing till 1905.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

A valuable contribution to the religious history of the State has been made by Dea. John C. Thorne of the First Congregational (Old North) Church of Concord, in a "History and Manual" of that church, covering the period of 177 years, from its organization in 1730 to the present time. It embraces an outline history of the church, biographical sketches of the several pastors, with half-tone portraits and other illustrations, an account of the 150th and 175th anniversary celebrations, roll of officers of the church and society, and list of present members, to which is added a complete catalogue of all the members of the church from the organization to the present time,—more than 2,000 in number,—with date and manner of admission, date of death of those deceased, and age. It is a work of special value to all connected with the church and society, and of general interest to all interested in New Hampshire church history. The work, in its preparation, printing and publication, is a gift to the church by Deacon Thorne, involving much labor and no small expense, and must be greatly appreciated.

New Hampshire escaped the excitement of an election campaign, such as seriously disturbed the political atmosphere of Massachusetts, the present year, and the people have reason to rejoice in the fact. We shall also escape, during the coming winter, the anxiety incident to a session of the legislature, saying nothing about the item of expense, which the people below the line will be subjected to; nevertheless, there are some subjects demanding legislative action in the near future to which New Hampshire people may well be devoting their attention. Among the most important of these is that of taxation, which comes up, naturally, in connection with the pending appointment, by the Governor and Council, of a commission to examine the present taxation system, determine what changes may be desirable, and report to the next legislature, the recommendation of new sources of revenue being one of the principal things looked for at its hands. The commission, which must complete its work during the next year, has not yet been named, but the hope is entertained that it will be composed of the most competent, fair minded and independent men in the State,—men who have no personal or political "axes to grind," and who will have the best interests of the State at heart. Public attention is already being strongly called to the matter which this commission will have in hand, through the press and otherwise. At the recent meeting of the State Board of Trade in Salem, the subject was ably discussed by Hon. James O. Lyford, who took strong ground in favor of the enactment of a law taxing direct inheritances, the collateral inheritance tax of four years ago having proved quite satisfactory.

Speaking of the State Board of Trade suggests the fact of an increasing interest in board of trade work, throughout the State, several local boards having been organized during the present year, including two within the last few weeks, at Newport and Hanover. A board of trade is really a most important agency for the promotion of public enterprise and general prosperity in any community.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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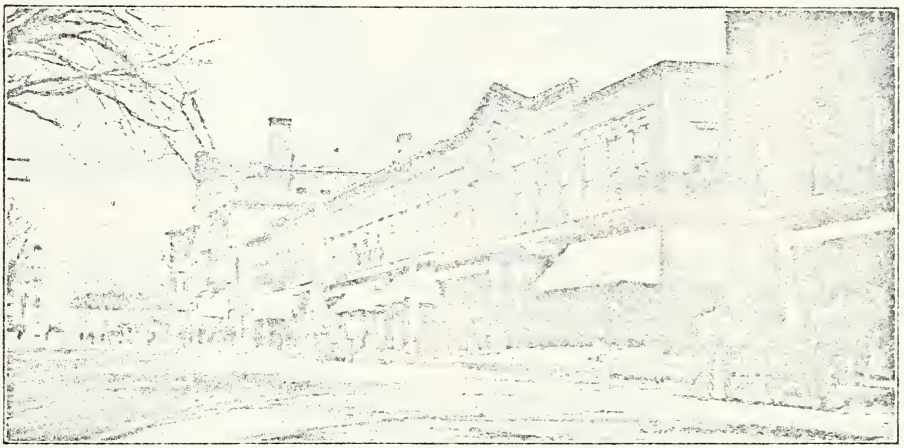
Hanover, the Home of Dartmouth

By G. A. Cheney

Inasmuch as the THE GRANITE MONTHLY has from time to time contained articles pertaining to Dartmouth College, its progress and development,* it is the design of this article to present a view of the village of Hanover, the home of the college, its features and attractions, and the advantages it offers as a place of abode.



Street View, Hanover, Showing the "Tontine Building"

At the outset it is taken for granted that everyone who may have placed foot in Hanover has, as a matter of course and without delay, remarked upon the beauty of its situation and topographical setting. Though elevated, the location is not bleak nor dreary and the aspect of street and home lot is for the major part toward the warm and sunny south. But Hanover has opportunity to grow in every direction, and this it is doing. It is the locality that is simply ideal for the summer home or for one who, retiring from the active pursuits of life, seeks an abode that is away from the noise and whirl of the city, yet it is in a locality possessing the material advantages of the town and the comforts of country life. The village and all its people have the inestimable advantages of that atmosphere and life that proceeds from the college, and it should be borne in mind that Dartmouth is ever growing, ever expanding, ever attaining and achieving. The influence of all this is felt by the town which reaps the benefit without making the college any the poorer. The citizenship of Hanover is made the stronger by including in its list many

*Notably the article "Ten Years of Dartmouth," by Eugene Richard Musgrove, which appeared in the issue of June, 1903.

Looking Up the Connecticut

of the college faculty men, who take pride in the civic welfare of the town and give of their time and means for its corporate improvement.

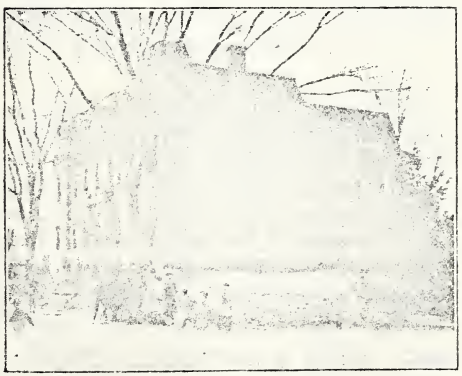
The Famous "Ledyard Bridge"

As Dartmouth College is a potent community in itself, a natural result proceeding therefrom is to make an important commercial Hanover. Its stores are those of the city in the quality and quantity of the goods and merchandise they carry and the Hanover merchant is the equal of his city fellow tradesman in all those attainments that unite in the making of a merchant. Its book, art and department stores, its markets and the like are indeed a credit to the town and state. The village has the free delivery of mail to the home and room of everyone, just as the city has. Three times each week day do the letter carriers go their rounds and Postmaster Leon F. Sampson is ever alert to make his office all the more convenient and efficient.

The village, or rather the precinct, of Hanover uniting with Dartmouth College has today a water system that is a source of justifiable pride to all concerned. The storage capacity of the reservoir approximates 135,000,000 gallons. The reservoir is 700 feet above sea level and the pressure

St. Thomas Episcopal Church

throughout the village is from 60 to 110 pounds per square inch. A sewer system is likewise one of the precinct's many advantages, as is also an efficient fire department. In fact, an enumeration of all of Hanover's "modern improvements" would find



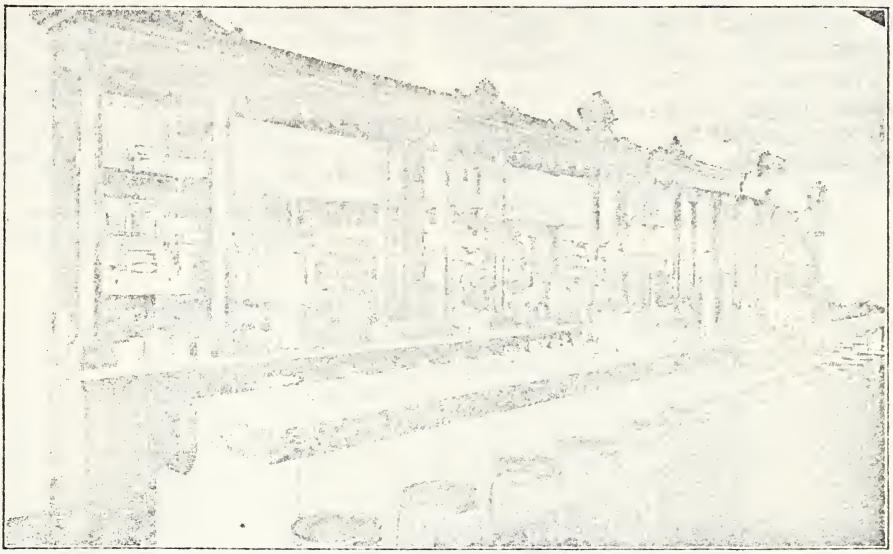
Hanover High School

nothing lacking, except it be an electric railway uniting it with its neighboring towns. In the Hanover Inn, the property of Dartmouth College, and under the management of A. P. Fairfield, the village has one of the leading hotels of the state, and in the summer time it is the mecca of the touring autoist.

Hanover's railroad is the Passumpsic division of the B. & M., with its station on the Vermont side of the Connecticut and close by the famed Ledyard bridge, which has felt the footstep of so many a Dartmouth student.

The Hanover resident finds within the limits of the town the church of his choice and for the most part his favorite fraternal organization. The growing girl or boy can complete a preparatory course of study in its excellent high school, and in the case of the boy he can enter Dartmouth and live at home.

Today Hanover has a board of trade that had its inception and organization in 1907 and is already alert to the furtherance of the town's growth. The board of trade had its organization on the initiative of Charles D. Williams, who, as is related elsewhere, is a native of the South and who came to Hanover in February, 1907, but who at once "caught on" to the good of Hanover and New Hampshire. The president of the Hanover board of trade is Don S. Bridgman; its secretary, Frank A. Musgrove and its treasurer, A. W. Guyer. The board invites correspondence with any one contemplating a new place of residence or seeking a desirable locality for business enterprise.



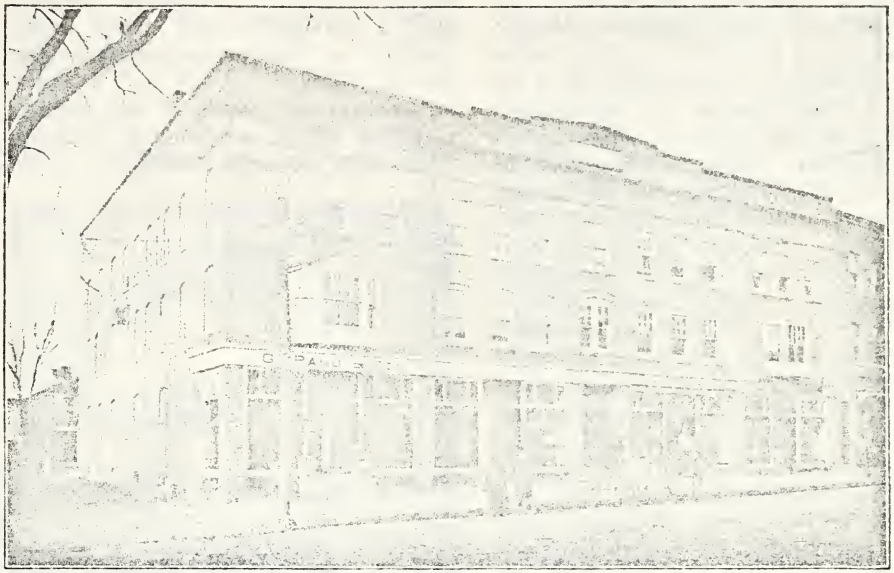
Soda Fountain in Allen Drug Co.'s Store
This Fountain is 30 feet long, and the largest in New England, outside of Boston

The banking facilities of Hanover are adequately provided for by a National Bank, of which Charles P. Chase is president and P. R. Bugbee cashier, and a savings bank, of which F. W. Davison is president.

In the preceding and present generations the name of Bridgman has been honorably conspicuous in the business and economic life of Hanover. On a farm in the northerly part of the town there was born in the early years of the last century John Ladd Bridgman, who after eighty years of life closed his earthly career in Hanover, February 8, 1898. As boy and man he was typical of the strongest and best New England character, earnest in effort, self-reliant and industrious. When about twenty years of age he went from Hanover to Boston and entered the employ of the old Boston & Lowell railroad as clerk in its freight department, advancing all the while to higher positions of trust and responsibility. Failing health compelled him to leave Boston and its ocean air, after a residence of nearly twenty years, and he returned to his native Hanover. When once at home he entered zealously into its activities. He bought a farm on the Connecticut River, to the north of the town, and for years was known as an intelligent and successful farmer. He early foresaw the destined growth of Hanover and showed his faith therein by the purchase of that business building today called the first or original Bridgman building. The manner of man he was and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow townsmen is seen in his record of thirty years' service as selectman of Hanover, many terms as chairman of the board. Twice he represented Hanover in the state legislature and in all that pertained to the life of the town and its welfare his was an influential personality. His eldest child and daughter, Emma H., is the wife of C. H. Waterman of Hanover. A son, Don. S., is mentioned elsewhere in this article, while a third son, Adna A., grew to manhood in Hanover and died there May 9, 1889.

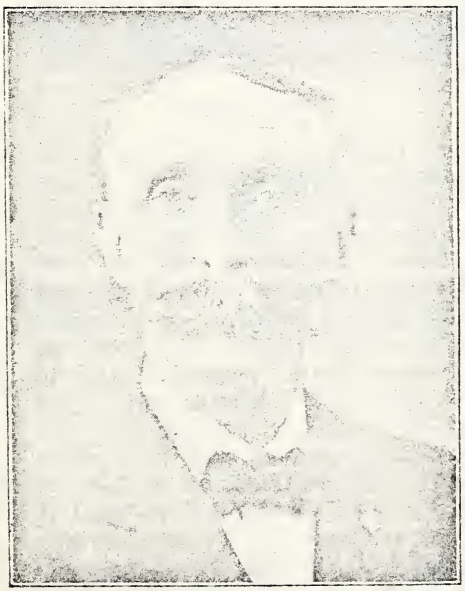
In October, 1906, Hanover saw its then largest commercial building totally destroyed by fire, but in November, 1907, the town saw completed on the original site the largest and best appointed business structure within its limits and containing near its roof line a chiselled block of Barre granite bearing the name "Bridgman." The name is that of its builder and owner, Don Seavey Bridgman, a son of Hanover and widely known throughout New Hampshire for his active participation in affairs of a general nature. His parents were the late John L. and Hortensia Arnold (Wood) Bridgman, and he was born April 4, 1856. After the completion of his preparatory studies in the schools of Hanover and the Norwich (Vt.) High School, he entered with the class of 1880 the Chandler Scientific Department of Dartmouth, but left at the close of his first term. In the succeeding year he went to Illinois for a single season. Returning home he worked on the homestead farm for two years and then went to Watertown, N. Y., where he remained for four years, when he returned to Hanover, and, with his brother, Adna A., carried on the parental farm, and continued its management alone for three years after the death of his brother in 1889. He greatly increased the productive capacity of the farm, which was an estate of 300 acres. As high as 14,500 pounds of butter was made in a year, and a total of 125 head of neat stock, eight horses and other farm animals were

John L. Bridgman



The New Bridgman Building

kept. He remained on the farm for twenty years, removing from it in



Don S. Bridgman

1904. In 1900 he bought the site of the now new Bridgman building and erected thereon a structure of 90 feet front, 80 deep and three stories high. As said, this was burned in 1906, but the ashes had not cooled before plans were made for its rebuilding. Mr. Bridgman is a present selectman of Hanover and a member of the board of directors of the Dartmouth National Bank, as he has been for eight years; is a Mason with membership in the lodge, chapter, council, commandery, shrine and order of the Eastern Star. He is also an Odd Fellow, belonging to the lodge, encampment and canton. He has long been active in the Grange and is at present general deputy of the New Hampshire State Grange. He is a Republican in politics and his church home is the Baptist. In 1882 he married Miss Jennie May Burton of Norwich.

As is intimated elsewhere, the business of the Hanover post-office places it among the largest offices in the state. The present postmaster is Leon Forrest Sampson, who was born in Woodstock, Vt., September 10, 1875, the son of William M. and Ellen P.

(Royce) Sampson. Upon his graduation from the Woodstock High School, he became a clerk in the post-office of that town. In 1899 he was offered and accepted the position of assistant postmaster in the Hanover office. In 1903 he became postmaster.

Leon F. Sampson

being then only twenty-eight years old, a fact showing the confidence placed in his ability and general fitness. The office today gives employment to seven people and from the first Postmaster Sampson has been active in the work of furthering its efficiency, and it has become an office of the second class. Mr. Sampson has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Edith C. Lewis of Bridgewater, Vt. She died in 1903. He married a second time, Miss Bessie B. Clifford of Wiscasset, Maine. The church home of Mr. Sampson is the Congregational. He is an Odd Fellow, with membership in the lodge, encampment and canton.

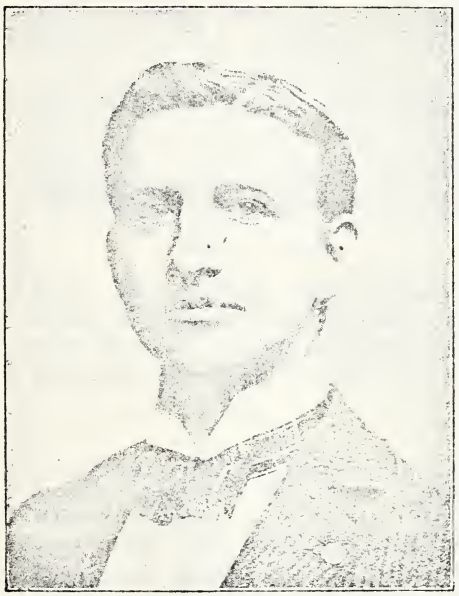
Life in Hanover is made all the more convenient and pleasant and the list of its advantages made the more complete because there one finds the artist studio of Howard H. H. Langill, a photographer of long-time residence and one whose success in his chosen field of effort has been from the first uninterrupted. There is that also about Mr. Langill's life in Hanover that aptly illustrates the opportunities which Hanover and New Hampshire offer to the stranger from without their limits. Coming to Hanover in 1881, it has ever since been his home and he has given the town his best service and this Hanover has recognized and honored him in turn. For fifteen years he was a member of its school board and at one time associate member with the late Professor and United States Senator James W. Patterson. Mr.

Howard H. H. Langill

Langill also served as secretary of the law and order league. A native of Pictou, Nova Scotia, he remained there until he was twenty years old, when he went to St. Johns, N. B., for a year and from there he went to Ballston Spa, New York, and in the

two years he was there learned photography and its allied lines. He traveled through portions of New York and Vermont, making portraits in one of the old-time cars or vans so common in country towns a few decades ago. In 1880 he married Miss Hattie B. Tabor of West Topsham, Vt. Four children were born of this union. A son, Morton Howard, graduated from Dartmouth, 1907. Mrs. Langill died in 1905.

The most recent addition to the list of Hanover business men is Charles Deever Williams, and his coming has



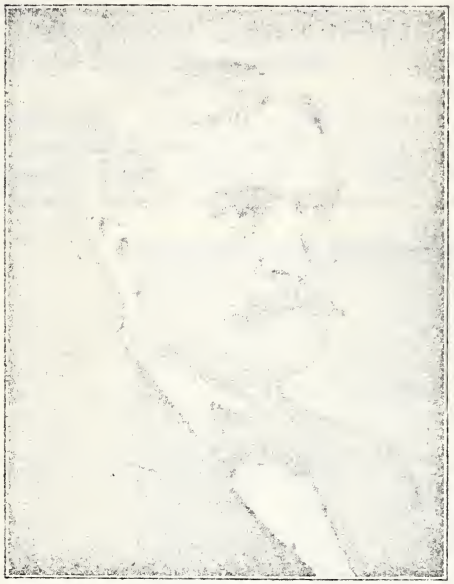
Charles D. Williams

already been of proven benefit to the community and all the region within its influence. Born in Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. Williams has that intensity of spirit and principle so typical of the South and that is so certain to make its way and overcome obstacles and barriers.

His natal day was February 14, 1861, the son of Samuel T. and Nancy Ellen (Christy) Williams, and thus his childhood days were passed between the lines of contending armies in the war between the states. In his early teens he was at school in Cincinnati, Ohio, but at seventeen he entered Chicago, where for twelve years he remained with one firm and there he gained experience in every detail of the laundry business. A seven years' residence and engagement in this business in Baltimore, Md., followed, and from Baltimore he went to New Haven, Ct., where he became the owner of the oldest plant of the kind in the city, and there he remained for five years. In February, 1907, he came to Hanover as the owner of the Dartmouth laundry. The capacity of this plant he has enormously increased and it now gives employment to twenty-three people. New machinery has been installed, of the latest and most efficient type, its installation making the plant one of the largest in all New Hampshire. The valued experience of Mr. Williams in the business life of leading cities, together with his own innate energy makes him public-spirited and patriotic, and thus it is that he enters zealously into all that is for the good of Hanover. In fraternal life he is a member of the Masonic order and of the Knights of Pythias. In 1893 he married Miss Rose A. Heath of Hartford, Ct.

A well known member of the dental profession in New Hampshire is Dr. William H. Poole of Hanover, and it was there also that he was born, June 15, 1860, the son of William H. and Charlotte J. (Moody) Poole. After his graduation from the schools of his native town and Norwich (Vt.) Academy, he entered the Philadelphia Dental School and after the course he began the active practice of dentistry in the town of Pittsfield. There he continued in practice for thirteen years. In 1898 he removed to his native town and at once entered upon an exceptionally extensive and successful practice. Doctor Poole is a member of the

New Hampshire Dental Society. He is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias and a member of the Red



Dr. W. H. Poole

Men. He married Miss Anna L. Gunn of Lowell, Mass., in 1898, and their Hanover home is one of the most attractive residences in the town.

Among the graduates of Dartmouth, class of 1905, was Eugene Richard Musgrove and this year of 1907 finds him connected with the Dartmouth faculty as an assistant instructor in English, a position he has held from the year of his graduation. His is a nature and spirit that recognizes the duty of the day and place and thus it is that he is prominent and active in Dartmouth and Hanover religious work. He was born in Bristol, August 20, 1879, the son of Capt. Richard W. and Henrietta (Guild) Musgrove, and hence has just passed his twenty-eighth birthday. From the schools of Bristol he entered Tilton Seminary, graduating in 1900. While at Tilton he was for two years editor of the *Tiltonian* and was class poet and a commencement day speaker. From the day of his entrance at Dartmouth his was a career of earnest enthusiasm and endeavor. In his sophomore year he won the prize of $100 offered, with competition open to the entire college, for the largest and best amount of journalistic and literary work and printed in newspaper or magazine. The total number of his written and printed words were 440,000. He also won in his sophomore year the Pacific coast alumni prize for the best English essay, he having for his subject, "Whittier, the Most Representative American Poet." In his junior year he won the Lockwood prize for the best English essay, with "Browning the Seer"

Eugene R. Musgrove

for a topic. In his senior year he won the prize offered for the best poem to be written by an undergraduate and at graduation was class poet.

In all the years of his college course he was identified with the college weekly paper, *The Dartmouth*, and was the editor-in-chief during his

senior year. He was also an associate editor of *The Dartmouth Magazine*, a monthly publication. In his freshman year he was a member of the college glee club and is a member of the Phi Delta Theta Society.

Among the noticeably conspicuous and successful participants in the memorable state campaign of 1906 was Frank Abbott Musgrove, member of the lower branch of the legislature from Hanover. As proprietor of the Dartmouth Press and publisher of the *Hanover Gazette*, he at the very inception of the campaign gave enthusiastic support to the cause of the Lincoln Club. His ably written and splendidly sustained editorials in the *Gazette* attracted state wide attention and led to his early initiation to participate in the councils of the Lincoln Republicans; and, in addition to his newspaper support of the cause, he at times went upon the stump, for he as a speaker is no less a success than as an editor and publisher. The Republicans of Hanover were with him by a big majority and as a fit and logical wind-up of the campaign nominated and elected him to the house, where he served on the committee on railroads. Mr. Musgrove

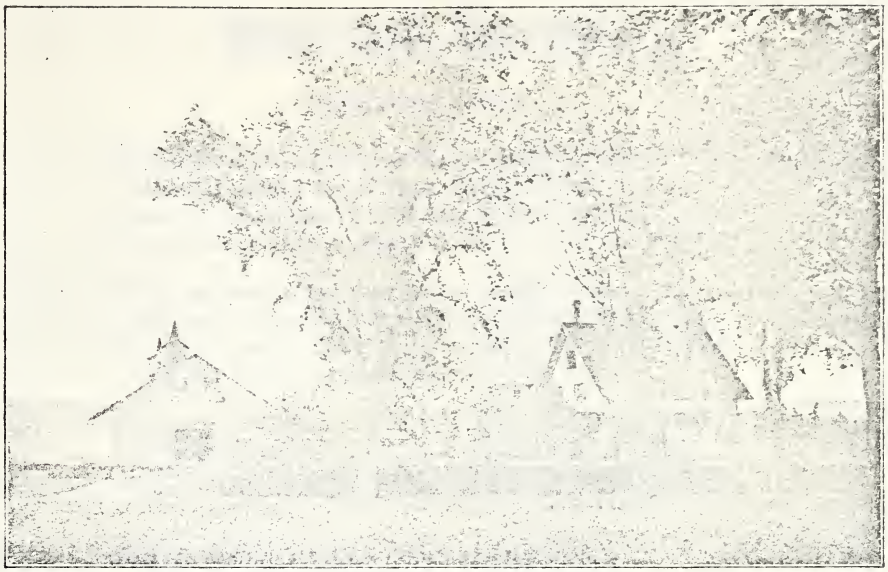
Hon. Frank A. Musgrove

was born in Bristol, July 19, 1872, the son of Capt. Richard W. and Henrietta (Guild) Musgrove. His father was a captain in the Twelfth N. H. regiment, founder of the *Bristol Enterprise* and author of the history of Bristol. The preparatory education of the son was in the Bristol schools and the New Hampton Literary Institute, from which he graduated in 1892. For the succeeding three years

he worked on the *Enterprise* and acquired a practical knowledge of newspaper work in all its branches. Entering Dartmouth, he graduated in 1899 and upon the first day of July of that year took possession by purchase of the Dartmouth Press, and in the years since his has been an exceptional business and professional success. The plant employs twenty-three people today, while only three were employed in 1899. A complete installation of new machinery has been made and the valuable real estate known as the Huntington place has been acquired for its home. The Dartmouth Press prints *The Dartmouth*, the college semi-weekly, *The Dartmouth Magazine*, monthly, and the *Dartmouth Bi-Monthly*, the alumni magazine. Mr. Musgrove is active in the general affairs of the town. He is secretary of the board of trade, master of Grafton Star Grange and an Odd Fellow.

One of the most widely known residents and business men of his section of the state and the central Connecticut River valley is the Hon. Hamilton T. Howe of Hanover. In the legislature of 1906–'07 he was a member of the senate from the Fifteenth district, and, prior to this service, he had served two terms in the popular branch of the legislature, first in the session of 1901–'02 and second in 1903–'04. His political career also includes service as town moderator, deputy sheriff for many years and president of the Hanover Republican Club. A man of fine and attractive presence, kind and considerate in his manner of meeting his fellow man, and straightforward in his conversa-

Hon. Hamilton T. Howe



Grassland Stock Farm of Hamilton T. Howe

tion, it is but natural that he should in all these years possess the popularity and regard accorded him by the people of Hanover and Grafton County. He is an easy and ready speaker and good presiding officer. His present Hanover business is the proprietorship of the Hanover Inn coach and livery stables, which is one of the largest business interests of the town. He is the owner of the Grassland stock farm, one of the sights of rural Hanover, and one of the most beautiful estates in the Connecticut valley. Mr. Howe is an Odd Fellow and a member of the grange and has passed the chairs in both orders. He was born in the nearby town of Thetford, Vt., April 29, 1849, and was educated in the schools of that town.

NOTE—The half tones in this article were made from photos made by Howard H. H. Langill of the Dartmouth Studio, Hanover.

The Call

George Warren Parker

All hail to the man of power and action,
Who dares do the right whate'er may oppose;
No slave to blind fashion, mere vagary's fancy,
No thrall to the monarch's unreasonable word.
The man of high thought and righteous endeavor,
Who loyally stands for truth, come what will,
Who moves not from fear nor asks any favor,
But seeks to keep honor and duty fulfill.
Our country cries now for men of such mettle,
To see the real need, the dangers to face,
Beat back Error's ranks and quickly deliver
To Truth's fairer standard her Titan-bred race.

Outward Bound

By Cyrus A. Stone

Sailed from our port one balmy summer day
A laden ship bound for a distant shore,
Bearing our treasure and our friends away
To strange new scenes and lands unknown before.

With banners gleaming in the early light,
Above the waves that danced with buoyant glee,
The white sails filled, then vanished from our sight
On the broad bosom of the restless sea.

So they went from us far through unknown ways
Whom most we loved, and sorrow most to lose;
And looking backward through the glimmering haze,
With hands uplifted, waved their last adieus.

Lonely we stood upon the moaning shore,
Our sad hearts beating to the old refrain
That they so oft had sweetly sung before,
"May God be with you till we meet again."

The days went by, months lengthened into years,
Yet from our absent ones no tidings bore.
We traced the "meagre record" through our tears:
"Sailed from the port and never heard from more."

Only conjecture tells us of their fate,
A ship dismantled on a raging sea;
Helpless, with folded hands they watch and wait,
Well knowing what the tragic end must be.

A last brief meeting on the trembling deck,
Few faithful words from lips that speak no more,
Huge billows roll across the sinking wreck,
Each throbbing heart is hushed and all is o'er.

O cold and cruel waves, ye cannot hold
The pure, sweet souls our better years have known;
For them the bright eternal gates unfold,
Angels keep guard and Heaven shall find its own.

In that fair land where never storm shall be,
No word of pain or parting will be said;
For He who stilled the waves of Galilee
Speaks,—and the hungry sea gives up its dead.

Rev. Lemuel Willis

By Arthur L. Willis

In the early days of THE GRANITE MONTHLY matters of religion were given more or less consideration in its pages, and the leaders of the several schools of religious thought in New Hampshire were invited to contribute to its columns. For the Universalist faith, Rev. Lemuel Willis of Warner was the spokesman, and in March, 1878, barely four months before his death, the venerable preacher saw in print his article on "Universalism in New Hampshire." He was then 76 years of age and could look back over more than a half century in the ministry of the faith that he loved. Although born a few miles beyond the state lines, he came into New Hampshire at an age to feel the influence of the great liberal religious movement that seemed to find its fullest fruition in the Connecticut valley a century ago, and he became one of the many prominent clergymen that southwestern New Hampshire has given to the Universalist church and to the world.

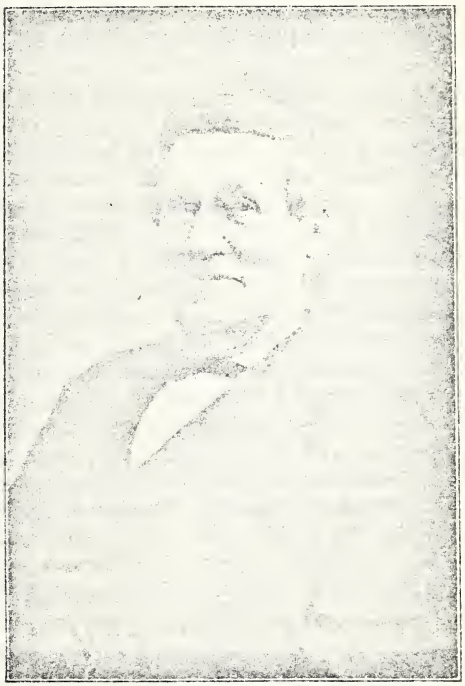
The family from which Lemuel Willis sprang came from Taunton, Mass., to Westmoreland, New Hampshire, in the days following the Revolutionary War, and later moved on across the Connecticut River to Windham, Vt. Here Lemuel Willis was born in a log hut April 24, 1802. He learned the alphabet standing at his grandmother's knee, from the large capital letters at the beginning of each hymn in the family hymn book. Books were scarce in the home and the boy, as he grew older, often walked many miles through the snow to borrow some volume of interest to read as he lay upon his back before the open fire. When he was eleven years old the family returned to Westmoreland, and here he first found opportunity to attend the district school maintained during the winter season. The distressing lameness of his father soon shifted the burdens of the farm work upon the shoulders of the boy, and for four years his lot was one of incessant labor. When he had reached the age of fifteen years, his father's health had improved, and the boy, having a desire to see something of the world, started on a 400-mile tramp through Massachusetts, New York and Vermont, accompanied by two Chesterfield acquaintances.

His taste for travel well satisfied, the boy now turned his attention to improving his mind. Rev. Robert Bartlett of Langdon preached occasionally in Westmoreland, and on one of his visits he suggested that Lemuel return with him and undertake some of the higher studies. The offer was gladly accepted, and in October, 1819, the young man took a bundle of clothing in hand and started for Langdon. Here he found as fellow-students Elijah Bent of Winchester and Eleazer Jewett of Langdon. After a brief period of instruction, the three young students engaged to teach school, Willis going to Paper Mill Village in Alstead, and Bent and Jewett remaining in Langdon.

In the spring of 1820, Willis went to Chesterfield Academy for the study of Latin. Here he occupied a room with Dolphus Skinner, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy for some years. In a few months the boys went through the Latin grammar, reader, the Bucolics, and the first books of the Æneid. During the summer vacation, by alternate visits to each other's homes, they completed the translation of Virgil's masterpiece, and while teaching school during the fall and winter of 1820–21, they read the Latin Testament from

cover to cover. When the snows disappeared they went back to Chesterfield Academy, this time to undertake Greek.

The minds of the young men were gradually turning in the direction of the ministry. Their families were Universalists and traditions of the marvellous eloquence of the great Elhanan Winchester stirred their hearts. It had been generally predicted among the townspeople that



Rev. Lemuel Willis

they would eventually become preachers of the Gospel, and it caused no surprise when they left Westmoreland and took up their theological studies with Rev. S. C. Loveland of Reading, Vt. They grounded themselves in the principles of the Universalist faith and were licensed to preach by the national convention of Universalists that met at what is now Lower Warner in September, 1822.

That gathering of Universalists in the little hamlet was big with possibilities for the small and struggling denomination. A deep religious spirit prevailed from the beginning; from all along the line came welcome words of the advance and spread of the faith; and in the midst of the general rejoicing, ten sturdy young men came forward and offered themselves to the service of God in the ministry. The members of the convention could scarcely believe their eyes. Such an accession of new workers had never been known before. Prayers of thanksgiving broke forth on every side, Father Ballou spoke with an impressiveness that seemed almost inspired and the hearts of the devoted few beat high with anticipation for the glorious future that seemed already assured.

The members of the convention scattered to their various fields of labor. Riding homeward with Esquire Farnsworth of Washington, Lemuel Willis was engaged to preach monthly to the society in that town. His initial sermon was delivered the first Sunday in October, 1822, when the young preacher was only twenty years old. He divided his Sundays between Stoddard, Marlow, Acworth and Washington, visiting the towns in rotation and making his journeys on horseback. For this service he received $4 per week and board.

On his twenty-first birthday, April 24, 1823, he lectured in Rogers' hall in Lempster, and a few days later baptized four persons there, two of them being Mr. and Mrs. Ames Miner. A little light haired boy stood on the banks of the small stream near the Miner house and saw the ceremony performed for his parents. In later years he was baptized by the same hand, studied theology under the same direction and became one of the great preachers of the Universalist denomination, Dr. Alonzo A. Miner of Boston. Among the scholars who attended the school taught by Lemuel

Willis in Marlow that winter was he who became Bishop Osman C. Baker of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The first twenty-one years of Lemuel Willis' life indicate that he was of more than usual self reliance and devotion to principle. Against many obstacles and entirely through his own efforts he got such fitting for the ministry as he could. But the fullness of his powers he could not foresee. He had no thought at that time of extending his efforts beyond the small circle of towns in that section where his home was. He had planned that if he could be employed all the time at some occupation that would give him a livelihood and permit him to preach occasionally, that would be about all that he could reasonably expect.

His first opportunity in a wider field came in 1824, when he was engaged to preach one half the time in Lebanon, the other half in Washington. On June 13, 1825, desiring to attend the dedication of Bunker Hill monument, he came to Concord, and through the efforts of his friend Farnsworth, then a member of the state senate, delivered an address on Universalism in the senate chamber in the state house. He was interrupted again and again by a daughter of Judge Livermore. The young man proved equal to the occasion, however, and went on his way via Portsmouth, Newburyport and Salem to Boston. He acted as chaplain of the New Hampshire Free Masons in the exercises in connection with the dedication of the monument, visited some of the Boston pastors and then went back to his work in the New Hampshire hills, full of courage and much inspired by the many grand things he had seen.

A trip to Niagara Falls in 1826 and the delivery of two or three addresses in Troy, N. Y., en route led to his engagement as pastor of the society in that city. His salary was $500 per year. Full of enthusiasm for the work, he began immediately the publication of a monthly magazine, the *Evangelical Repository*. The journeyman printer who set the type caught the infection and became the well known writer and preacher, Rev. James M. Austin. Three sermons on Sunday, the usual parish work, the building of a house, the publication of a magazine and the preparation of addresses to deliver in nearby towns left the young preacher but little time to think of self; but a desire for the old familiar scenes finally led him to seek a pastorate in New England.

It so happened that the church at Salem, Mass., to which Hosea Ballou and some of the lesser lights in the denomination had ministered, was seeking a new pastor. It seemed almost presumption for the young preacher of twenty-six years to aspire to such an important place, but he had developed fast with growing opportunities, and he found favor as a candidate and was called to the pastorate in February, 1829. He was installed March 25, 1829. After the services a procession of between 200 and 300 men escorted their new pastor to a public hall, where a dinner was served.

Here in Salem for the first time he found those opportunities for reading and study that his tastes demanded. The Salem Atheneum was a daily visiting place. His congregation included some of the leading men of the town, and he was placed on the school board and otherwise honored. In May, 1829, and against a stiff opposition, he organized a Sunday school. Within a few months it had grown to a membership of 290, with a library of its own. This was the first Sunday school organized in the Universalist denomination in Essex County.

He had every reason to feel a pride in his pastorate in Salem. In eight and one half years he saw the revenues of the church increase more than double. His salary was raised

to $900, and the congregation offered to increase it to $1,000 when he announced his intention of resigning. The smallest congregation that he ever addressed in that church numbered 152, and that Sabbath was one of the most stormy known in years. After the third year the congregations averaged from 800 to 1,000, occasionally rising to 1,500 and on one or two occasions to over 2,000.

In the fullness of his pastoral success he was led to seek some smaller field, where he could devote more time to the health of his wife and the care of his children. He preached his farewell sermon in Salem on the last Sunday in May, 1837, and went back to the scenes of his early labors on the hills of Washington, N. H. Here he bought a farm and preached in that town, in Alstead and in Stoddard. During the winter of 1837-38 Alonzo A. Miner lived in the Willis household, studying theology and teaching school in the vicinity.

A call to Claremont was declined early in 1838, but in May of the same year the church at Lynn, Mass., made arrangements for him to become their pastor. Here, too, he was very successful, and in 1841 he was called to the church at Roxbury, Mass., at a salary of $1,000 a year. The call was very tempting and the letter of resignation was prepared, but the society in Lynn having voted unanimously to urge him to remain, the letter was never read. In the fall of 1842, he accepted a call to Cambridgeport, Mass. Here he worked hard for three years and then feeling the need of a smaller pastorate and the health of his wife again becoming serious, he accepted the renewed call to Claremont, N. H.

The decline and death of his wife in 1846, leaving five small children to be cared for, and his subsequent marriage in 1847 led him to Warner, N. H., where he planned to spend the closing years of his life.

A year or two of out of door life gave him renewed health and vigor and he accepted a call to Orange, Mass., in the spring of 1850. In January, 1853, he became pastor of the fine old church at Portsmouth, N. H., where he spent two very pleasant years. Failing health again sent him back to his Warner home, but in 1858 he was prevailed upon to go to West Haverhill, Mass., for a year.

This last pastorate marked the close of his larger activities in the Universalist pulpit. During the nearly forty years of his preaching the word of God, he had ministered to a number of important churches, and generally with success. Probably his more than eight years at Salem, Mass., will stand as the most important epoch in his life. It seems almost incredible that a young man with almost no advantages in the way of higher education or family prestige should rise from comparative obscurity in the ministry at twenty to one of the most important pulpits in the denomination at twenty-six; but his long ministry at Salem is proof that his call there was not accidental. He was evidently the man for the place. A contemporary preacher has written of his labors there in these words:

"Here he found a field of labor especially suited to his taste and his talents; and under his ministry the society rapidly increased in numbers and strength. It will be no disparagement to the several worthy and able ministers who labored with the parish in Salem to say that no one of them took a more exalted position in the city, or did more for the interests of our religion. The high moral and christian tone of his teaching, the dignity and urbanity of his manners, and the propriety of his daily walk, secured for him the esteem not only of his own parish, but of all who knew him. He was universally regarded as a true minister and as an example of the believer in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith and in purity."

The retirement of Lemuel Willis to his home in Warner did not mean an entire cessation of work for the cause he loved so well. From 1859 to 1863 he preached with more or less regularity in nearby towns, Washington, Marlow, Lempster, Goshen, Unity, Newport, etc. Then his health became so impaired that public speaking was impossible. In 1867 he was able to undertake occasional work in Kensington and Newbury, later in Croydon Flat and Washington, and still later in Sutton. The succeeding years he devoted to supply work, to the preparation of sketches of his brothers in the ministry and to the many calls to officiate at weddings and funerals.

He was now over seventy years old and one of the older preachers of the denomination. One of the most enjoyable events of those later years was his attendance upon the 50th anniversary celebration of the Rockingham County Association of Universalists, held at South Newmarket on the 9th and 10th of September, 1874. The aged man traveled to South Lawrence and then took train for Newmarket, where he arrived late in the afternoon. He was driven immediately to the church and was led to a front seat. Dr. George H. Emerson of Boston, who was preaching the opening sermon, stopped in the midst of his address and came down from the pulpit to shake hands, then resumed his address. Later in the session Mr. Willis was called upon for a few words and was introduced to speak as the only clergyman living who had been present when the association was born. In the evening he spoke again, telling the people how he and Dolphus Skinner, then just entering upon their ministerial work, had seen the notice of the approaching meeting to organize the association, and, full of zeal, had ridden from their homes to Deerfield, some fifty miles, on horseback. There was then, he said, only one Universalist society in New Hampshire—that at Portsmouth—that had continuous preaching. There was no society in either Concord, Manchester or Nashua. And there was a time, when Dolphus Skinner had gone from Langdon to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., that he (Willis) was the only Universalist preacher in western New Hampshire.

The exercises of the second day of the anniversary celebration included the reading of the record book of the association. There it was found recorded that Lemuel Willis preached a sermon at the original Deerfield meeting in 1824. Rev. L. F. McKinney, who was reading the records, closed the book and stated that an aged woman (Mrs. Joseph Poor of Kensington) had heard that sermon of fifty years before and she had ridden eight miles in order that she might hear the voice of Father Willis once more. Of course, this brought Mr. Willis to the stand, and the aged man, surrounded by his old-time friends from Portsmouth and his other nearby parishes, had one of those pleasant greetings that brought tears to his eyes and made the occasion a memorable one for him.

In the later years, calls in great number came to preach the funeral sermon of those who had been his parishioners in days gone by. Among the obsequies were those of John McCrillis of Goshen, Ames Miner of Lempster and Horace Chase of Hopkinton. The funeral sermon of Ames Miner of Lempster was in fulfilment of a promise of many years before and was in response to a deep and abiding friendship that continued for more than fifty years. Another funeral attended was that of Esquire Joseph Healy of Washington, a long time and beloved friend. The sermon was preached in request to a promise of long standing, and the text, which was designed as a tribute of affection, was "The memory of the just shall be blest."

The many cares of pastoral life had left him little time for travel, yet he undertook a trip to Niagara Falls, as already mentioned, visited Saratoga Springs occasionally, and during his Salem pastorate went on a missionary journey to Charleston, South Carolina, where he preached for three months, and was instrumental in the upbuilding of a strong society in that place.

His early difficulties in obtaining good reading matter led him to cherish his books with the greatest of care, and during his lifetime he accumulated a library of 1,500 volumes. He once wrote: "The difficulty of getting books and procuring the means of knowledge in my childhood has, I believe, made me value and love my library more than I now should, had books and paper been as abundant to me in my childhood as they are to the rising generation now. My books have been my delight and comfort, my daily companions and joy, and I thank God for them as I do for my friends."

Gradually failing health attended Lemuel Willis until the year 1878, when he died on the 23d of July, aged seventy-six years. He had been nearly fifty-six years in the Universalist ministry and his death took place within a few rods of the spot where he was admitted to the ranks of the Universalist clergy in 1822.

Lemuel Willis was generally regarded as a sound rather than a brilliant pulpit orator. As one of his long-time friends told the writer, "We always expected something worth while when Lemuel Willis preached." From his earliest boyhood his mind had a strong religious bent. No one ever heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. To go into the christian ministry was the most natural thing he could do. He regarded honesty as one of the greatest virtues, and he so ordered his life that every debt, financial and otherwise, had its fullest payment. He was naturally of a somewhat retiring disposition and did not take advantage of opportunities to push himself into the higher places of the church. Of his general characteristics, Rev. Otis A. Skinner wrote in 1854:

"Mr. Willis has been a diligent student and his reading has been well selected. His time has been given to history, the sciences and standard works on theology and morals, rather than those light productions which some think do so much for style. He has paid considerable attention to Latin and Greek, some to the German language, and is able to translate French with a good degree of accuracy. He is a plain, strong, chaste writer, and an energetic and commanding speaker. His sermons indicate thought, research and care, are elevated in their tone and well adapted to the wants of his people. He has good judgment and has never been deluded by any of the fancies of dreamers. His ministry, from the commencement to the present day, has been one of rare success, and though he has been located in several places, he has left no enemies in any of them; and there is not a pulpit in which he has stood where his presence would not excite glad emotions in all the people. Everywhere he is beloved, honored and esteemed; and against his fair fame even suspicion has never uttered a word."

Thirty years before, the bride of his boyhood days, Almanda Simmons of Westmoreland, had passed away, leaving five small children, four sons and a daughter. Abigail, widow of Major Daniel George of Warner, was the second wife. Of the children, Mary married Philip C. Bean of Concord and died several years before her father. Winchester enlisted for the Mexican War and remained thereafter in California. L. Murray was for many years a well known physician in the vicinity of Boston. Algernon of Concord and Harlon S. of Warner still survive.

New Hampshire's Glory

By Adelaide George Bennett

[Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Ella Farman Pratt and of Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway, late of Warner, N. H.]

I.

Abroad o'er mount and vale and wave,
Our great scene-shifter throws his matchless charm,
And challenges the world to take the palm,
While o'er rich landscapes eager artists rave
And frantic rush the pliant brush to lave
Where laurels drip their evanescent balm,
Till nerveless drops the inefficient arm
And baffled effort leaves the heart to crave.
What is New Hampshire's glory? Is it these
Surpassing pageants as the seasons move—
In grandeur costumed every sense to please—
Like puppets in an automatic groove,
While the sweet, transient beauty quickly flees
And memory waits to cherish and approve?

II.

No, these repeat themselves each yearly round,
But men and women cast in noble mold
Shine like fixed stars with glint of glistening gold
Within her far horizon's lustrous bound.
Fair panoramas deck the insensate ground,
Covering their forms beneath the sodden wold,
But the blue firmament for aye will hold
Their names on high above the grassy mound.
This is New Hampshire's glory: Noble sons
And daughters towering like the forest pine
Far heavenward, so that he who runs
May lift his eyes as to a guidon sign,
And from the lives of those uplifted ones
Quaff inspiration as a sparkling wine.

Woman

By Harry Leavitt Perham

The grandest work of great Jehovah's power,
Who in divinity excelleth man.
Whate'er his talents be, he never can
Surpass or equal her for e'en an hour.
In wisdom, grace and instinct's subtle sense,
He from her higher nature much receives;
Borne down by sorrow while he hopeless grieves,
She calm remains. Her smile is recompense
For any deed of greatness he has done,
Or kindly act for guerdon seeming meet,
Or any laurel he has nobly won,
And, craving boon of love, placed at his feet.
She is man's better self, his greater part;
God rules the universe through woman's heart.

The Weirs

[From an address in response to the welcome of Mayor W. F. Knight of Laconia to the New Hampshire Board of Trade, at the mid-summer outing, July 17, 1907, by Ira F. Harris of Nashua.]

Fortune has so ordered it that it has been my privilege to sail on the waters of many lakes in the United States and some in Canada, as well as those in England and Scotland, in Italy and Switzerland, and, divested of all historic associations and artificial embellishments, I have never seen a more beautiful body of water than our own Winnipesaukee. Whether it is approached from the north, or the south, or the east, or the west, you are greeted by a view always inspiring and ever restful; and today, as we sailed across its waters, my mind went back to a time when these shores were inhabited by another race of men; when the campfires of peace and the campfires of war burned upon the summit of old Ossipee, and were answered back from hoary Chocorua. I refer to the age of Chocorua for the reason that geologists tell us that it is one of the oldest landmarks in the world, emerging from the primeval ocean at the very dawn of geological history. But this being a trades meeting, my mind naturally centered upon these Weirs, and the commercial activities which surrounded them in aboriginal times. Let me explain:

In 1620, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth this region, bounded, roughly, by the White Mountains on the north; Mt. Wachusetts on the west; following along down the beautiful Merrimack and to the sea on the south, and continuing far into the present borders of Maine, was inhabited by some fifteen distinct and separate tribes of Indians, who had bound themselves into a political confederation, ruled over by that wily and powerful old chieftain, Passaconaway, and known as the great Penacook nation; and while the political headquarters and awe-inspiring emblems of authority were at Penacook, near the present city of Concord, at certain periods much of the commercial activity of the nation centered around these Weirs, and why?

Three hundred and two years and thirty-one days ago, and about this hour in the afternoon, De Champlain discovered the Merrimack, which on account of its valuable salmon and shad fisheries, was considered by the Indians the most important stream that flowed into the Atlantic along the present shores of New England. One remarkable and peculiar fact about these fish was that the shad alone entered this lake; for while each spring they left the sea together for their spawning beds, they traveled in each other's company until they reached the forks of the Merrimack at the present city of Franklin, when they parted; the salmon, preferring the cooler waters, took the Pemigewasset, which stream rises far up in the mountains, affording those dark pools and whirling eddies in which this magnificent fish so much delighted, and where it found its favorite spawning beds. The shad, as peculiar and unanimous in their tastes, preferring the more quiet waters, took to the Winnipesaukee, and through that river passed into this lake in countless myriads, where they had ample room and favorable opportunity for the development of millions of eggs, made necessary by their depletion by ravenous fish, and their still more insatiate enemy, the redskin.

At this time there occurred at frequent intervals and favorable localities, during the whole course of the Merrimack temporary fish weirs, constructed of saplings driven into the mud, intertwined with willow twigs and grass; but at the outlet of this

lake and a few rods below where we are now sitting, there existed a permanent fish weir, substantially constructed of stone. What people built this weir, and how many races it had served, no man knows.

The reason for the existence of this Penacook confederacy was for the purpose of presenting united defence against their powerful rivals and mortal enemies, the Mohawks, who forever kept a greedy eye upon the fisheries of the Merrimack; and the outlying tribes, that is, the tribes not living directly on the river, were induced to become members of the confederation, under the agreement that they should have the privilege of gathering their fish, which they cured for their winter's use, from the Merrimack; and it became incumbent upon the tribes occupying the more important falls, such as those at Lawrence, Lowell, Amoskeag and the Weirs, to invite annually, when the fish commenced to run, all the tribes of the nation to come and join in the catch.

Let us picture for a moment the scene which took place at these weirs on such occasions. All the tribes had been invited, and all who could attended. Silently in the night, or with much hilarity and rejoicing in the day, one by one the tribes arrived and hastily constructed their temporary villages of wigwams on both sides the river below us, on either side of the lake beside us, and on the beautiful hills above us. Here also came old Passaconaway, prophets, medicine men, and other dignitaries of the confederacy, who watched the success of the fishermen, discussed and arranged the affairs of the confederacy, and indulged in or witnessed the grotesque entertainments customary on such occasions. During the day the braves were engaged in taking the fish which they secured by means of dip nets, and by the boatload, while the squaws were busy preparing them for immediate use, for barter and for preservation, it being understood that the immediate reason for these gatherings was to procure the fish while they were running, which they cured and took home for subsequent consumption. The nights were spent in dancing and feasting. On such occasions, lovers' vows were plighted, marriages consummated, and treaties formed. And the Ossipees, coming down from the mountains to the north, and the Agawams coming up from the sea at the south, and the Androscoggins coming far from the east, and the other tribes, brought with them implements of war and articles of handiwork peculiar to their tribes and their regions, and offered them here for barter; and thus this place at such times became the great medium of exchange for the nation. Therefore, in addition to its conveniences and attractive scenery, from an historical point of view, this is an eminently fitting place to hold the mid-summer meeting of the New Hampshire State Board of Trade. And, gentlemen of the Laconia Board of Trade, we again thank you for inviting us here, and assure you that your every act of courtesy has been appreciated.

An Interesting Record

Being an account of the journey of the Committee of the Original Proprietors of the Township of Peeling, now Woodstock, N. H., in 1763, copied from the original manuscript by Lucien Thompson of Durham, together with incidental documents and notes by Mr. Thompson.

MINUTES OF THE JOURNEY.

November 8th 1763.

This day Set out from madbury for to lay out the Town of Peeling in the County of Grafton in the State of New Hampshire at Ten O Clock forenoon went through Barrington Notingham and arived at Capt MacClaries in Ipsom and put up the ninth day it Raind and we Set out for Canterbery Crost part Chichester and arived at Insgn John Moors in Canterbery at twelve O Clock and lay by that afternoon and the tenth day it being Very Rainy the leventh day we Set out and Crost the ferry over to Contoocoock then proceed to Bakers Town to Antoney Boens at twelve O Clock and that afternoon we Rode twelve mile and incamped and then finding friend Canney to be Sick Sent him Back to baker's town with the horses their to Tarry till we Returned and hiered Anthoney Boen to go on in his Room the twelth day we Crost Smith River by falling Several trees acrost the Said River and proceed up pemesawaset River till night and inCamped the thirteenth day proceeded up the river till we Came to the mouth of Bakers river and incamped the next morning Crost Bakers river by making a Raft the fourteenth day and marched up Bakers River and found good land for Seven or Eight miles together up by the river the fifteenth day we marced on bad land all day and got in about four mile of Haveril and incamped and was informed by two men that Came out from haveril that night the South-east Corner was four miles down the way a mile or two from the way and we found it So and Sixteenth day run one mile that night and Crost the path we went up in and incamped Sixteenth day we measuring on till we found peeling Corner or Run our Compliment of miles & Rods and found very bad land and incamped Seventeenth day and at night it Snowed before day the Eighteenth day we set out for home and found bad land for way and inCamped nineteenth day we Struck pemissawasit river and fallowing it down to the mouth of Bakers river Crost Bakers river on a raft and Came to plymouth Campt Saterday night and incamped Sunday morning the twentieth day marched for want of provisions and Came to the Camp where we left our horses and incamped 21 day we Set out for Bakers town and arived at anthoney Boens 12 O Clock thier took our horses and arrived at Insign Moors and heir put up the next morning we Set out for home and Tuesday night Slept in our own beeds

Joshua Wingate
Dudley Watson
Ichabod Canney
John Demerit
William Hanson Jur

A commite to lay out the aforesaid Town of Peeling

*Ancestor of the writer.

Peeling, N. H., was granted September 23, 1763, to Eli Demerit* and others. It was regranted December 17, 1771, to Nathaniel Cushman and others and named Fairfield. The name was changed to Woodstock June 19, 1840.

The Peeling charter of 1763 is given in New Hampshire State Papers, volume XXV, pages 644 to 647 inclusive.

It was on the following November 8 that the committee of the proprietors set out from Madbury to run the township lines. The original minutes of their journey were discovered by the writer among some old family papers belonging to Major John De Meritt and his sister, Miss Jennie M. De Meritt of Madbury, descendants of John DeMerit, one of the above mentioned committee. With their consent the writer has copied this old manuscript, which is a very interesting account of their journey to and from Peeling.

Joshua Wingate, the chairman of the committee, was authorized under the charter to call the first meeting of the proprietors, on the first Tuesday in November, 1763, and to act as moderator of said meeting. It was at this meeting the committee was ap-

pointed which set out within a few days for Peeling.

Most of the proprietors were Madbury or Dover men. Among them was the Rev. Jonathan Cushing of Dover. The following persons by the name of DeMerit were named among the proprietors: Eli, William, Ebenezer, Job, John, John, Jr., and Solomon. John[1] DeMerit, Sr. (the son of Eli,[2] the emigrant) was born June 19, 1698, and was sixty-five years of age at the time this trip was made to Peeling. His son, John Demerit, Jr., was the Major John Demeritt of Madbury who hauled the gunpowder taken from Fort William and Mary to Bunker Hill in season to be used against the British troops. They lived on what is now known as the Hopley DeMeritt farm in Madbury. The present Major John DeMeritt of Madbury, the third *Major John*, is a great great great grandson of the John Demerit who was one of the committee to run the township lines of Peeling and who probably wrote out the record of the journey, as the manuscript was found among Demerit papers belonging to his descendants.

The will of John DeMeritt of Madbury, February 15, 1772, mentions wife Margaret, sons John and Joseph and daughters, Elizabeth Drew, Mary Tasker, Sarah Emerson. Probated 1774, Strafford County Probate Records, Vol 1, page 12.

The grant apparently was forfeited by non-settlement, according to the terms of the charter. Dr. Thompson, Esq.,* of Durham petitioned in 1771 for a new charter, which was granted by Gov. John Wentworth and a new charter signed Dec. 17, 1771, regranting under the name of Fairfield. Dr. Ebenezer Thompson of Durham was a grantee and took fourteen hundred acres.

The following notes will show that the township was still called Peeling and that Judge Thompson was the clerk of the proprietors until his death in 1802, and how he disposed by will of part of his Peeling land, etc.

*Great great grandfather of the writer.

September 14th, 1803. Recd of Ebenezer and Benjamin Thompson Esqrs Executors of the Last will and Testament of the Honble Ebenezer Thompson Esqr Late Deceased the Records and file of Papers of the proprietors of the township of Peeling being the former Clerk to Said proprierty.

John Mooney
Proprietors Clerk..

"The inventory of Judge Ebenezer Thompson who died in 1802 included seven original rights of land in the town of Peeling, supposed to contain fourteen lots, 100 acres each lot, excepting one of said lots, which was sold by the deceased—$1,040."

In the personal estate was included "One mare called the *Peeling mare*—$50."

Durham June 24th 1801.

Upon Settlement of my Taxes & my sons E. Thompson Junr in Peeling being 17 lots, with E Demerit collector & also on eleven lots bidd off at Vendue there is due to him eleven dollars & 48 cents.

Ebenr Thompson

Recd of Ebnr & Benjn Thompson Exers of the last will and testament of Ebenr Thompson Esqr late of Durham Decd the sum of seven Dollars forty four Cents—— in full of all demands from sd Estate & in particular for the ballance due of the taxes on seven original rights of land in the Town of Peeling Novr 28, 1802.

Ebenr Demeritt

Recd of Ebenr & Benjn Thompson two Dollars forty Cents being the two fifths parts of the pros tax on the lots No 18 & No 19 in the 12 range in Peeling committed to me to collect—also twenty cents for Cost of advertising &c.

William Ballard, Collector.
Janv 2d, 1804.

From will of Ebenezer Thompson of Durham, dated February 12, 1795:

"* * I give and bequeath unto my three daughters namely Sarah wife of James Leighton, Anna wife of

Curtis Coe & Polly wife of Richard Pickering and to their heirs and assigns equally divided among them all my lands * * * in the *Township of Peeling* being some original rights containing fourteen hundred acre lots besides undivided land excepting fifty acres of a middling quality which I have agreed to give John Smith an indented servant, the names of the original proprietors of said rights in Peeling are Daniel Warner Esq^r. James Nevin Esq^r. Hatevil Leighton William Leighton William Demerit Solomon Demerit & Silas Tuttle * * *"

In a subsequent will, February 12, 1802, (unsigned) Judge Thompson gave to his daughters "all my land in the town of Peeling in this State not otherwise disposed of by these presents." He also added the following clause: "*Item.* I give and bequeath unto my five Grandsons, namely Ebenezer Coe, Ebenezer Leighton, Ebenezer Thompson Pickering, Ebenezer Thompson son of my son Eb^r Thompson and Ebenezer Thompson son of my son Benjamin Thompson & to their heirs and assigns forever, each a hundred acre lot of land in the aforesaid Town of Peeling. And the oldest of my said Grandsons is to have the first choice or pitch of a hundred acre lot out of the whole lots I shall own at the time of my decease and so on according to their ages, the oldest shall make his choice or pitch until they have each chosen an hundred acre lot."

This will was unsigned by Judge Thompson, who died August 14, 1802.

NON RESIDENT TAXES IN PEELING 1802

	No.	5th Range	1 Division	County	Highway
William Demerit	3	9	2	10	25
	12 Sold				
Solomon Demerit	2	6	1	10	25
	20	7	2		
Hatevil Leighton	21	4	1	10	25
	19	9	2		
William Leighton	8	3	1	10	25
	13	7	2		
Silas Tuttle	13	1	1	10	25
	9	10	2		
James Evans	6	5	1	10	25
	13	9	2		
Daniel Warner	4	2	1	10	25
	20	9	2		
Stephen Pinkham	1	5	1	10	25
	7 Sold	8	2		
Obadiah Drew	10	3	1	5	12½
Nathaniel Lamos	3	4	1	5	12½
				e 90	$2.25
					90
					3.15
			Commissions		.31
					3.46

Received of Ebenezer Thompson Esq^r by the hand of Mr. Ebenezer Demerit three Dollars and forty six Cents in full of the above am^o of Tax—June 12, 1802

Nath^l Parker Dep^y Sec^y

Ebenezer Demeritt of Madbury, N. H., in his will dated May 20, 1808, proved July 11, 1808 (Strafford Probate, Vol. XI, page 141), gave to his son Jacob B. Demeritt, one hundred acres of land in the town of Peeling, County of Grafton, being lot numbered eighteen in the fourth range of lots in said town. He also gave to his daughters Mary K. Demeritt, Hannah S. Demeritt, Clarissa L. Demeritt, Elvira L. Demeritt and son Harry L. Demeritt, six rights of land, being all the residue of my lands in the aforesaid town of Peeling.

The inventory of Ebenezer Demeritt of Madbury, filed November 18, 1808, Strafford Probate (Vol XII, page 150) gives 700 acres of land in Peeling, $1,000.

The inventory of William Ballard of Durham, filed November 21, 1811, (Strafford Probate, Vol. 12, page 481) mentions 1,200 acres of land, by estimation, in the town of Peeling, $1,200.

Love's Burden

By J. Franklin Babb

Heart of me, soul of me, lift me your eyes,
  Read me this riddle of care:
Bend low your face while I whisper it, Sweet,
  How love has its burden to bear.
Heavy the weight, light as a breath,
Glorious as day, sombre as death.
Crown of drear thorns—Bethany's rest—
Who carries the burden he is sure blest.

Life of me, best of me, tell me your tale,
  Dearest of stories that thrill me.
Turn not your cheek, for its flush is aye fair,
  "I love thee," heart listen, "I love thee."
Weights there are none, nights pass in noon,
Heel hath no wound—Heaven cometh soon.
Robe of the Purple, crown set with gems,
I have touched, O the healing, love's garment's hem!

61 Academy St., Laconia, N. H.

A Review of a New Book of Poetry; and a Sprig of Rosemary

By Ellen McRoberts Mason

So very many new books cause a chill of disappointment to a sensitive reader, or at least leave him with expectation strangely unsatisfied, that it is with surprise and ever-increasing delight that one reads the poems of "In the Harbour of Hope," a new book of verse by the late deeply-lamented Mary Elizabeth Blake, published last month by Little, Brown and Company.

The many-sided and fascinating personality of the author is reflected in these poems that are the expression of varied moods and experiences, and all written with the unerring directness, simplicity and intentness of the skilled and greatly-gifted limner —indeed they could have been the work of only such a one.

In the small volume of one hundred and twenty pages there is surprising variety of theme: the patriotic poems have the thrilling ring of a Roman trumpet call to heroic deeds and thoughts, and of them there are some half dozen, of which "Hellas—1897," "South Africa—1900," "Admiral Porter," are specially inspiring, while "The Irish in America," with its loving praise and tribute, might well be classed with these. There are several exquisite love poems, voicing the heart-speech of different ages in life, and of those "What the Wife's Heart Said," is perhaps the one to awaken the deepest response. Of the "Two Idyls in Humble Life," "When Dennis Comes Home to his Tay," is deliciously humorous, natural and true to type.

The descriptive poems show the intense love of nature with the appreciation and accuracy of beautiful detail that was characteristic of the author. The mothering poems are exceedingly beautiful, and in the infinitely grieving and longing ones—in distinction from the proud and joyous and inciting ones—it is plain to see the pitiful sorrow reflected that once came with whelming force into Mrs. Blake's own life, from having had three darling children taken from her loving arms with tragic suddenness. Her steadfast religious faith illumines these poems of yearning and loss, and indeed as a religious poet none but the highest rank can be accorded her. A poem of two stanzas, "The Answer," "Three Festival Overtures" ("Easter Day," "All Saints," "At Christmas in the Morning"), several sonnets—the book contains near a score of sonnets, alike perfect and lofty—notably "To One New Born," "Sursum Corda," and the last one in the collection, "Death," all of those are full of spiritual ecstasy, the outpourings of an intensely religious nature.

But one of the finest and most typical of all of them is the poem called "The Labourer." It is one of the latest of them all and the author herself considered it one of the very best things that she ever wrote. It is a protest against the spirit of "The Man With the Hoe," and shows forth very clearly the feeling of the author with regard to the dignity and fineness of labor. It is exercising restraint not to quote those splendid verses, as well as some of those that shadow forth Mrs. Blake's loyal affection for her brave, native Ireland—verdant Ireland with its witchery of landscape and oppression of its people. Of those latter it seems to me are "In Exile," "In Donegal" and "An Irish

Mother's Lullaby." But it is better to let readers read the book and interpret for themselves. It is most tastefully made as designed by the author herself, and prefaced by an estimate of the woman and the poet by Katherine E. Conway, a tribute worthy of this collection of exquisite poems—exquisite and discerning praise, exquisitely written.

The present writer treasures a lovely memory of a charming acquaintance with Mary Elizabeth Blake: A good many years ago I was one of the many thousands of readers of the "Rambling Talks" in the *Boston Journal*, signed "M. E. B." They were the transcripts of the daily observations and reflections of a brilliant, witty and exceedingly cultivated woman; reviews of the literary and musical life of Boston, her philosophical points of view concerning affairs of the times, her tramps and talks and journeyings with her family of boys, all were set down in the luxuriant diction and with the keen insight that were wholly natural to Mrs. Blake, and I used to read them with all the eager, unbounded, half-adoring admiration of a country girl who longed to be literary.

It was years before I knew the full name of the writer who signed her delightful weekly letters with those bewitching initials; but in the course of time and in the way of working myself for a Boston newspaper, I met a friend of Mrs. Blake, who told me a great deal about my divinity, and presented me with one of Mrs. Blake's enchanting books of travel, "On the Wing," but it was still several years later before I met her personally.

One April morning a lady came to my house and said that she had been told that I knew about Lady Blanche Murphy's life in North Conway, and asked if I would tell her the story of the Lady Blanche. Now, if I am anything I am a punctilious housewife, and as it happened to be of a Saturday morning and I was in the midst of the Saturday's baking, and moreover could not know that I was flying in the face of an opportunity to entertain an angel unawares, I at first began to make excuse, and begged the first tourist of that particular season to come again when baking should be over and gone; but her compelling and gracious personality prevailed, and so I gave her a seat that commanded the view of Moat Mountain still wearing its snowy and steely winter armor, while I took off my work-apron which I told my visitor was possessed of a powerful and gruesome fascination for me, owing to its formerly having been the work-apron of my student son, who used to wear it in the dissecting-room. She asked me in what hospital and when I told her she said that *her* son was a surgeon there, from whom mine might perhaps have had instruction.

When she told me that Dr. Blake was her son, I cried, "And you are Mary Elizabeth Blake, the 'M. E. B.' of whom I have dreamed, whom I have longed for years to meet!" I passed a happy morning with her, one of those never-to-be-forgotten mornings of life, and I cherish a vivid recollection of the first time that I ever saw Mrs. Blake at her winter home in Boston.

She was wonderfully charming in her own house, and seated in the light of the log-fire in the great library, with a background of books and paintings, her dress always artistic and setting off her dark beauty as a handsome frame suits a beautiful picture, *she* was a beautiful and memorable picture, her mellifluous voice, delightful conversation and magnetic presence giving the picture gladdening reality and joyous being.

Her little household ways and notions of having and doing things delighted me as disclosures of her artistic and poetic nature. One of the pretty plenishings that I recall as be-

tokening the taste of the mistress of that pleasant home, was the miniature chime bells—generally hung by ribbons or silken cords from the ceiling and near to the hall stairway of a house—whose unusualness made its charm. In place of the Japanese bells commonly used, Mrs. Blake had a string of Swiss sheep-bells that she had brought home from Switzerland to make the music of her household chimes. The ends of the ribbon fell just over the furnace register in the floor, and the heat-waves would set the bells a-tinkling, and the mistress—oh, so often in the early mornings!—could again in fancy see the mighty snow-capped peaks, the wondrous sunset glow, the verdant valleys and the mountain sheep going up and down in their Alpen pastures. Her dining-room windows overlooked the Charles River, and she used to tell me how, when the houses on the Charles banks were lighted up at night the scene reminded her most delightfully of Venice.

Miss Conway has spoken in her preface of Mrs. Blake's proficiency in modern tongues. I recall the enthusiasm with which (when she was once calling upon me in Boston) she told me of the pleasure those courses of famous French lectures afforded her, and I remember listening to her talking Spanish at her house with a young niece from Mexico. And on that April morning in North Conway I recall that she read the German script that made the fanciful legend for a fir-balsam pillow (a quotation from some verses about a fir tree. Longfellow has translated them, though regrettably he has rendered "Tannenbaum" as "hemlock tree") with excellent North German accent and pronunciation.

Several of Mrs. Blake's sons are physicians, and she once told me that when persons wondered that she could reconcile herself to their choosing such an arduous life, when she knew so well its hardships and deprivations—her husband, Dr. John G. Blake, is one of Boston's eminent physicians and one of the founders of the Boston City Hospital—she answered that she felt they were choosing the highest in life, because their work would insure the greatest service to humanity. Her estimate is set down in glowing lines in one of the best of her sonnets.

"THE HERO."

"Him they call Hero, who in one fine burst
Of splendid courage, 'mid the world's acclaim,
Doth storm the shining heights of mighty Fame,
And win his crown, though Fortune do her worst.
How shall we speak his holier name, who strives
In hidden silence and with laboring breath,
Against the fearsome shapes of Pain and Death,
Counting his laurels in glad human lives?
Who gives to woman joy too deep for words;
Calls back to her dear eyes the light of Hope,
And sets her feet on that fair upland slope
Where children's voices sing like happy birds.
Nay! like the Master be his memory blest,—
The Good Physician's name leads all the rest."

Service, helpfulness to others, an actual and profound realization of the brotherhood of man, those were indispensables in this poet's ideal plan for the uplifting of the world, and that "to help" was her heart's deepest aspiration is expressed in another soulful sonnet, "The Choice," which I cannot refrain from quoting:

"If sudden to mine eyes' joy-dazzled bliss
Some happy dawn, the Angel of the Lord
Should come all glorious, hiding his swift sword,
And in glad greeting stoop my brow to kiss,
With message from the Master, that should grant
The dearest wish my soul could know to frame,—
What could I ask in that most Holy Name,
That in this life most blessing would implant?
Not for great gift; nor even virtue great,
In steadfast mood of constant righteousness
Uplifted, far apart from other men;
But that in daily living's poor estate,
I might divine my stumbling brother's stress,
And with strong handclasp lift him up again."

Mrs. Blake had a great love for the North Conway region. Besides spring sojourns at Kearsarge, she was wont to pass a part of her summers at the Crawford House, and I used to go to the railroad station for an inspiring glimpse of her as she passed through with her daughter, whose cultured taste assured the fine making of her mother's latest book.

Knowing her love of wild flowers, I was in the habit of sending her boxes of them in the spring, yellow, white, and purple violets, trailing arbutus, scarlet columbines, willow catkins; partly for the thought of her delight in them, partly, too, for the pleasure that her exquisite notes of thanks brought me. I have found in this her last book a poem of two verses with the title, "A Portrait," that perfectly describes Mrs. Blake as she has always seemed to me:

"Where she doth walk, the common street
Grows fragrant as her footsteps pass,
As where one treads with careless feet
On violets hidden in the grass;

"And when she speaks, within a land
Of rare delight doth fancy roam,
As if on some far distant strand
To homesick hearts came sound of home."

Reflection

By Isabel Ambler Gilman

At morn we scan life's horizon
For heights we would gain,
Impatient to do and to dare,
To be and attain.
At noon we plunge in life's battle,
Forgetting the cost;
At even' we pause and then sigh
For what we have lost.

Out of the past comes the memory
Of sunshine and tears;
Out of the present the wisdom
Of ripening years;
Out of the future, reflection,
And leisure to build
The shadowy castles with which
Our day dreams were filled.

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. DAVID R. PIERCE

Col. David R. Pierce, at one time a prominent lawyer in Somersworth, died in Kenmore, North Dakota, October 18, 1907.

Colonel Pierce was a native of Hiram, Me., born February 4, 1848. He enlisted when a mere boy in the 7th Maine Battery and served in the Petersburg campaign in the Civil War. After the war he returned home to Maine and studied law, and later went to California, where he was admitted to the bar and practiced four years. Returning later he went to Somersworth, where he taught the grammar school for several years, and then engaged in law practice with his brother, William S., now of Dover. He became prominent in public affairs and in the G. A. R., in which he was department commander for New Hampshire in 1891–'92. He was for several years city solicitor of Somersworth and served as a member of the New Hampshire legislature in 1895 and 1897. In 1892 he was a delegate from this state to the national Republican convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for the presidency. He removed to North Dakota in 1897, where he had been eminently successful in law and business. He was prominent in the Masonic fraternity.

HON. CHARLES F. CASWELL

Charles Frelinghuysen Caswell, born in Strafford, N. H., May 10, 1851, died in Denver, Colorado, November 21, 1907.

He was a son of Cornelius E. and Betsey Thurston (Chase) Caswell, who removed from Strafford to Dover in 1858, where he attended the public schools and Franklin Academy. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1874, studied law in Lynn, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1877. He was for a time assistant postmaster at Dover, but went to Colorado about 1880 and commenced the practice of law at Middle Park, removing later to Grand Junction, where he continued in practice until his election as associate justice of the Supreme Court, in 1906, when he removed to Denver.

He was prominent in politics as a Republican, and was considered a promising candidate for the next United States senatorship at the time of his death. He married May 7, 1891, Miss Jessie Tenney Gray, a graduate of Michigan University, who survives him, without children.

BENJAMIN CHAMPNEY

Benjamin Champney America's greatest landscape painter, died at his home in Woburn, Mass., December 11, 1907.

Mr. Champney was born in New Ipswich, N. H., November 20, 1817. His father, Benjamin Champney, was a lawyer, who died leaving seven children, with limited resources. At ten years of age Benjamin went to live with an aunt, Mrs. Louisa Bugbee, at Lebanon, where he worked in a mill four years, attending school winters. He then returned home to New Ipswich and attended the Appleton Academy two years, after which he went to Boston and entered a store. After a time he became an apprentice in a lithographic establishment and later worked as a draughtsman. His artistic taste was developed and later, in company with a friend, he opened a studio. In 1841 he went to Europe to pursue his artistic studies, remaining till 1846, the time being largely spent in Paris studios. Subsequently he made another trip abroad. In 1850 he first visited North Conway, which became his summer home and scene of active labor in his chosen vocation as a landscape artist, in which he won world-wide celebrity. He was twice married, but left no children.

REV. JAMES NOYES

Rev. James Noyes, a retired Methodist clergyman and former superintendent of the New Hampshire Orphan's Home at Franklin, died December 6, 1907, at Cambridge, Mass.

He was born in the town of Columbia, July 2, 1835; was educated at Newbury (Vt.) Seminary and served four years in the Civil War, in the Eighth Vermont Volunteers. He left the service with the rank of captain. He subsequently attended the Boston University Theological School and became a member of the New Hampshire Methodist Episcopal Conference in 1867. He held pastorates at Lancaster, Claremont and Franklin, and at the close of the latter became superintendent of the orphans' home, continuing till 1891, when he resigned and removed to Cambridge. He leaves a widow and four children: Clara, wife of Rev. C. H. Puddy of Portland, Me., Mrs. F. M. Marsh of Fairhaven, Mass., Fred S. Noyes of Dorchester, Mass., and Frank W. Noyes of Providence, R. I.

Editor and Publisher's Notes

The action of the New Hampshire State Grange at its recent annual session in Manchester, in demanding representation for the farmers, or agricultural interest, upon the board of commissioners, about to be appointed, to recommend such changes in the tax laws of the state as may upon due investigation be deemed necessary in the interest of justice and equality, must be regarded as entirely reasonable and proper. If any particular interest is to have representation upon this board it should be that of agriculture, upon which, more than any other, depends the welfare and prosperity of the state at large. At the same time it must be conceded that no man should be placed upon this board who is so bound up in any one interest as to be incapable of doing justice to all. If any real good is to come of the service of this commission it must be composed of men intent upon doing justice to all interests and classes.

The first session of the Sixtieth Congress opened on the first Monday of this month. This is the "long session," but it is not generally expected that much legislation of importance will be enacted, as the presidential campaign will be in progress next year and there will be a general desire on the part of members to close up work and engage in political activity in connection therewith. There is one measure, however, which New Hampshire and all New England members, in both branches of Congress, should earnestly urge for passage before adjournment, and that is the bill providing for a national forest reserve in the White Mountain region, which is so strongly demanded for the preservation of the scenic attractions of the region and the conservation of the water supply of a large portion of New England.

In selecting reading matter for the household, for the year to come, everyone should first include the local newspaper, daily or weekly, published in his own town or city, if there be any such. Next to this every New Hampshire resident or native should include in his list the GRANITE MONTHLY, the New Hampshire magazine of history, biography, literature and state progress. If other newspapers and periodicals are desired, as in the case of most families, either the *Boston Evening Transcript* or the *Springfield Daily or Weekly Republican* may safely be selected, as beyond all question the best all-around newspapers in New England. The latter heads the list of really independent journals for the entire country.

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Oct. 13, 1906.

A FINANCIAL COURTSHIP.

The third edition of "A Financial Courtship," by Frank W. Rollins, will be welcomed by all who desire to learn how to invest money judiciously and safely. Its sub-title, "A Plea for Conservative Investments," designates its character accurately, and the subject is covered with admirable clearness and conciseness throughout its pages. It was a happy thought to present the valuable facts it contains in the form of a story, and the two spinsters, to whom instruction is imparted by a man well versed in financial affairs, lend an interest to it for the general reader that its explanations might not otherwise possess.

Money and its uses are strictly defined by the author through the mouth of his hero, Mr. Stanley, and the disreputable methods used to entrap the innocent and unwary by promises of enormous profits are pointed out and condemned in no measured terms. A judicial air, however, is preserved throughout, that prevents over-statement or exaggeration, and the seeker after knowledge will arise from the perusal of this book with a feeling that time has been spent pleasantly and profitably.

It may be obtained without cost of E. H. Rollins & Sons, 21 Milk Street, Boston, and it should be in the hands of every woman who desires practical and trustworthy advice regarding the most desirable investments for the inexperienced.

—*Amer. Cultivator, Boston.*

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